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PART FIRST.

VOICES OUT OF
THE PAST.

PART FIRST - VOICES OUT OF THE PAST.

PART SECOND - CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

PART THIRD - "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD."



JUDGE WILLIAM COOPER,
AFTER A PORTRAIT SKETCH WHICH WAS IN THE POSSESSION
OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. POMEROY.

VOICES OUT OF THE PAST.

FIVE GENERATIONS (1785-1923)

BEING

SCATTERED CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY

OF THE

COOPER, POMEROY, WOOLSON
AND BENEDICT FAMILIES,

WITH EXTRACTS

FROM THEIR LETTERS AND JOURNALS,

AS WELL AS

ARTICLES AND POEMS

BY

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON,

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

CLARE BENEDICT.

LONDON :

ELLIS, 29, NEW BOND STREET,
W. I.

*Five hundred copies only printed in Great Britain
by G. White, 396, King's Road, Chelsea,
London, S.W. 10.*

This is No. 376.....

FOREWORD.

THE Articles and Poems by my aunt, Constance Fenimore Woolson, which first appeared in Harper's Magazine, are here re-printed by kind permission of the publishers, to whom my best thanks are due.

I wish also to express my warm thanks to my cousins, Samuel Mather, Esq. (for permission to use valuable early letters in his possession), and Miss Katharine Livingston Mather (for permission to print our grandmother's Recollections and Journal, as well as other important material). I am likewise greatly indebted to my cousin, Mrs. Bense, for allowing me to make extracts from her aunt Jennie Cooper's letters, and to my friend, Miss Mabel Washburn, for allowing me to use parts of my aunt Constance's deeply interesting letters to Mrs. Washburn. Finally, I wish to thank Mrs. Weber and Miss May Harris most heartily for permitting me to print extracts from my mother's letters to them.

VIII.

None of the letters in this volume have ever been published before, and the "Sketch of the Life of Jarvis Woolson" and the poem entitled "Mackinac," both by Constance Fenimore Woolson, are likewise here printed for the first time. It has been my endeavour to let each "Voice" speak for itself, restricting, as far as possible, the prefaces and notes. Of the twelve "Voices," five were hushed in youth, three in late middle life, and four in old age, among these being that of my grandmother, Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson, the heroine of this volume, to whose dear Spirit I dedicate it, in love and admiration.

CLARE BENEDICT.

St. Clare's Day,
1929.

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JUDGE WILLIAM COOPER.

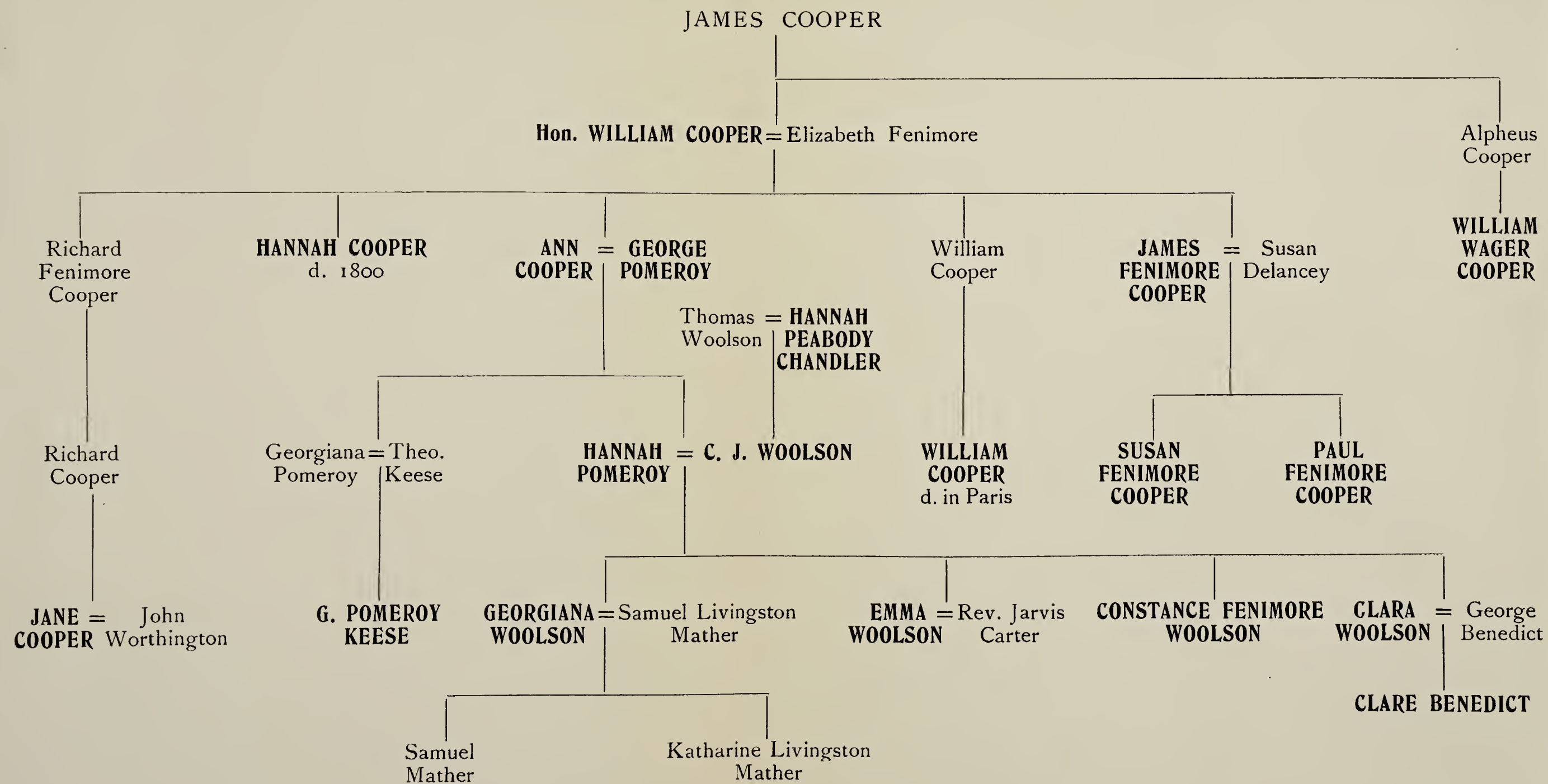
THE following letters to and articles about Judge William Cooper give some idea of his commanding personality, his mental ability and the esteem with which he was regarded by his friends. His own voice unfortunately is not heard excepting in the lines written by him in the Pomeroy family Bible on the day that his granddaughter Hannah (afterwards Mrs. Woolson) was born—lines which show at least his undying love for his daughter Hannah, whom he survived but nine years.*

Mr. Ingraham in his "James Fenimore Cooper," devotes some appreciative paragraphs to the author's able and energetic father, who, if he was not the model for Judge Temple in "The Pioneers", certainly resembled that gentleman to a remarkable degree. Judge Cooper's great-grandson, G. Pomeroy Keese, in his "House Cooper's Father Built," pays a tribute likewise to the founder of Cooperstown, and each of the sub-joined letters—from Mrs. Hoffman's playful epistle to Mr. Hillhouse's political dissertation—throws a little light upon the Judge's character and position. The note recommending Mr. Le Quoy will remind readers of "The Pioneers" of the cleverly drawn character of the Frenchman, for whom this Mr. Le Quoy† was the model.

* In years to come, when aged grown
May some sweet grand-child of my own
Bearing my Hannah's name
With female love on me attend
And be her aged Grandpa's Friend,
Then I'll be blest again.

With hopes like these, I hail the morn
On which the lovely babe was born
The seraph's place to fill
On whose dear lips sweet accents grew
More gentle than the morning dew
To combat every ill.

† Mr. Le Quoy excited a good deal of interest during his stay in the place, as he was a man altogether superior to his occupation, which



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JUDGE WILLIAM COOPER, a man of force of character and business ability, journeyed in 1785 from his home in Burlington, New Jersey, to Otsego Lake, New York, three hundred miles away, and laid out forty thousand acres of land which had come into his possession. There he lived as a hunter, subsisting on game, while he explored and mapped out his lands, and in the following summer he offered for sale, and in the space of sixteen days disposed of all his holdings, except a tract at the southern end of the lake, which he reserved for his private estate. It was his boast that beginning life "with small capital and a large family," he settled more acres than any man in America.*

† was little more than that of a country grocer, an interest that was much increased by the following circumstance. Among the early settlers in Otsego county was Mr. Lewis de Villers, a French gentleman of respectable extraction and good manners. Mr. de Villers was in Cooperstown about the year 1793, at a moment when a countryman, a Mr. Renouard, . . . had recently reached the place. Mr. Renouard was a seaman and had the habit of using tobacco. Enquiring of Mr. de Villers where some of his favourite article might be purchased, Mr. de Villers directed him to the shop of Mr. Le Quoy, telling him he would help a countryman by making his purchase of that person. In a few minutes Mr. Renouard returned from the shop much agitated and very pale. Mr. de Villers enquired if he was unwell. "In the name of God, Mr. de Villers, who is the man who sold me this tobacco?" demanded Mr. Renouard. "Mr. Le Quoy, a countryman of ours." "Yes, Le Quoy de Mersereau." "I know nothing about the *de Mersereau*, he calls himself Mr. Le Quoy. Do you know anything of him?" "When I went to Martinique to be port captain of St. Pierre," answered Mr. Renouard, "this man was the civil governor of the island, and refused to confirm my appointment." Subsequent enquiry confirmed this story, Mr. Le Quoy explained that the influence of a lady had stood in the way of Mr. Renouard's preferment.

Fenimore Cooper in Chronicles of Cooperstown.

* His great benevolence and energies were enlisted chiefly in assisting early settlers to furnish themselves with comfortable homes in the wilderness. Mr. Jared House, one of the oldest settlers of Lowville, Lewis County, N.Y. still recollects the singular appearance of Judge Cooper in his two-wheeled carriage with several men on each side of it to keep it from upsetting, as he was leading by way of Lowville, a large company of pioneers through the dense forests to De Kalb in St. Lawrence County where he had erected a house said to be

He served nine years as first judge of the Otsego County Court of Common Pleas and two terms in Congress. The author cherished vivid and affectionate remembrances of his father, and refers to him as "a noble-looking, warm-hearted, witty father with his deep laugh and sweet voice, as he used to light the way with his anecdotes and fun."

His mother was a woman of exceptional worth and culture, a daughter of Richard Fenimore, whose home was in New Jersey. Mr. Fenimore was of Swedish extraction and enjoyed a high social standing.

Judge Cooper having made his home on his estate at Otsego Lake, there at the age of thirteen months, came the boy who was to immortalize the wilderness, and make a great name for himself in literature.

It was a school in which he was taught the fascinating past—had lessons of adventure and heroism, though the settlers were, as Judge Cooper said of them, of the lowest sort, while Indians were familiar to the boy, as they came and went in all their picturesque individualization.

* sixty feet square, for their accommodation, until they could build houses for themselves.

When J. Fenimore Cooper was travelling in England, he was happily surprised one day as his eye fell upon a little volume of *Directions for Emigrants to America*, the author of which was his own father. *From the History of Cooperstown, by Rev. S. T. Livermore.*

His enterprise, perhaps without a parallel, contributed more to the settlement and prosperity of this country than that of any other person, and this village, which so deservedly bears and ought to perpetuate his name, remains a monument of his public zeal and benevolent designs.

Cooperstown Federalist, December, 1809.

Cooperstown, as the little village which grew up around the home of the lucky proprietor was appropriately called, came to be, as a frontier settlement, a rendezvous and asylum for people of all nations and every grade of intelligence—a strange and nondescript population, but which was not without deep and lasting influence in the development of the mind of the future novelist.

From *James Fenimore Cooper*.

BY CHARLES ANSON INGRAHAM.

A HOUSE COOPER'S FATHER BUILT.

Probably few readers know of William Cooper except, perhaps, as the founder of the village which bears his name and as the father of the distinguished novelist. But readers of "The Old New York Frontier" will remember a chapter devoted to the aforesaid William Cooper, in which he is represented as one of the leading pioneers in the settlement of Central New York, and a man of remarkable literary and executive ability.

Now that the Mansion House, which he built, and in which his son died, has ceased to exist, having

been destroyed by fire in 1853, an interesting old-time house still stands in Cooperstown which is approaching its first centennial, and which has a history. It is of stone, laid in the peculiar herring-bone style of the period, and built by William Cooper in 1804 as a wedding gift to his only daughter, married at that time to George Pomeroy, grandson of Gen. Seth Pomeroy, the oldest Brigadier General in the army of the Revolution.

The eastern gable end of the house carries its history in stone, having the date 1804; and the initials of the bride and bridegroom undivorceably interlaced, *i.e.*, "G.A.P.C."—George, Ann, Pomeroy, Cooper.

The old house has entertained in its day many distinguished men, among whom were Gen. Dix, Governor Seward, Thurlow Weed, and others, and an interesting correspondence is in existence between George Pomeroy and Governor De Witt Clinton relative to the peculiar fish in the lake known as the Otsego bass, believed to belong to no other waters . . .

G. POMEROY KEESE.

From *The New York Times Saturday Review*.

LETTERS TO JUDGE WILLIAM COOPER.

I.

From Mrs. Hoffman.

I regret, my good friend that an *involuntary offence* should leave an unfavourable impression on your mind, and as I am not conscious of *intentional error*—beg you will allow me to state the Cause of the *Defendant* with simplicity and Truth—I am accused of impoliteness and *pointed neglect* I plead “not guilty”—and upon the first interrogation shall enter upon my defence.

J. “Did you not see Judge Cooper enter your door as you were descending from the stair and immediately turn back?”

“I saw a person enter—but did not know who it was—”

“Why did you retire so abruptly?”

“I was in *dishabille* and wished not to be seen.”

“Was the Judge’s visit made known to you?”

“Not till after his departure—”

“Have you any Witnesses to produce?”

“Yes! Two—”

“Who are they?”

“*Truth* and the *Testimony* of my own heart.”

“Gentlemen! bring in your Verdicts!” . . .

And so my good friend, I commit my Cause to the hand of justice and will abide by its decision

With all due respect to the *honourable* board of Judges . . . allow me to subscribe myself your sincere and unoffending friend.

New York, Dec. 26—1792.

B. Hoffman.

The Hon. William Cooper Esq.,
Otsego.

II.

From Charles Martin,
recommending Mr. Le Quoy.

Schenectady,
10th March, 1794.

Sir,

This will be handed to you by Mr. Le Quoy, a gentleman who comes highly recommended to us by Mr. John Murray, merchant in New York. Mr. LeQuoy wishes to settle in some part of this country and wants to purchase a small farm of good land. As we know of no person that is like to accommodate him better than yourself, we have taken the liberty to recommend him to you. As he is unacquainted in the country we beg the favour of you to direct him with your Council and if he should be in want of a little money when in your part of the country, his Draft on us for fifty or sixty Dollars shall be duly honour'd. We remain with respect

Your humble servants,

Charles Martin and Company.

To William Cooper, Esq.,
Cooperstown.

III.

From General Jacob Morris.

Albany,

2 *January*, 1798.

Dear Judge,

I came to town yesterday about noon. The "Burrites" had all been here some days and had so martialled their forces as to render them very sanguine of Victory. Denning was to have been their Speaker and we were told they were so confident of success with regard to the Council of Appointment as to refuse all terms of compromise, however our friends assembled in great force and gave them a complete defeat 59 for D. Ten Broeck and only 42 for Denning.

The Governor gave us a most charming address which you'll see in the public prints.

The Candidates for the Council of Appointments on the part of our friends are White for the Western, Vail for the Eastern, Thompson for the Middle and L'Hommedieu for the Southern Districts.

Mr. N. Wattles of Delaware County met with an unfortunate fall in the street opposite the Dutch Church, near the door of Mr. Down's store on Sunday evening last, and occasioned a violent Concussion of the Brain. He never has had his speech or his senses since and will probably be in Abraham's bosom before to-morrow morning. . .

I remain yours truly,

Jacob Morris.

Honourable Judge Cooper, Cooperstown.

IV.

From the Rev. Isaac Lewis.

Cooperstown,

December 15th, 1800.

My dear Sir,

Your kind Letter of 21st inst. came duly to hand. Your statement of the probable result of the election was very pleasing to me and to our friends in Cooperstown. We have been solicitous that General Pinckney should be our President and Mr. Adams Vice President, but shall be contented if Mr. A. is first, provided Mr. P. can obtain the second station. I find by the papers that the *virtuous* Legislature of Pennsylvania have finally adopted the mode of choosing Electors, prescribed by the Senate. Until they found that without yielding, they must necessarily have no voice in the elections, they *conscientiously* adhered to a joint vote. The pitiful consideration of obtaining a single disorganizing vote will sometimes appease the consciences of Jacobins.

I think it an accurate calculation that the federal Candidates will clearly obtain the Election. If this should be the case, we ought to be very thankful and to ascribe the praise to that kind and gracious Providence to whom the prerogative of setting up and pulling down kingdoms most justly belongs. I believe with you that "this nation was founded by the will of Heaven and that its progress cannot be frustrated by man."

It is the ardent desire of my heart that the splendid character of the great and good Washington may be the chosen pattern for the imitation of all his Successors, A better system of politicks, perhaps, cannot be devised, than the one which he adopted and to which he closely adhered during the whole of his administration.

I thank you for the interest you feel and the friendly wishes you express for my personal happiness and for the tranquility, peace and harmony of my Society. With pleasure I inform you that the Society is increasing as to its numbers—that harmony, tranquility and love continue to prevail among them, and that there is a growing attention to the great, interesting and glorious truths of the Christian religion. I trust that by the grace of God . . . our Society will shortly become very respectable as to its numbers and the sincerity of its members.

The weather has been unusually various and changeable since you left us—we had a fall of snow about the 20th November which afforded indifferent sleighing. Last Friday a fall of rain took off all the snow. On Saturday we had a light fall again. It is now clear and cold.

Your family are all well. The Doctor visits—once a day with his Book and Slate. He is now in Vulgar Fractions and is doing very well.

Accept my most sincere wishes for your personal happiness and the felicity of your family. As soon as it is certainly known at the seat of Government

who is actually chosen President and Vice-President, you will please to inform me. Any information will be gratefully received by your friend, etc.

Hon. William Cooper. Isaac Lewis.
Member of Congress, Washington.

V.

From Mr. James Hillhouse.

City of Washington,
February 7th, 1802.

Dear Sir—

Your favour of the 6th came to hand a few days since, and you may be assured I shall with pleasure give you every information in my power. . . .

Congress are now seriously engaged in the rare work of *pulling down*. Senate have passed the enclosed Bill repealing the Act of last session on the Subject of the Judiciary—there is but little doubt of its passing the other house, which in my opinion will inflict a severe Wound on the Constitution by destroying the *independence* of our *Judges*—The abolishing all *Internal Revenues*.—the Mint Establishment and the Naturalization law are measures contemplated.

With sentiments of Esteem and Regard,

I am Dear Sir,

Your ob^t hum^e Serv^t,

James Hillhouse.

The Hon^{ble} William Cooper,
Cooperstown,
State New York.

HANNAH COOPER.

(FIRST VOICE).

HANNAH COOPER, the beloved young aunt for whom Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, (Mrs. C. J. Woolson) was named, must have been a gracious and accomplished young woman, whose tragic death, at the early age of twenty-two, was a crushing blow to her father, Judge Cooper. It has been thought by some that Fenimore Cooper had his sister in mind when he portrayed the character of Elizabeth Temple in "The Pioneers." In any case, Miss Cooper helped to do the honours of the Hall with grace and ability, and when Prince Talleyrand visited Cooperstown and was entertained by Judge Cooper, the famous Frenchman composed an acrostic on her name*.

The following letters from Miss Cooper to her father, together with the note of condolence from her friend, Mrs. Meredith, were preserved by the afflicted father, and after his death were inherited by little Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, niece and namesake of the first lamented Hannah.

* During his visit to this country, M. de Talleyrand passed a few days in Cooperstown, where he was an inmate of the family of Judge Cooper. The following acrostic on Miss Cooper, then in her eighteenth year, tradition ascribes to the celebrated diplomat . .

Aimable philosophe, au printemps de son age,
Ni les temps, ni les lieux n'alterent son esprit,
Ne cédant qu'à ses goûts, simple et sans étalage,
Au milieu des déserts, elle lit, pense, écrit.

Cultivez, belle Anna, vôtre goût pour l'étude,
On ne saurait ici mieux employer son temps,
Otsego n'est pas gai—mais, tout est habitude ;
Paris vous déplairait fort au premier moment ;
Et qui jouit de soi dans une solitude
Rentrant au monde, est sur d'en faire l'ornement,

From Chronicles of Cooperstown,

by J. Fenimore Cooper.

Miss Hannah Cooper to her Father, Judge William Cooper.

I.

We have been greatly concerned, my dear Father, at the account you give us of your own Health, knowing how bad the Climate of Philadelphia is, I feel particularly so.

With respect to our arrangements here—they all proceed very well. The servants conduct themselves with unusual propriety—we have had no squabbles since you left us. The Winter has been remarkably pleasant here; the Lake has been frozen over about three weeks, the weather moderately cold and generally clear. The snow has remained with us constantly since it first fell. All our Gentlemen are gone to the Legislature. General Morris passed through yesterday for Albany. We are all mourning for our illustrious Washington, and all wish, though few aspire to it, that in death as in life we may feebly imitate him. Mrs. Washington has couched her compliance with the Public Wishes in pathetic and elegant terms. I hope Congress may not be late in Session this time; we anticipate an early spring, and the Garden and Trees etc., will need your presence. Nancy* and myself will have some little commands when you return, until when, accept of our best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me,

Your dutiful daughter,

Hannah Cooper.

Cooperstown, January 26, 1800.

William Cooper, Esquire,
House of Representatives, Philadelphia.

* Ann Cooper, younger sister of the writer.

II.

This will be handed you, dear Papa, by Isaac and William*, to-morrow, should nothing interfere, we expect to dispatch them. We part from them with regret but hope the separation may be for their Advantage.

This morning your Trunk containing our presents reached us safely—the things are very handsome—accept of our thanks for them.

The weather is becoming pleasant, please send us some directions concerning the garden—it will want a good Superintendent—we will however strive to do our best—

I shall send by Isaac the Key of my Trunk—which is with Mrs. Meredith† I shall request her to re-pack it—Nancy and myself have to request you will bring us a piece of *course*, thick muslin, to make us common summer Petticoats—such as you purchased for common sheeting—it will suit our purpose better than what is finer—likewise some cheap *Cottin* Stockings—no matter how *course*, so that they be strong and useful. I have plenty of handsome ones, but find they will not resist one of my long, rough walks here—likewise one Piece of substantial linen.

Perhaps these articles will go in my Trunk—therefore they may be snugly brought together—if

* Miss Cooper's brothers.

† Miss Cooper's intimate friend.

not I would defer purchasing them untill I come to New York on account of the difficulty of carriage.

We are all well and looking forward with pleasure unto the promised period of your return.

Yours dutifully,

Hannah Cooper.

Cooperstown, March 3rd, 1800.

William Cooper Esquire,
Member of Congress,
Philadelphia.

Mrs. Gertrude G. Meredith to Judge William Cooper, on the death of Miss Cooper.

Thursday, December 18th, 1800.

I hasten to return my cordial thanks to my friend Judge Cooper for his kind attention in sending me my dear Anna's* hair. I would apologise to him for my remarkable reserve when I last saw him, but his own feelings on that occasion will account for mine. When he returns, I shall, I hope, be able to obtain all the information with respect to my dear friend's death† which I wish. The shock my mind received at the mournful intelligence I have not yet sufficiently recovered to make these inquiries. She was dear, very dear to my heart, and you Sir, believe me, need no stronger claims on my attachment and respect, than having been the parent of so beloved a

* Hannah Cooper.

† *Vide* p. 16.

friend. Oh! that her blest spirit may be the guardian Angel of my future Life!

With respect I am yours,

Gertrude G. Meredith.

William Cooper, Esquire,
Congress Hall,
Washington.

† On the 10th day of September, 1800, Miss Cooper, eldest daughter of Judge Cooper, a young lady in the 23rd year of her age, was killed by a fall from a horse . . in the public highway, about a mile from the residence of General Morris, in the town of Butternuts, where a monument has stood these thirty-seven years to commemorate the sad event. She is interred in the burying ground of her family under a slab that singularly enough, while it is inscribed by some feeling lines written by her father, does not even contain her name! . . This young lady, who had been educated in the schools of New York, and who, from having accompanied her father in his official visits to the seat of Government, was perhaps as extensively and favourably known in the middle states as any female of her years, was universally regretted. She had improved her leisure by extensive reading, and was a model of the domestic virtues.

From Chronicles of Cooperstown.

By J. Fenimore Cooper.

Miss Cooper, having the preceding morning set out with her brother, Richard Fenimore Cooper, Esq., on horseback on a visit to General Morris of Butternuts, and having arrived within about two miles of their destination, the horse on which Miss Cooper rode took an affright and threw her against the root of a tree with such force as to fracture her skull in so terrible a manner as almost instantly to deprive her of existence. In Miss Cooper her relations and the community have sustained an inestimable loss. Possessing every amiable quality which could endear her to society, every worldly blessing which could render life desirable and every pious sentiment which could disarm death of its terrors, in the bloom of life, in a moment, she was snatched away from all the fond anticipations of her relations and friends, and her proposed agreeable visit was changed to a visit to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

From the Otsego Herald.

Miss Hannah Cooper was a young lady whose superior endowments alone would well adorn a memoir. She was greatly beloved by her acquaintances and especially by the poor and the suffering, to whom, in times of scarcity, she was an angel of mercy. Sharing largely in the benevolence of her father, she was accustomed to carry on horseback provisions to the needy in the vicinity. She visited the prisoners in the jail frequently, giving them books, and sometimes talked with them through the grates of the window. By her winning, tender and persuasive conversation, their hard hearts, at times, were deeply affected.

From the History of Cooperstown,

By Rev. S. T. Livermore, A.M.

ANN COOPER.

(SECOND VOICE).

ANN Cooper, second daughter of Judge William Cooper and wife of George Pomeroy Esq., was, from all accounts, a woman of resolute character and great energy.

As Miss Cooper and afterwards as Mrs. Pomeroy, she reigned supreme for many years in her own small circle, and it used to be said in Cooperstown that not a birth nor death took place in the village without Mrs. Pomeroy's presence and assistance. Blessed with fine health, her long life was one round of active benevolences, crowned by a death which was singularly appropriate. She was living at Edgewater, the residence of her grandson, G. Pomeroy Keese Esq., and had attended a charity meeting of some kind in the house, towards the end of which she rose, and bidding the assembled company a stately "Good afternoon, ladies!" slowly mounted the picturesque staircase to her bedroom, where, soon afterwards, she quietly passed away.

Mrs. Pomeroy was strongly conservative, and when the first railway was opened in New York state—far distant from Cooperstown, naturally—she shut herself up in her house with drawn blinds, declaring that now, the whole state was ruined! She was fortunate in the possession of devoted children, several of whom were able to stand by her when financial troubles overtook her, and she spent the closing years of her life in her beloved Cooperstown, at the house of her eldest daughter Georgiana (Mrs. Keese), as the loved and admired "Great." *

The first half of her life was full of sunshine, the second half, of adversity, bereavement and disappointment, yet she met all with resignation and fortitude.

The two letters that follow are separated from each other by more than seventy years—the first being a childish note to her father from her fashionable New York school, and the last, a note to her daughter, written when she was eighty-six years old. Her voice, both in youth and in age, is clear and decided.

* I have always deep sympathy with all old people. Grandmother Pomeroy was a real chum of mine; also, Grandfather Pomeroy and I were much together the summer I spent in Cooperstown when I was fourteen. I used to run down to "Edgewater" and . . . right up into "Great's" room. Did you ever know that that *very* small bent over little grandmother was called "Great"?

Clara Woolson Benedict to her niece, Katharine Livingston Mather, 1922.

Miss Ann Cooper* to her Father, Judge William Cooper.

This day, my dear papa, I recd. a kind letter from you, but the news you tell me of my dear mama's being sick makes me very unhappy. I hope you will soon have better accounts of her health.

I thank you my dear papa for consenting that I should learn to draw, I am sure that I would be very ungrateful were I not to strive and learn when I have so good a papa.

Mrs. Henshaw presents her respects to you and compliments to sister. I shall not begin drawing till my return to New York, as I suppose sister will very soon go home.

I send my affectionate duty to you, my dear papa, and love to sister, from your

grateful child,

Ann Cooper.

New York,

3 *May*, 1796.

Pray let me know when sister expects to go to Otsego.

Hon. William Cooper Esq.,
Congress,
Philadelphia.

* *Vide* p. 19.

* List of clothing, etc., purchased by Mrs. Henshaw for Miss Ann Cooper.

1797.

Feb.	8th.	Thomson's Seasons 3/- medicine for a cold 5/-, postage 6d.	0	8	6
	18th.	Theatre 8/-, leather shoes 10/-, Hack hire to a lady's party 4/-	1	2	0
		Broad satin sash ribon, dress for a party 12/-, Drawing book 6/-.. .. .	0	18	0
		Pd. for binding printed music 2/-, Do. for slate 3/-, lead pencil 1/6	0	6	6
		India rubber 1/6, Thread, tape, needles for making shifts 4/6	0	6	0
		Pr. Gloves 3/6, fine comb 2/6, mending shoes 1/6, Handkerchiefs 2/6	0	10	0
Mar.	16th.	Pr. leather shoes 10/-, 54-3 yds. flannel for two petticoats at £3 17/3	1	7	3
Apr.	1st.	Two mts, board and tuition, Miss Ann Cooper ..	12	10	0
		Beds 7/6, Pens, ink and letter paper 12/-, Drawing pencil 1/6	1	1	0
		Dentist attendance, brushes, powder, etc. ..	0	10	8
		French from 1st Feb., 2 Months	2	13	8
		Dancing from 1 Feb. 2 Months	2	9	10
		24 lessons in music from 1st Feb. to 29th March 5/-	6	0	0
		Printed music furnished by teacher	0	16	0
		Two mts. hire of instrument	1	4	0
		Proportion of tuning Do.	0	12	0
		Two mts. drawing 53/4, Drawing paper and Colors 4/7	2	17	1
		Cash to Miss Ann Cooper 2/-, 27th March ..	0	2	0
		Do. for lock to trunk and putting on	0	5	0
			<hr/>		
			£36 0 0		
		March 29th, Pr. Shoes	0	9	0
			<hr/>		
			£36 9 0		
			<hr/>		

Dollars 91 13/100.

Recd. payment

in full of all accounts

Mary Henshaw.

Mrs. George Pomeroy (Ann Cooper) to her
 Daughter, Mrs. Charles J. Woolson (Hannah Pomeroy).
 Cooperstown,
 Edgewater,
February 24th, 1870.

My dear daughter,

I am writing a few lines to all my children on this my eighty-sixth birthday.

I hope and trust they will all remember their aged mother when asking at the Throne of Grace for their needed supply of daily grace.

Eighty years seems a long time to look back upon, especially when you have so vivid a recollection of every feature of the scenery ; the same Lake, hills, even some of the *Trees*, and many, *many* associations connected with them are more fresh to my mind, and seem nearer than any occurrences of the passing day which I am very apt to forget—I make it my daily prayer to bear each day's trials with submission, and each day's great, great mercies with thankfulness and gratitude. . .

To all who *remember me*, who have *been kind to me*, I can only return my thanks and my blessing. assuring them they are all daily remembered by me, seeking for them, each and all, an interest in our only Saviour Jesus Christ.

May you find Him, my dear and kind friends and children, in your life, in death, and in your eternal portion beyond the grave.

Your ever affectionate Mother,
 Ann Pomeroy.

GEORGE POMEROY. (THIRD VOICE).

GEORGE POMEROY, grandson of General Seth Pomeroy and direct descendant of Eltweed Pomeroy, the first settler, came to Cooperstown from New England, and became the husband of Ann Cooper, only surviving daughter of Judge Cooper.

The following extracts from letters to his granddaughter Clara, show Mr. Pomeroy's humour and sprightliness and explain why he and his schoolgirl granddaughter were such excellent comrades.

Extracts from Letters written by George Pomeroy to his Granddaughter Clara Woolson, aged fifteen years.

Cooperstown.

Well, Clara, what success has the "New Pink Muslin" had? Can you remember the number of *bows* you have had going to and from Superior Street? Very likely not—for your appearance was so altogether "young ladylike" in figure and walk that many lifted their hats after they had passed you—consequently unseen and uncounted.

Your Mother says Mr. D. "pretends to a great interest" in you—I conclude she means *children's pretends*—What do you think? That he is as old as the hills and also that 'tis not in your nature to make him or any other Gentleman dance to any time or step you choose? What you require for "your man" comes more from a youthful source and a youthful knowledge of each other.

* * * * *

I attended the funeral of a young Lady yesterday . . . six young gentlemen as Pall Bearers dressed in Black—white cravats and white Gloves and white Rosettes on the lappel of the Coat—Six assistant young Ladies dressed in White—each wearing White Canton Crepe Shawls, white Clouds thrown over the head and each a Bunch of flowers—which Bunch each one dropp'd into the Grave at the interment. Forty Carriages followed the Three which took the Mourners. . .

* * * * *

Jack Frost is cutting round here nightly—so much so that we begin to fear our summer vegetables will appear “missing,” as we say in sweet Ireland where all the old fogies of the Pomeroy* family have congregated!

One of the descending imps is going to marry this summer one of Dick Little's daughters of Cherry Valley. His great-grandfather and my Father was one and the same person. Perhaps I may get an invitation—probably not, for I am an old fogy of Uncle Sam's. It is curious, if not almost astonishing, to see what a life of 70 or 80 years will show one—not the least on the list are strange and odd and unlooked-for marriage connections—say what you will, I am a firm believer in matches being made in heaven—this same fact brings naturally all circumstances and events to that one point . . . every one is a free agent—perfectly free . . . you are not in the least bound to marry a D—man or a C—man.

* * * *

* See Appendix I. (Pomeroy Notes).

There has been an arrival of a cake from England weighing 19 lbs. to a poor woman here who does not know what to do with it . . . her advisers, the ladies who have helped her in her poverty, are equally at a loss—it is worth ten dollars.

Shall we have a raffle, or shall it be divided and sold for the poor woman's benefit—that's the question? The weight is five times as much as one Lady wants. It was sent by a Brother in Liverpool who is a Baker. . .

* * * *

My "Woman" wonders I don't answer your letter. I wonder also—because you may look upon it as a slight—that you are of little consideration—and that your letters hold the same position—believe me, no such thing! "Our hand in glove" life for five months tells a different story—the true reason is the same which you bring forward in your letter—namely, waiting for something to turn up to write about. Something did turn up? A concert with Mr. Averell*—'twas not possible for W.H. to pass an evening with you—having on his spectacles and having his ears open without acknowledging your magnetical power.

I must stop, for I have spoilt my quill pen. I can't use a steel one.

Love to all,

Yours, Geo. Pomeroy.

* W. H. Averell Esq. of Cooperstown.

WILLIAM COOPER.

(FOURTH VOICE).

WILLIAM COOPER, grandson of Judge William Cooper and nephew of J. Fenimore Cooper, acted as amanuensis to his uncle during part of the latter's long sojourn in Europe, copying the author's manuscripts for him in a beautifully clear handwriting. Cooper often mentions him in his "Letters from Europe," as young William was his uncle's companion on many of his expeditions and excursions.

The four letters that follow, addressed to his cousin, Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, are full of boyish charm and ingenuousness. One wonders whether "Aunt Nancy," born matchmaker that she was, had any idea of bringing the cousins together when she so warmly encouraged the correspondence? However that may have been, Hannah Pomeroy found her true love nearer at hand, and poor young William did not live to return to his native land, about which he writes with such enthusiasm. These four letters are perhaps all that remain—aside from genealogical charts—to show that such a person ever existed, hence, it is a peculiar pleasure to rescue them from oblivion, especially as they throw such attractive "side lights" upon his world-famous "Uncle James." One regrets that William's description of Sir Walter is not contained in these letters or his promised account of the visit to La Grange—but there is excellent reading in his sprightly epistles, and so must his cousin Hannah have thought, for the yellow and, in some parts, torn letters have been most carefully preserved.

William Cooper died in Paris in 1831 and was buried there. Many years afterwards, towards the close of his own life, Paul Fenimore Cooper, the "little Paul" of the letters, wrote as follows to Constance Fenimore Woolson, then on the eve of what proved to be her final departure from America.

"I hear that you and Clara are to sail on the 19th, and as I don't choose you should carry abroad the remembrance of a broken promise from me, here are the autographs.

I send a contract instead of a cheque because I think the first will have more interest for you, showing as it does, Father's way of doing business with his book-sellers—or rather, one of his ways. I believe the “tale” referred to is the “Ways of the Hour”—before its name was fixed upon.

The other MS. is a piece from that of the “Heidenmauer” the only work of Father's of which I have any MSS. in my possession. The word “copied,” not in Father's writing, was, I imagine, put there by William Cooper (Uncle William's son, who was with Father while in Europe at one time) to show that that part of the MSS. had been transcribed for the printer. William died of consumption while we were living in the Rue St. Dominique in Paris in 1831 or 1832. I remember his death as if it were yesterday, and that Sue* had all us children pray for him while Father and Mother were gone to the room where he was dying. He had broken a blood vessel in the night. He lies buried in the Père La Chaise cemetery and I suppose there is a stone to mark his grave, but I should not know how to tell any one where to find it.

You'd laugh at me if I were to tell you how sorry I am to have you go off for so long a time just as I have got to feel that I really know you and Clara.”

FOUR LETTERS

FROM WILLIAM COOPER TO HIS COUSIN, MISS HANNAH COOPER POMEROY.

I. St. Ouen,
June 12, 1827.

My dear Cousin Hannah,

You see that I have complied with the wish that I should write to you expressed by Aunt Nancy† in one of her letters to Aunt Susan.‡ I *insist* upon your fulfilling *your* promise to answer my letters, and hope you will not hold my correspondence so light as my sister does, to whom I have written several times and

* Susan Fenimore Cooper.

† Mrs. George Pomeroy, Cooper's only surviving sister.

‡ Mrs. J. Fenimore Cooper.

have received but one answer. However, I shall not write to her again until she becomes *fully sensible* what a *fund* of *entertainment* she has lost through want of *punctuality*.

You will perhaps be surprised to see the word "punctuality," with two lines under it ; to tell you the truth, I am rather absolute, and a little apt to scold if I do not receive regular answers to all my letters. But I know my warnings will not be required for you, and shall therefore pass to another subject.

My letter, as you will have perceived, is dated from St. Ouen. We left Paris about 10 or 12 days ago, after having been there going on eleven months. Whether we shall return and pass the winter there, or go into the South of France, is not yet decided. St. Ouen is a small village about four miles only from the centre of Paris, so that while at the same time we enjoy the purer air, stillness, etc., etc., of the country, we possess a great many advantages from our proximity to the city, which, if we were removed further, would be nearly, if not entirely, lost. We are thus happily situated between the two mediums. The situation of the house is healthy—at the foot of the garden is a terrace, washed by the River Seine, which commands a pretty view up and down the river and of a considerable extent of country. I do not know if I am writing to suit your taste or not. You must let me know when you answer this, if you are fond of descriptions of

"Cloud capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces,"*

* Stiff (in J. Fenimore Cooper's writing).

or with the antiquary you love to let your imagination run on

“Tott’ring towers, crumbling into dust”

or with the philosopher you love to see

“Manners and man in every age and clime.”

In short, whatever you may be disposed to have described by my pen, you may command, even were it to know the *fashions* of Paris. If I am any judge of ladies’ tastes, I expect to be very much bothered with fashions, but as I had written it down, I thought I would not scratch it out, therefore, for my goodness in that respect I know you will not push me too hard. I can make out very well to tell you of what stuff a fine frock is made, and whether 20, or 30 yards is the necessary number of which it is to be made, but if you wish any further knowledge on the subject, I must resign my pen to Susan*, who has promised to help me out if ever I am at a loss.—The country is doing Uncle James† a great deal of good, all the children are very well, and little Paul‡ speaks French as well as he does English, and, perhaps, better. He is so young that he has caught the French accent exactly. I enclose you a “Sister of Charity” cut out of paper. The “Sisters of Charity” are an order of Nuns whose lives are devoted to the good of their poor fellow citizens§. They frequent the hospitals and nurse the sick with the greatest care and attention. Their name alone will give you

* Susan Fenimore Cooper, eldest child of the novelist.

† James Fenimore Cooper.

‡ Paul Fenimore Cooper, only son of the novelist.

§ An Americanism (in J. F. C.—’s writing).

a better idea of them than I can, if I should write a month, since in point of fact, they perform all charitable offices. Their dress is black with a white apron and a white bonnet. At their side hang their beads and a little crucifix.

Aunt Susan and all the family join with me in best love to you and all your family.

I must now conclude, as Uncle James wishes to put in a postscript. Remember *punctuality*. Adieu.

P.S. You see that Uncle James has criticised my letter. To save my credit another time, I will not show it.

To Miss Hannah Pomeroy,
Cooperstown, Otsego Co.,
New York,
U.S. of Amercia.
par le Havre.

[Postscript by J. Fenimore Cooper.]

My dear child,

I have been so much occupied or I should have written your mother the promised letter. Tell your mother as follows: I have taken a country seat near Paris, only four miles from the gates of the latter. It is a spacious, handsomely furnished house 90 feet long, and contains more than 30 rooms. Opposite to us is an island, and beyond, a vast expanse of country, unusual for the proximity to so large a town. If the winter should be very bad, we will pass it in the South of France.

Your cousins are all perfectly well in body, in mind and in principles. Susan carried off all the honours due to the most excellent native talents—she has admirable gifts and what is far better, is an excellent young woman. I say it under the higher sanction of your name. As for Paul's French, he thinks in that language. Adieu. Give my love to your mother.

Your affectionate uncle,
J. Fenimore Cooper.

II.,

St. Ouen sur Seine,
August 29, 1827.

My dear Cousin Hannah,

The good will with which I send you the drawing on the opposite side, must be my apology for its bad execution. Since my first letter to you, the answer to which I expect every day, we have made a little excursion to several towns within fifty or sixty miles of Paris. . .

We have been through Palaces, Abbeys, and I know not what. The excursion was very beneficial to all, but especially so to Uncle James, who is growing quite fat. He intends to go shortly to La Grange, the residence of Gen. La Fayette.

Aunt Susan received Aunt Nancy's letter sometime ago, with a P.S. from Mrs. Keese* to me for which I am much obliged to her. She seems to think I will return *Frenchified*, but she is in error, for absence and

* Georgiana Pomeroy, elder sister of Hannah Cooper Pomeroy.

time serve but to strengthen my attachment to America. The feelings expressed in the following quotation are in unison with my own,

“ Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Shall e'er untie the filial band
That binds me to my native strand ? ” *

* Bill has a small propensity to be exaggerated in his ideas. I tell him this is in bad taste and I hope in his next, you will see some amendment.

Your uncle,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

But I must revert to the house, which I send you. It is intended to represent our own, and I hope that with the explanations which I shall give you, and the drawing, you may have some idea of a French house. The house before the Revolution belonged to the Prince de Soubise, master of the chase of Louis XV. and in our parlour, or as the French term it, *Salon*, Louis often dined. It contains 30 pieces or rooms, and we came into it entirely furnished. There are many rooms, which we of course do not need. . . Downstairs, all the rooms open with folding doors, and you look through the whole length of the house which is upwards of 80 feet. The front part of the house contains servants' rooms, unoccupied bed chambers, etc. Carpets are only used in France in the winter, and even then, but by a small portion of the inhabitants. The King, himself, in summer, has nothing but the naked floor, which, however, is different from ours. They are made of oak, fancifully

arranged in different figures, and every morning undergo the operation of *frotting*, which is performed exactly in the way we rub mahogany tables, with bees-wax and brush.—When we first arrived they—the floors—appeared very cheerless ; however since we are accustomed to them, we find them very agreeable in summer. They are kept as shining as a table. It is only the principal of our rooms, such as the salon, billiard room, etc. which are in oak ; the bedrooms are tiled and painted red, and “frotted” also, every morning, until they are slippery ; unless accustomed to them, you would be in danger of falling. The dining room is always very plainly furnished—a table, a stove for winter, a table to put the dishes on, and the chairs, constitute its furniture. Nothing is done there but eating, which being finished, you retire to the salon. In the garden we have a nine pin alley. In a French house, one of the indispensable requisites is the Porter, as he is called. In Paris, where several families occupy the different stories of the same house, the visitors apply to the Porter (who always has a small house by the gate). In front of the house is a court surrounded by high walls which is entered by the *porte-cochère* as they term the massive gates of entrance. When inside of your *porte-cochère*, you are as if you were in a little fortress. In Paris, a stranger in walking along the streets, and not knowing the manner of building, would see nothing but middling looking houses, tops of porters’ lodges, and large gates ; but let him open the *porte-cochère* and he immediately finds out his mistake.

I must now end, although I do not suppose you will be much the wiser for my explanation, yet as I have no more time nor paper, I cannot continue it. In order to make up for the shortness of this letter, I promise you I will not wait a month ere I write again, but by the next packet (in 15 days) I will send off another, containing a description of a Palace which we are going to see, an exposition of French manufactures, which is another interesting sight, and of sundry other little fetes, etc.

All the family join me in their best love to Aunt Nancy and the family.

Your affectionate cousin,

William Cooper.

P.S. I expect you to answer my letters promptly. My mother writes me word that Eliza* has written to you. Do you not find that she writes an intolerable scrawl? I can hardly make it out. I was frightened when Aunt Nancy said that she had invited her to spend next summer with her if she was not *married* before that time. I hope to see her single until she is a little older. Uncle James came in just as I was about folding my letter, and as he is a privileged person, he read it and made the remarks on the poetry which you see. Every scrap of poetry I put in a letter, if I show it to him, he condemns as exaggerated feeling. However, as I allow him to be the better judge, I make no scruples.

* William Cooper's only sister, afterwards Mrs. Vicat.

III.

St. Ouen sur Seine,
September 28, 1827.

My dear Cousin Hannah,

With all due deference to your better judgment in these matters, allow me to suggest an improvement which (as it is in the manner of constructing your letters) I humbly hope may meet with your approbation. On the reception of your "charming epistle," I was very much struck by a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which seemed to pervade the first page of it. There was something faulty in it, I was convinced, but what it was did not become apparent until after much reflection, when I found that it was owing to the first half page being left entirely blank . . . Now I ask you, do you not think that the symmetry of the letter would have been very much improved, had the same half page been in unison with the other half.

As to the agreement, since Dick is so handy, let him draw up any instrument you may dictate, and I am ready to sign, seal and deliver it, in order that one whose letters prove she is so highly gifted may not "be totally incapacitated from putting pen to paper." I suspect the drilling of a winter will put you in the same predicament as Eliza, *viz.* ; it is impossible that you should retain your maiden name for any length of time. For your information about my relations, I thank you. I set myself down as a *real* Cooper on such subjects. I am not acquainted,

however, with either Mary, Elizabeth, Gold or Richard.* As I am very much pressed for time, I cannot give you either “manners and man,” or a speech of Sir Walter Scott, but I enclose you a letter from Gen. La Fayette to Uncle James. Uncle James goes to La Grange in a day or two ; when he returns, we are going together, after which I shall be able to give you one of the General’s “prettiest speeches.” You must know that I have had a private interview and talk with him, but the subject of that conversation is not sufficiently vivid in my memory to enable me to give it to you with picturesque effect—*sine qua non*.

You have no doubt seen my clumsy description of Sir Walter in one of my letters to my mother—by the by, it was a great breach of confidence in her to show them. You give me credit in cutting the Sister of Charity, I lay no claim to it ; it was done by no less a personage than “Madame la Baronne Trigant de la Tour”—or, in other words, the school-mistress of the children. Most everybody is titled in France, and they who have no titles, make bold to take one. Our love to Aunt Nancy and the family. I must now stop, since Uncle James intends starting for town this instant. I have not told you half that I wished to.

Your affectionate cousin,

William Cooper.

* Mary and Elizabeth Cooper, daughters of Isaac Cooper—Goldsborough and Richard Cooper, sons of Richard Fenimore Cooper, all four were grandchildren of Judge William Cooper.

IV.

Rome,

April 15, 1830.

My dear Cousin Hannah,

Before leaving this place, I must steal time to write you a few lines, although you do not deserve them for behaving so shamefully as you have done with such a correspondent as myself. We leave Rome to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock for Dresden, a voyage of thirty days over dusty and mountainous roads. We pass by Venice where we stop time enough to see the curiosities and at the same time to rest ourselves. Last Summer was deliciously passed at Sorrento, opposite Naples, whence we made boat excursions to the islands, Paestum, etc., etc. . . We had the house of Tasso, whose beautiful situation I have not time to describe, but must postpone for one of the many delightful confabs I look forward to on my return to "*our dear America*." I wrote there a canto which, though nobody else praised, was thought by its author, who of right knows more about it, to equal the *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

We have been running about for the last five months, looking at temples, Venuses and Apollos innumerable; visited the Colosseum by moonlight and performed all the various other feats which travellers usually are bound to perform.

Since I last wrote to you, we have been over Switzerland, crossed the Simplon, passed nine months at Florence, chartered a felucca and coasted the Mediterranean shores to Naples; touching at the island of Elba and seeing Buonaparte's projected improvements there. With Naples we were very much pleased, and delighted with Pompeii, which was visited three times. Uncle James and myself mounted Vesuvius, whence we had a glorious view of the crater and the surrounding country.

We mustered Americans enough here to give a dinner on Washington's birthday, which the ladies attended; Uncle James was President. We counted fifty. Since that time there has been another influx of Yankees, so that the consul estimates more than a hundred have passed through this winter, and every year they are increasing. We have met here President Morse*, who has passed several evenings with us and showed us sketches of Cooperstown from your window; the mansion house, the lake, etc. all of which, as you may suppose, we looked at with great interest. He tells us of your lake parties, and says that you told him to be at No. 15 Leonard St. at 8 o'clock on the 15th Nov.† but as he started on the 8th, he consequently did not go. He adds there was something "*very mysterious*" about the invitation. Is there? . .

Our time now grows shorter very fast, and we all look forward with delight to the moment when we

* Inventor of the telegraph.

† Miss Hannah Cooper Pomeroy's birthday, on which evening took place the yearly meeting of "Our Society," hence the "*very mysterious*" invitation to Mr. Morse.

are to embark for America. Next winter we pass at Vienna. All the children speak French and Italian fluently, and have begun German. We all of us enjoy excellent health and the climate of Naples quite fattened up Uncle James. He wrote there decidedly his best work—"The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas," which will be published shortly.

Uncle James and Aunt Susan join with me in their love to Aunt Nancy and all the family. . . . As to an answer to this letter, I do not expect it, for they who deal in mysterious invitations . . . have generally their thoughts too elevated to descend to mere temporal concerns.

Ever dear Cousin,

Yours affectionately,

William Cooper.

Miss Hannah Pomeroy,

Care of Messrs. Burrand, Keese,

Maiden Lane,

New York.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
(FIFTH VOICE).

THE following letters from J. Fenimore Cooper, here published for the first time, present some notable features. The business note, addressed to Robert Campbell, Esq., in which Cooper informs his correspondent of his legal change of name, is said to be the first in which he signed himself as J. Fenimore Cooper. The second letter written to his niece, Mrs. Woolson, after the loss in three weeks of her three little girls, is full of wise and tender sympathy, and Cooper's views or conjectures as to the future state will be read with interest. The third letter addressed to his sister, Mrs. Pomeroy, contains sagacious advice regarding family quarrels, and the fourth letter written three months later to his niece, Mrs. Woolson, gives a charming picture of Mr. and Mrs. Fenimore Cooper in their garden, as well as a graceful and affectionate tribute to Judge Cooper. Perhaps the most interesting part of the letter, however, is that in which the great author analyses the state of the public mind in the turbulent year of grace, 1848. Cooper's predictions nearly always came true, and his absolute fearlessness in a country which was at all times dominated by a powerful press, was as admirable as it was rare.

I.

J. Fenimore Cooper to
Robert Campbell, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Since I wrote you last, I have found it greatly to my interest to go to Europe for a short time.

In order to arrange my business, I have made certain contracts with Messrs. Cary and Lea* of Philadelphia. These contracts I shall leave in the hands of Mr. Luther Bradish of New York.

* Cooper's publishers.

I was in hopes of receiving my papers before the time that I have appointed for sailing, which will be the first of the next month, . . .

In order that you may know *who I am*, I will just add that my name was altered by a law of the State from James Cooper to

J. Fenimore Cooper.

New York, *May 18th*, 1826.

II.

To his Niece,
Mrs. Charles Jarvis Woolson (Hannah Cooper Pomeroy).

Hall, Cooperstown,

April 19th.

My dear Hannah,

Affliction like that with which you have been visited can only find full consolation from the Power that has inflicted the blow, but it is always consolatory to know that we have the sympathy of our friends in our sorrow. We have all felt for you, and your aunt and myself so much the more from having seen two dear little children taken from ourselves. Then your sweet little Annie had made friends of us all, and I was so much a favourite with her, that she paid me frequent visits. Of all my young kinspeople she had met my advances with the most frankness, and her quiet affectionate little ways are often present to my mind when I recall your loss. Of the other two I knew less ; indeed, one I think I could never have seen, but they were all equally dear to you, and we mourn with you for the loss of all.

This world and this life of ours, about which we feel so much solicitude, my child, are singular mysteries, but there can be no doubt that they lead to a purer state of being. It would be presumptuous to pretend to define the punishment or to describe the happiness of the future state of existence, but it has always struck me as the most rational view to consider the first as the regrets of a spirit, at once released from the incumbrances of its material weight, keenly alive to the force of moral truth and loathing its own previous errors, and if such should be the case, how transient must be the sorrow of your little ones ! I think it is Hannah More who conjectures that punishment is sorrow for opportunities neglected, and you, at least, have the consolation of knowing that no sorrow of this nature can be very deep with those you have lost.

I have seen your letter to your mother, and know that the feelings you describe are so natural as to be common. You hear the voices of your children, witness their playfulness or suffer a pang at their fancied entreaties, but you cannot know what they see and feel at the same instant. It is possible that your resignation may be a source of delight to them, and a pledge of a future meeting.

You will do well to come here this summer. Native air, and the bracing climate of our hills will be useful to you, and while you will be just as near the spirits of the little ones here as there, you will be

more likely to see them as spirits, than when surrounded by objects familiarly connected with their brief lives. By the change you can lose nothing that will be useful, and may avoid much that will be painful. Your friends will prove to you how much they feel for your privations, which are in some degree theirs, and the family tie will be strengthened by the sympathy you will meet. . . .

Adieu, my dear child, and believe me,

Very affectionately your uncle,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

I do not mention Mr. Woolson, as I understand he will be here before you get this letter. Remember me to Georgiana and Emma*. I shall be glad to see the Romping Granite† again, and she will step at once into all her old privileges at the Hall.

Mrs. Woolson,

Claremont,‡

New Hampshire.

* The two elder daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Woolson.

† A pet name for Georgiana Woolson.

‡ Clara Woolson Benedict's account of her visit to Claremont, New Hampshire in the summer of 1915. (From a Letter to Miss May Harris).

"I have told you, I think, of how Mother went, a happy, radiant bride, from our (now) dear Pomeroy Place, with Father to Claremont, New Hampshire. There they lived—coming back in the summers with Baby No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5—until the terrible blow fell upon them. *In three weeks* of scarlet

fever, died No. 3, Ann Cooper Woolson, No. 4, Gertrude Elisabeth Woolson, and No. 5, Julia Campbell Woolson—and Mother with the baby, Constance Fenimore Woolson, only a few days old! Mother nearly lost her reason, and poor Father was told to take her away and he literally lifted Mother into the carriage and drove on and on . . . The change of air, and the fatigue, gave her back some of her health, but not her spirit . . . Father often told us children that a ‘something’ went out of her that week, that was lost forever . . . so that we children did not know what Mother had really been except for a beautiful portrait which Father had had painted of her.

Good aunts took care of Georgiana (afterwards Mrs. Mather) and Emma (Mrs. Carter). But Father kept on and on . . . When they reached Cleveland, Ohio,—which in those days was justly called “The Forest City”—Mother expressed her first wish: ‘I like this place . . . Let’s stop travelling and stay;’ and they did. . . . Father, with the wonderful pluck and determination of his nature, began life *all over again*, started a new business—and succeeded, and that is the reason we lived West . . . Mother never could talk about those days; but I knew of those little sisters buried at Claremont before I was born, and at last, this summer, I got there! I had absolutely nothing to guide me . . . I did not know in which of the three old cemeteries the Woolsons had their lot . . . I did not know the house or street, even, where they had lived . . . But we have travelled enough to know how to search. . . . There was one nicely kept old cemetery (in which no more burials were allowed) in town by the church and we thought that would be the most likely one. But when I interviewed the old man in charge, he said no record had been kept of the burials! So we divided up in sections this old graveyard; Clare going one side, and I the other, and we strained our eyes to read the names on every stone . . . An hour passed without success; then Clare gave a cry—she had found her ‘baby’ aunts! And to our joy, . . . the stones were in good order; names plainly to be read . . . It was such a relief . . . I had grown to dread what I *might* find. So we went to a florist, got lovely flowers, and returned and covered the graves with them. . .

Our hotel looked out upon the very street where Father and Mother had lived, and our nights there were bright, moonlight ones. I could not sleep . . . But I did not want to; I looked out and thought over *everything*, and imagined I saw Father and Mother walking under the still beautiful old trees . . . It was all so satisfactory and happy . . .”

III.

To his Sister, Mrs. Pomeroy.

Hall, Cooperstown,

March 1st, 1848.

My dear Nancy,

Your letter reached me last evening We are all well, though the smallpox is in the village—not badly, but enough so to make a great noise. The doctors have been round vaccinating and, I hear, find that nearly half the people have not been vaccinated.

There has been a good deal of gaiety lately, though Susan and I stay at home. I have not been in a house in the village, out of my own connection, this winter. We play chess every night, and my wife has got to be so skilled as to give me ignominious defeats almost every night.

From what H.—P.—tells me, the difficulty with B.—is arranged. I think you had better keep on good terms with that family, quarrels among connections being bad things. A little forbearance usually brings matters round and there is no saying more true than that “blood is thicker than water.” Perhaps B.—had some reason for what he did, as regards P.—and did not like to broach the matter to you. Indeed had he spoken of the tax sale before the time for redemption was passed, it might have defeated his purpose altogether.

We were all much pleased with your granddaughter.* She is quite clever, and far from unpleasing to the eye. In person she will be rather striking, and her face, if not positively handsome, will be agreeable. We all liked her, and there is a spice of sincerity among us that goes even farther than good breeding, and I presume that she soon felt she was a favourite, and that was the chief cause of her finding the visit so agreeable. As Caroline wishes to write to you, I must conclude, with regards to Pomeroy.

Yours very affectionately,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

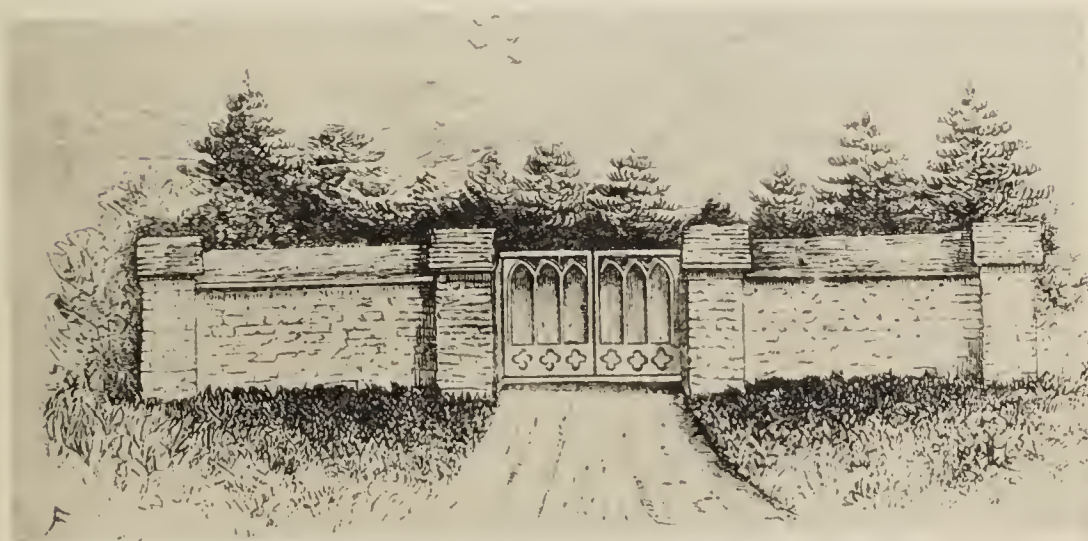
Cooperstown

When your Mother was here, she told me you wished much to obtain some relic in the shape of an autograph of her Uncle Fenimore. In looking over some family letters, I found one which I think may meet your wishes as it has the advantage of containing on one side a short letter also from your cousin, author of "Rural Hours". Of course, your Uncle Fenimore's letter contains allusions to family matters, as all his letters to me naturally do; but I think the one now sent can create *no disturbance*, for one of the parties is gone, the other probably will not long survive, and the matter commented upon between Messrs. B— and P— will not be understood by any but those immediately interested. I rely upon your prudence, Constance.

I think Uncle Fenimore's letter will interest your Mother from what he says of your Sister Georgiana, it was in answer to a remark of mine that she was not as handsome as her sister Emma.

Mrs. George Pomeroy to her Granddaughter,
Constance Fenimore Woolson.

* Georgiana Woolson, afterwards Mrs. Mather.



OTSEGO HALL AND ENTRANCE GATE TO OTSEGO HALL.

IV.

To his Niece, Mrs. C. J. Woolson.

Hall, Cooperstown,

My dear Hannah,

June 1st, 1848.

. . . . We have a fine season. The annual June frost visited us last Wednesday, but did very little harm. I am mowing my lawns, and your aunt, besides having made near a hundred weight of butter (at the farm), has lots of geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens. I am through planting of all sorts, and we now wait to see what the summer will do for us. Your aunt and I have just come in from the garden, where everything looks fully a fortnight earlier than common. The cold weather is quite gone, and now we hope for good honest summer weather. We have melons in blossom ; cucumbers nearly so, and peas fairly out, tomatoes well in bud. As for lettuce, radishes, pepper-grass, spinach, and asparagus, we have been exercising our teeth on *them* nearly a month—the last, fully three weeks. . . .

Your daughter has now been enough with us to feel at home here, and I hope she may often favour us with her company. I have great pleasure in seeing any descendant of my father in this house, for I think it would have given him pleasure to know that his posterity meet in this spot, where I should think they must be induced to think of its founder. I have embellished a little, but he founded the place, and it is the *first* man who becomes identified with anything of this sort.

I have had a good deal of difficulty in keeping possession, there being a very strong disposition in this country to make common property of anything that takes the fancy of the public. I suppose one half of this village would gladly pull down this house, because they cannot walk through the hall whenever it suits them ; but I am firm, and they begin to feel that what is my property is not theirs. This feeling is what is giving so much trouble in France just now, and which will, ere many years, drive that country into excesses that will bring it back to force. I do not mean the corrected feeling which exists here, but that which did exist before it was met. It is amazing how many crudities circulate in this country for want of being snubbed. The press is as cowardly as it is insolent ; exactly as it bullies individuals, it succumbs to numbers. The consequence is that the people rarely hear any truth about themselves. . . .

Adieu—My regards to yours, and much love from all around me. Your affec. Uncle,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

Mrs. C. J. Woolson

or Woolston.

The following appreciations of Cooper are by his grand nephew, his grandniece and his great grandniece. G. Pomeroy Keese's picture of Otsego Hall in Cooper's day is valuable as the description of an eye witness. In "The Haunted Lake" (1871), Constance Fenimore Woolson tells Cooper's story with sympathy, discretion and fine literary insight. "The House Speaks" (1907) is a little fantasy supposed to embody the sentiments of the "House" (Pomeroy Place, Cooperstown) towards Cooper—these sentiments being communicated at midnight to the contiguous "Tree" (Norway Spruce), like the House, a contemporary of the novelist.

OTSEGO HALL
AND
FENIMORE COOPER.

IN connection with Otsego Hall at the time of its purchase by Mr. Fenimore Cooper and his subsequent occupancy, some facts not generally known may prove interesting. It was bought by him in 1834, shortly after his return from Europe. Unoccupied at the time and fast falling into decay, he found much to repair. The house as built by Judge Cooper was a simple parallelogram, roomy and comfortable within, but with little pretention to exterior beauty. Mr. Fenimore Cooper transformed it to a picturesque country seat, having English models in view, but unfortunately forgetful of the rigours of an Otsego winter climate; as a consequence, snow on the battlemented roof was a constant source of annoyance, and leaks were frequent. The house at this time, however, was a most respectable and comfortable family home, made more so by the interesting inmates. As an instance, a fanciful designation was given to the four large bedrooms, two facing north and two south, the former being known as Siberia and Greenland, and the latter as Florida and Italy. The family horse was dubbed "Pumpkin," from the fact that his first labour was drawing a load of pumpkins for the food of Seraphina, the cow.

Mr. Cooper was a man of methodical habits and uniformly industrious. He wrote many of his later works in Otsego Hall during the last sixteen years of his life. Frequently he could be seen in the dusk of the evening promenading the great hall and mentally working up the material which he committed to paper the next morning. He wrote an hour before breakfast and up to eleven o'clock afterward. Then Pumpkin, before a yellow buggy, was brought to the door and Mr. Cooper drove up to the Chalet, his rugged farm on the eastern side of the lake. Here several hours of exercise gave him his recreation for the day, when he returned to a three o'clock dinner. The later afternoon and evening were given to visiting and social intercourse, often to a game of chess with Mrs. Cooper. He never smoked and, while taking his glass of wine at dinner, rarely indulged in stimulants at other times unless brewing a bowl of punch for some festive occasion. He was very fond of picnic excursions on the lake, generally to Three-Mile Point. On these occasions the main feature was a chowder, which Mr. Cooper compounded himself with great gusto.

G. POMEROY KEESE. *

*I have had a very great loss in the death of my cousin Pomeroy Keese; he was my last link to all those gone . . . the one person left who had all the delightful old traditions. As he was so up-to-date in all lines, no one realized his age. His death was as perfect as his life—he knelt down and said his prayers, got into bed, and, in twenty minutes, was gone.

Mrs. Benedict to

Miss May Harris.

THE HAUNTED LAKE.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

(HARPER'S MAGAZINE).

UP in the hill country of New York, far from cities, sequestered in its little valley, fed by crystal springs in its secret depths, lies the Haunted Lake—smiling, sparkling, shimmering, shining under the clear heaven The trees sweep down the eastern side in almost unbroken columns, beeches and maples crowding together near the water, while higher up, the dark pines close over the carpeted aisles below.

At the foot of Mount Vision, a little river leaves the lake, and steals away under shady banks between broad meadows, gradually gathering strength from every hill-side brook as it rolls onward toward the south—until, its journey ended, the mighty Susquehanna, born in the Haunted Lake . . . meets the salt-water where the ocean thrusts up into the land the long arm of the Chesapeake Bay. . . .

The little lake, in its secluded beauty, has escaped the prosaic touch of modern improvement; the shores are wild and wooded, the Sleeping Lion at the head being covered with as dense a forest as the first pioneer beheld a century and a half ago. Happily

forgotten in its hiding place among the mountains, the Haunted Lake is consecrated to memories of the past. The air is filled with an unseen presence. A master mind has hallowed the scene; and as we linger on the pebbly beach, the echoes seem to repeat his name over our heads, and the waters to murmur it at our feet—a name familiar to many nations and languages, but nowhere so appropriately and so affectionately recalled as upon the shores of Otsego Lake.

James Fenimore Cooper has left us, but the magic of his genius lingers around the lake he so lovingly described. Its points and bays are haunted, and its forests are peopled with wraiths and shades. A listener under the trees on a dreamy summer day will hear the low musical laugh of Wah-ta-wah, the gentle Indian maiden, and catch a glimpse of the young chieftain, her lover, in the distance through the forest arches. Sometimes at dusk, the camp fires of the Iroquois gleam from the gravelly points of the eastern shore; and off Hyde Bay, where the rushes wave on the shoal, the dim outline of Muskrat Castle can be traced; and the faint strains of an old-time hymn are heard—strangely sweet over the water—the even-song of innocent Hetty at her mother's grave. On a moonlight night, the solitary oarsman is startled by the flapping of unseen canvas, and, silently appearing from the realm of nowhere, the ark glides slowly into view, old Hutter at the helm, and the gigantic form of Harry Hurry lounging in

the doorway. Attempt to approach the spirit bark and it vanishes in the haze, with a stentorian laugh from Harry Hurry ringing over the water, and echoed back and forth from mountain to mountain until the whole group around the Haunted Lake seem nodding and shaking their sides in weird merriment.

But dearer than all in his gentle simplicity, honest-hearted Natty, the greatest creation of Cooper's pen, haunts the lake and woods around, hunting the deer with dog and gun, the kindest spirit of the band. Sometimes, as the Deerslayer, he is seen near the Fairy Spring, his grave, youthful face unmoved by the beauty of Judith Hutter, that alluring Lady of the Lake, whose dark eyes fascinate us from the written page and make us wonder at the severity of this forest Galahad. Then as Leatherstocking, the mighty hunter, advanced in years, but honest-hearted still, he is sometimes visible coming down from the cave that bears his name, gliding in his canoe across Blackbird Bay, or crossing the Vision in haste to rescue from the panther's cruel claws the fair form of Elizabeth Temple. The distant prairie where the Leatherstocking finally disappears from our sight, is torn up by the steam-plow and locomotive; the old trapper with his white hairs and trembling steps has returned to the Haunted Lake; and at early dawn his bowed figure appears at rare intervals standing on Otsego Rock, shading his eyes from the rising sun, and gazing over the Glimmerglass, the scene of his youthful exploits, with earnest interest. Dear old Natty,

faithful, kindly wraith, the memory of thy character and deeds will haunt the valley long after the very names of its real men and women are forgotten—save only the name of the man who gave them to the world, the man whose grave is fitly made near the shores of the Haunted Lake.

James Fenimore Cooper was . . . brought in early childhood to the source of the Susquehanna, where the manor-house with a few log buildings around it, stood in a little clearing on the lake shore ; his first impressions of life and the world were derived from the unbroken forests, the rude homes of the settlers, the hunters and trappers who roamed through the wilderness in lawless freedom, and the scattered remnants of once powerful Indian tribes that still lingered around Lake Otsego. An impulsive, healthy boy, he enjoyed the companionship of the various odd characters who belong only to the early phases of pioneer life, learning from them to hunt, sail and fish, and detecting their peculiarities with that keen observation which is an invariable characteristic of the ready writer Mr. Cooper's most brilliant tales are founded upon two phases of actual experience—his boyhood in the little settlement on Otsego Lake, and his six years at sea, part of the time a sailor before the mast. From his own memory he reproduced those scenes of frontier life, which even now seem remote and strange, possessing as they do, a peculiar charm which many have felt without understanding that the secret lies in their literal truth—

far more fascinating, could we but know it, than the wildest flights of fancy.

Having spent three years at Yale College, young Cooper went to sea, and after making two voyages to England and Spain, entered the navy as midshipman and soon attained a lieutenancy. From these years of sailor life, he drew all the sea-stories which have rendered his name famous, and given him the highest place among nautical writers. . . . He delighted in the beauty of a fine ship as a lover delights in the beauty of his mistress, and in his descriptions he mingled a warm enthusiasm with a practical knowledge of the subject. Each rope and sail were familiar to his hand, and his pages exhale the genuine odour of the salt-water as the vessel glides over the white-caps, a real ship, and a real ocean, although bound in the covers of a book.

Resigning his position in the navy, Mr. Cooper at the age of twenty-two, married Miss Susan De Lancey, sister of the Bishop of Western New York . . . Among the sad heart-histories which the biographies of men of genius are almost sure to reveal, the charming love-story of Fenimore Cooper and his wife shines out with a pure radiance. Mrs. Cooper was retiring and feminine in every movement, word and action. Her strong, impetuous husband—massive and vigorous in frame, decided and independent in action—yielded to her a chivalrous devotion most beautiful and rare. . . . Although children grew up around

them, although the hospitable mansion was often filled with distinguished and delightful guests, although time passed and they grew old, the husband and wife never sank into the mere father and mother, but to the last they cherished for each other that fresh affection which is so seldom seen after the bloom of youth and the charm of novelty have passed away. . . .

In 1821, Mr. Cooper published "The Spy," which was immediately and brilliantly successful, being the first spirited story of our Revolution, and thus opening a new era in American literature. "The Spy" has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and even crossed the border into Asia, a Persian version having appeared in 1847 at Ispahan.

From 1821 until his death . . Mr. Cooper published no less than thirty-nine volumes . . . an amount of mental and physical labour which justly entitles him to be called a hard-working man ; for although he sometimes employed his daughters as amanuenses, still the work of composing and preparing even one book for the press is arduous, as any doubter will find if he tries it. During this time he resided for eight years in New York City, a favourite member of the literary society there gathered, numbering in its circle such men as Washington Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Bancroft, Parke Godwin, N.P. Willis, Chancellor Kent the jurist, Jarvis the painter, Verplanck, and Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. After this, Mr. Cooper sailed with his family for Europe, spending seven years abroad ; but amidst all the pleasures and

excitements of foreign travel, his industry never relaxed ; and during this period he wrote no less than nine volumes, among them the “ Red Rover ” and the “ Water Witch,” two brilliant sea-stories, the “ Bravo,” which gained a high reputation abroad and that powerful picture of border life called the “ Prairie ”.

Returning to America, he made his permanent home in Cooperstown, where he spent the remainder of his life in the old manor-house known as the Hall, built by his father, Judge Cooper, in 1796, and improved and altered into one of the most charming and comfortable old-fashioned houses in the country. In the seventeen years of his residence at Cooperstown, Mr. Cooper published twenty-four volumes, among them the “ Pathfinder,” the “ Deerslayer,” and “ Wing-and-Wing.” In the two first-named, the youthful life of Leatherstocking is described, and his peculiar character carefully developed with skilful touches, until he stands forth in clear proportions, the most original creation in American literature. In the “ Deerslayer,” the scene is laid on Otsego Lake and the lovely story has thrown a fascination over the blue waters which will last for centuries. It stands alone among its companion volumes, a charming idyll of the woods . . . the most romantic and mysterious of all Cooper’s productions, which generally deal with the broad light of practical reality “ Wing-and-Wing ” is a prose poem of the sea ; the interest centres around the graceful little

Feu-Follet, a very fairy vessel, coming down, wing and wing, before the lightest zephyr, and driving the baffled Englishmen wild with its mysterious speed. Although not so widely known as the "Pilot," it is a peculiarly charming sea-story. As an evidence of his popularity abroad, it may be mentioned that in Holland alone, there are three different translations of his novels into three different dialects of the country.

In recalling the number of volumes that the author's pen produced, it might naturally be supposed that his whole time was devoted to writing ; but instead of this, he had many other occupations. Rising early in the morning, he generally accomplished all his writing before breakfast, which took place at nine, devoting the hours in the middle of the day to his mountain farm, the Chalet, where he found out-door recreation in an obstinate contest with the stony soil ; he being determined that the crops should grow, and the mountain being determined that they should not ; it is said that the mountain won the day, since during all the years of the contest, the farm only paid its expenses once ! The relaxation obtained in this way, however, was heartily enjoyed by Mr. Cooper ; and no doubt this constant communion with nature and this vigorous open-air exercise contributed to preserve the healthy, manly tone so conspicuous in his writings. . . .

The library at the Hall, Mr. Cooper's favourite retreat, was a large room wainscoted in oak, with a

south-western exposure. Here were gathered a fine collection of books, souvenirs of travel, a large number of autographs, and notes from distinguished foreigners, as well as the author's writing table of walnut—an ancient heirloom brought from the East and called “ Rancocus ” . . . In this room Mr. Cooper used to write ; but when anything amused him, he would seek the hall—which was used as a sitting room, and gave the name to the house—and read the passage aloud ; for he was of a social nature, and in all that he did he loved to have his family with him. Late in the afternoon he would begin walking up and down the hall with his hands behind him, apparently thinking out his next chapters, and now and then nodding his head emphatically at the successful completion of some silent train of thought ; so that, no doubt, this twilight hour was the real working time of the day, when the brain drew the outlines which the hand was to fill out the next morning

Cooperstown itself is a pretty village . . . but all the charm of the locality lies in its associations with Cooper, and it is the power of his magic pen which renders the valley and lake so fascinating Shine on, then forever, O Haunted Lake, with all thy associations and memories ! It is pleasant to think that long after this hand is cold in death thy blue waters will still be admired and loved not only for their beauty, but for the sake of James Fenimore Cooper.

THE HOUSE* SPEAKS.

“**P**RETTY? No! that word does not express it; you go by sounds.”

The Tree murmured inarticulately, the House listened with attention, apparently the murmuring was articulate to her.

“You see the lake stirred suddenly by night breezes and lit up faintly by the moon? How often you have described your visions to me! In my earliest days, I, too, could see the lake quite plainly, but now for many a year, you’ve seen it for me.”

The Tree, assenting, touched his friend’s cheek gently—the cheek, though rugged, was yet firm and comely.

* I am sending you a picture of the exterior of my beloved house. This picture was engraved for us to send out in 1904 for the rooth birthday of the historic house. . . Cards were sent to all our friends abroad and in America, and of course to all our relatives and friends in Cooperstown; the whole house, cellar, attic, bathroom (all but the kitchen), thrown open and people told to go where they pleased. I had a wonderful big cake with the initials G.A.P.C. (George Ann Pomeroy Cooper) and the date. Instead of 100 candles, I had 100 little iced cakes piled around the big cake, and each guest took a cake home. We had about 100 guests. Now the initials . . built in the side of the house (which was given to my Grandmother as a wedding gift by my Great Grandfather William Cooper), were most appropriate, as these grandparents of mine lived to be over 85 and were devoted to each other. In those days this was a splendid wedding present, and the happy couple walked across the grass from the old house (since burned) to the new home, their wedding gift. The walls are two feet thick, solid stone, and I have 18 of the wide window seats and 7 of the deep fireplaces.

Mrs. Benedict to Mrs. Weber, 1920.



POMEROY PLACE, COOPERSTOWN.

"We've been good allies," the House resumed, "in all our storms we've stood together. You've sheltered me, and I have given you my best—the great tradition—I hope I have preserved that faithfully?"

The Tree caressed the House, the wind was rising, a sound came from the hills as if of muffled thunder. The hour was midnight.

"Never learn to speak!" the House exclaimed. "As you know, I have not always spoken, and even now the words come painfully. It took me half a century to decipher my own inscription, and nearly ten years more from those few letters to evolve a language. Nevertheless, I don't regret the labour, the result has given me so much—the talks with you, dear. We used to speak by signs, and there you had the advantage, since with a touch you told me everything. You tell me now that you are proud of me? Because I've stood my ground, not heeding changes? But that was natural—I was built by William Cooper. I think of that whenever small things trouble me. It's not the staring, I'm used to that; besides, you shield my features. No, it's rather a lack of understanding, sometimes.

"Remember him? My friend, he has been with me always. His kind, strong face has smiled at me on many a bleak, black evening. (A fancy? Perhaps, but what a happy one! I live on fancies, nowadays, and your fidelity). I've longed at such times to ask him what he thought of us, but I've never had the courage.

“Instead, I’ve kept quite still and held myself up straighter ; I, at least, can never forget my builder. Partial ? I may be, but I am so deliberately. I like to think of him as fine and noble ; a pioneer, keensighted and intelligent, who in his sagacity recognized the qualities of this region, a region that his son was afterwards to make illustrious. Ah ! how well I knew the great romancer, he was a frequent guest of mine. Sometimes I suspect that all my thoughts, and yours too, came from that one brain, which in its large creativeness, scattered fancies broadcast, careless of hoarding, where the store seemed inexhaustible. Yes, he was our greatest glory, and when he died, it was a heavy day. We all mourned—lake, woods, brooks, and flowers, even the rough roads grieved their hearts away. And since that time—it must be three score years now—I’ve watched each night for his return, hoping against hope that he might revisit his Otsego, a place he loved so constantly in life. And hoping this, I have composed a message, to come through me from all the speechless things—the hills and waters that owe their fame to his descriptions. Yes, I shall repeat it, if he should ever pass my way . . . Hush, was that a horseless carriage ? I feel so lost somehow in this new age. It’s only at night that I recover a little confidence, it’s only at night that I’m myself at all.

“And even then, the strange white light confuses me—you and I were satisfied with the moon. Old-fashioned ? You may well say that ; if not for you

and my dear memories, I think my poor old heart would wither and die."

The Tree bent lower, whispering something soothingly, to which the House responded eagerly.

"How pretty that is! Yes, I understand you, I always shall, as long as you and I endure. Tell me how the lake looks now? Dark and stormy? That is how I like it best. I wish my eyes could be for once as high as yours are."

The House broke off, the Tree lifted beseeching fingers, whereupon the House went on again.

"The message? I am half-afraid to tell it, lest it should not sound quite right. Words don't come easily, I was over sixty before I even began to speak. But I will try, please listen critically, and afterwards say frankly what you think. I have had it long in mind, and yet it halts in places; it takes a century, doubtless, to construct good prose. This is it:

Dear Vanished Magician!

Greeting from your old-time friends!

We have neither forgotten nor grown indifferent, we care as much as when you went away—nay more, perhaps, since lost things reach the stars.

And this is what we say to you; I am speaking for Otsego, although my voice alas! is not so sweet as hers. We thank you for your brave, true character, that made you honoured wherever you went; we thank you for your tender-heartedness, that made you loved by weak and strong; we thank you for

your noble intellect, that made you famous throughout the world. Most of all, we thank you for your great creations, those living beings who haunt our lake to-day. And so, dear Master, take our loving homage, and give us one kind thought as you pass by."

Silence reigned again, the House waited, anxiously; she did not even raise her eyes.

At last the Tree, much moved, stretched out his arms and clasped her. And after that, there was no need of more.

CLARE BENEDICT.

*(From the Centennial Supplement of
THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, Cooperstown).*

MRS. THOMAS WOOLSON.

(SIXTH VOICE).

MRS. THOMAS WOOLSON (Hannah Peabody Chandler), a direct descendant of Lieutenant Francis Peabody of St. Albans, England, who came to Massachusetts in 1635 in the ship "Planter," was an unusual woman in her way, and was greatly beloved by her daughter-in-law, Hannah Cooper Pomeroy (Mrs. C. J. Woolson), who always wrote and spoke of her as "dear Mother Woolson." It was this grandmother who was asked to name by letter the seventh of the little Woolson girls, the family names having been exhausted. She sent three names to choose from—Isabella, Agnes or Clara. Clara was chosen. Until her marriage, however, when she became Clara Woolson Benedict, the seventh little girl always resented the fact that her Woolson grandmother had not given her a "middle" name like all her sisters!

The two following letters from Mrs. Thomas Woolson, though fragmentary (one of them, indeed, was written almost at the point of death), show, nevertheless, her force of character and originality of mind, as well as a flash or two of that whimsical humour which was inherited to a marked degree by her eldest son Jarvis. Her voice is clearly heard out of the silence of the years.

Mrs. Thomas Woolson (Hannah Peabody Chandler),

To her Granddaughter,

Georgiana Pomeroy Woolson.

My dear Georgiana,

Welcome, thrice welcome your kind and unexpected letter—the first real letter I ever received from one of my grandchildren. Now that you have become a young Lady, I supposed you would have so many new and superior claims upon your time, you would

not think of me. Of course your letter is the more highly prized. . . All the letters that come from Cleveland seem to have a particular charm about them—we grasp them with all the eagerness with which a miser grasps his gold. One reason, no doubt, is that we live so much by ourselves ; we have little intercourse with those around us. I have thought sometimes the adage applied to the Kentuckians that they are half alligator, would apply equally well to many here. Not to all. I have met some pleasant, agreeable people at Green Lake . . . They are few and far between. . . .

I concluded from your description of New Year that your “ young Lady-dom ” did not sit so pleasantly on your shoulders as you had been led to expect. Never mind, dear—perhaps by the time another year steals round you can number some new faces amongst the crowd that you will be pleased to entertain. That will materially alter the case, and cause what you would be willing to dispense with—to be a real pleasure.

There has long been a doubt in my mind as to which I loved best—Connie* or Clara†. When Connie comes before my mind’s eye, with her serious, beautiful face, I think she is the one. Then Clara’s laughing good-natured face seems to creep in between, as much as to say—“ Love *me* as well as Connie ! ” I have come to the conclusion to let them hang even, at present

* Constance Fenimore Woolson.

† Clara Woolson, afterwards Mrs. Benedict.



CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON AND CLARA WOOLSON, AS CHILDREN.

I think it unnecessary to apprise you that I hold not the pen of a ready writer. . .

My best wishes for your health, prosperity and welfare are hovering round you, both now and ever.

Your affectionate Grandmother,
Hannah Woolson.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jarvis Woolson (1851).

My dear Son and Daughter,

Your kind letter and contents came safe to hand. I fear I cannot express the pleasure they gave me—it is heart-felt and still deeply felt—not easily described . . . I think my health is much the same as when you last heard from us. I walk out every fair day. A walk round the house fatigues me so, I have to drop into the first chair I can find, or on to the bed . . . The Dr. said there could be no cure, only palliatives. The Dr. wished me to have old Cognac-Brandy—there was none to be had here. Mr. Beall sent me a bottle express from New York. I thought him very kind. I took it sparingly—thought I felt rather more comfortable while taking it. The habit is a bad one to get into. I have often thought that to be obliged to stimulate with spirits or stupify with opium is, to say the least, not a very desirable way to prolong life.

You have no friends in this section of country that more deeply sympathize with you and dear loved Emma* than I do. I hope you all know where to look

*Mrs. Jarvis Carter, who had recently lost her young husband, the Rev. Jarvis Carter.

for consolation. May He who, when a sojourner in the world was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, be the joy and consolation of you all and may the spirit which He has purchased stir you all up by way of remembrance that here you have no continuing city and may you all be seeking one which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

I can write no more—my whole head is weary and my heart faint†

Love to all your children.

Your Afft. Mother,

Hannah Woolson.

† Mrs. Thomas Woolson died soon after this letter was written.

EMMA CORNELIA CLARK WOOLSON.

(SEVENTH VOICE).

EMMMA CORNELIA CLARK WOOLSON (Mrs. T. Jarvis Carter), second daughter of Charles Jarvis and Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson, was named for her mother's beloved friend Emma Clark (Mrs. Strobel), who, like her namesake, died in early womanhood. Emma Woolson, in her short but eventful life, seems to have impressed all who knew her by her unusual charm and her depth of nature. She possessed a beautiful voice, and as a young girl, used to sing solos in the voluntary church choir. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as sung by her, is said to have been unforgettable to those who heard it. In appearance, she was considered handsome, but the only existing picture does not do her justice, according to the verdict of one who loved her well.

When scarcely out of school (indeed she was sent back to school in the vain hope of breaking the engagement), Emma Woolson became engaged to the Rev. Timothy Jarvis Carter of New York, who had gone out to Cleveland in order to found a little Mission Church, which afterwards became Grace Church.

Mr. Carter was handsome, gifted, of good family and wealthy, but he was suffering from a mysterious and apparently incurable malady, and for that reason only, Emma's distracted parents endeavoured to separate her from her lover. She pined away so rapidly, however, at school, that seeing the uselessness of further resistance, her parents finally gave their consent to the union,* and the devoted girl had at least the comfort of nursing her young husband; which she

* One cannot but feel surprised at some of these things—but I have myself been placed in positions where I was called upon to assent to what I could not approve. It is a hard thing for a Parent, in my opinion, to *refuse to consent* to a connection which carries with it the best affection, and the happiness, perhaps, of the whole life in this, at best, troublous world. The responsibility of such a refusal, I have never been willing to take upon myself where no serious or unconquerable obstacle existed.

C. J. Woolson to W. H. Averell.

did, night and day, giving herself neither rest nor fresh air. Upon his death in New York, a few months after the marriage, Emma Carter returned to her parents in Cleveland. But the seeds of quick consumption had already been sown, and the heart-broken young widow died before she had completed her twentieth year, having literally given up her life to her love.

The only letter of hers which can be found, shows her state of mind after her great sorrow.

Cleveland,

March 15th, 1852.

I have thought much of you since we parted, my dear little friend (I call you *little* although you are really no longer so), but still it seems as though you would never be any other to me than the dear little Louisa, who at school used to sit day after day by my side and whom I loved very much. Great sorrow and grief have been mine, my dear Louisa, since I saw you, sorrow such as I pray, *if it be God's will*, may never come to you. I grieve, for I cannot but do so, and my heart is *lonely* and *sad* but still I feel that my sorrow is not without hope. My darling husband is now safe forever from all pain, care and sorrow, *he* has gone to *his rest*, and I would not for a moment call him back to this world of sin and sorrow. My only hope is that I may so live that God in His infinite goodness and in *His good time* will take *me* also to that rest. I feel sure that you have not ever forgotten me, and I trust that you often pray for your poor friend in affliction.

Let me say now to you, my dear little friend, a few words in love and kindness.

I have been brought up to feel how *necessary* it is to trust wholly in God, and I would have *you* think of those things. I love you and my constant prayer is that you may ever be kept safe as God's own dear child. Pray daily that God will strengthen you and if you *really try* to do God's will, believe me, my dear friend, that you have your Heavenly Father's promise that you may succeed. I write to you as I would to a dearly loved younger sister. Do not glance over it and say what a *dry*, uninteresting letter Emma has written me, but *think* of it a little and above all remember that it is written in truth and kindness. Good-bye, my dear Louisa. May you ever be kept safe from all evil, and may God Almighty bless you now and always.

Your Aff. friend,

Emma Carter.*

AFFLICTION.

We record to-day a death which can awaken only sad feelings. Less than a year ago, the departed one, just married, was called upon to watch over the dying bed of her husband. How tenderly and religiously she did it, only her friends know.

* Mrs. Jarvis Carter died five months after this letter was written.

Health was hers ere this fatal trial had visited her. But day by day she bent over the form of him to whom she had plighted, so truly, her love, until bidding him earth's last farewell, the beautiful, heart-stricken wife felt that she was doomed.

She returned to the home of kindred, devoted to her as kindred could be. But the change was apparent to all. Her look and voice bade those who loved her prepare for the final hour. And she prepared for it, with a quietness and holy beauty which robbed death of its terrors. It came—but it was to her only the hour for a reunion with the pure above.

GEORGIANA POMEROY WOOLSON.

(EIGHTH VOICE).

GEORGIANA POMEROY WOOLSON, eldest of the eight daughters of Charles Jarvis and Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson, possessed a radiant and magnetic personality. This is apparent from the first allusions to her in her mother's early journals, and throughout her short life, every one who came in contact with her, from her great-uncle Fenimore Cooper down, was charmed and carried away by her remarkable vitality and originality of mind.* The "Romping Granite" of Cooper's affectionate postscript became at the age of nineteen years the idolized wife of Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq., of Middletown, Connecticut, direct descendant of Increase and Cotton Mather as well as of Governor Livingston. Mrs. Mather, during her brief but ideally happy married life, won all hearts, including those of her husband's relatives, and her early death was deeply deplored by a wide and devoted circle. Her youngest sister, then a child, could just recall the deathbed scene—so powerfully does such an impression affect the childish mind. Their dying sister had asked to see the little girls, and so Constance and Clara were brought in for a few moments, and they heard her whisper to her mother, who was on one side of the bed—"Tell Father how I have always loved him!" Mr. Woolson's deafness made direct speech with him impossible, but even in death, his daughter made one last effort to give him comfort.

The following fragments from her pen show her quickness of wit, her grace and her loving heart. It almost seems as if she foresaw that her time on earth would be short, hence her intense joys and griefs, her constant efforts to please, her ceaseless activity in all lines. There is a poignant note in her voice that must affect the sensitive reader.

* *Vide* p. 72.

* Mrs. Woolson and myself feel greatly obliged and very thankful for your kind attention to our daughter when at Cooperstown. We have only had a short note from her, written the day after your party. She merely wrote to tell us how kindly and politely she had been received and treated at your house. . . that at your house in (to her mother) "dear old Cooperstown," she had attended her *first party*. The letter and the information gave us, you may be sure, the greatest pleasure. I believe Mrs. Woolson was there herself in *imagination*!

Charles Jarvis Woolson to W. H. Averell, Esq.

Averell Carter . . with whom I keep up a correspondence for his mother's sake—writes me very nice letters . . clear and sensible—his feeling for his mother is stronger than anything else. . . In this last letter, he sent me a letter of Father's written to Mr. Averell when your mother (Sister Georgie) visited Cooperstown some years before her marriage. Mr. Averell had given her her first "party" and Father, in this business letter, was thanking him. What a *personality* Georgie must have possessed! Every one in Cooperstown—Uncle Fenimore Cooper, Cousin Roy Keese, etc. remembered everything she said and did during those few short days. . .

Clara Woolson Benedict to her niece, Katharine Livingston Mather, 1921.

Invitation to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq., written by Miss Georgiana Pomeroy Woolson (afterwards Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather).

Miss Minnie Beall, and Miss Georgiana and Miss Emma Woolson will be happy to see Mr. S. Livingston Mather *this evening*, to meet Misses Mary, Julia, and Catherine Hilliard, Miss Josie Canfield, Miss Sybil Aspindale, Miss Helen Crittenden, and Miss Sarah Hayden, also Mr. S. W. Crittenden, Mr. Tommy Day, Mr. Theodore Sterling, Mr. Isaac P. Foot, Mr. Richard Hilliard, Mr. Horace G. Hitchcock, and Master James Allen, also a fiddler whose name Miss Minnie Beall, Miss Georgiana and Miss Emma Woolson do not, at the present moment, recollect.

Miss Minnie Beall, Miss Georgie and Miss Emma Woolson, hope that Mr. S. Livingston Mather will *come early*, as Misses Mary, Julia and Catherine Hilliard, Miss Josie Canfield, Miss Sybil Aspindale, Miss

Helen Crittenden and Miss Sarah Hayden, also Mr. S. W. Crittenden, Mr. Tommy Day, Mr. Theodore Sterling, Mr. Isaac P. Foot, Mr. Richard Hilliard, Mr. Horace G. Hitchcock and Master James Allen—also the fiddler, whose name Miss Minnie Beall, Miss Georgiana and Miss Emma Woolson do not, at the present moment, recollect, whom he is invited to meet, are expected at seven o'clock.

Miss Minnie Beall, Miss Georgie and Miss Emma Woolson hope that Mr. S. Livingston Mather will allow no *trivial* engagement to prevent him from being with them, as Mr. S. Livingston Mather's absence would be the occasion of *much* disappointment to Miss Minnie Beall, Miss Georgie and Miss Emma Woolson, also to Miss Mary, Julia, and Catherine Hilliard, Miss Josie Canfield, Miss Sybil Aspindale, Miss Helen Crittenden and Miss Sarah Hayden, also to Mr. S. W. Crittenden, Mr. Tommy Day, Mr. Theodore Sterling, Mr. Isaac P. Foot, Mr. Richard Hilliard, Mr. Horace G. Hitchcock, and Master James Allen, also to the fiddler whose name Miss Minnie Beall, Miss Georgiana and Miss Emma Woolson do not, at the present moment, recollect.

Thanksgiving Day.

Rhymes written to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.
by his Fiancée, Miss Georgiana Pomeroy Woolson.

3 o'clock p.m.

I wish to borrow if you will lend,
And by the bearer to me will send,
A pen!—and by that I do not mean
A “pen” for keeping pigs within—
But the sort of implement or tool,
With which I learned to write at school.
The pen you send must not be *old*—
Nor yet will I take the quill of a goose,
But a *steel* pen, good and fit for use.
My excuse for making this odd request,
Is, I assure you, the *very best*;
And, if you'll come *very soon* to see me,
I'll give you the needful apology.
Hoping this day has found you well,
For the present, good-bye, Samuel.

G.P.W.

We all unite in affectionate congratulations to you, and in warmest wishes for Georgie's happiness—she is a great favourite with us all, and we think Mr. Mather will have as much as he can do to deserve her. We shall all like him if he makes her happy.

Mrs. Fenimore Cooper to Mrs. C. J. Woolson.

Your Father has this morning put into a box your likeness. . . It is intended for Georgiana, and, as she is partial to her uncle Fenimore, and also a great favourite of his, I send the bronze profile which he gave me; she can lay it on her table with other trifles. I only wish I had something of more value to present as a wedding gift. But I could think of nothing else, so she will accept these with my blessing and good wishes for her happiness. . . .

Mrs. Pomeroy to Mrs. C. J. Woolson.

Rhymes written by Georgiana Pomeroy Mather
to her Mother, Mrs. Woolson.

I.

Behold of "Earth's Apples" I send you a quart
Neither wet nor decayed, but quite a "good sort."
Your plates, too, I send—what was on them was *good*
And we would like more of the same kind of food.
Some big "Boston Crackers" "John" brought me
to-day,
And being aware of your weakness that way,
I send two or three—they'll be nice, I opine,
With a tumbler of milk and a book—about nine.
In return, let me beg for a little cold meat
With which in the morning my husband to greet.
If you *could* send an egg, I would be very glad,
As coffee that's "riley" you know would be bad.
Let "Mai-erry"* be told of "John's" appetite pray,
And boil of potatoes "the full" of a tray
For which he'll come down at the peep of the dawn
And bring them in haste to the cook all forlorn—

So goodnight, Mother Woolson, of yourself take
good care.

Tell Charlie† I sent him a pull of the hair.
To-morrow I hope to be with you at five—
And till then I trust that the family'll thrive.‡

G.P.M.

* The cook.

† Charles Jarvis Woolson Junior.

‡ Mrs. Benedict used to tell me of the delightful little notes in rhyme that she, Sister Georgie, used to write when returning the pound of sugar she had borrowed the day before, or when asking for the loan of two eggs. . . in those days, everybody was obliged often to borrow.

Clara Woolson Benedict to her niece, Katharine Livingston Mather, 1922.

Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather, (Georgiana Woolson) to her Mother-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Mather of Middletown, Connecticut.

August 30th, 1851.

My dear Mother ; . . .

We were very much alarmed last night for our darling little boy*. He was perfectly well to all appearances during the day, and after tea, I went with Mr. Mather to call on one of our neighbours, and when I returned about nine o'clock, I found he had just fallen into his night's sleep and was in his crib. I leaned over to kiss him and was then struck with his unusual appearance ; he seemed to be uneasy, and rolled his eyes so as to make me feel nervous. Still, as I have been laughed at so much for my over-anxiety about my child, I thought I would not call the Doctor (who was then in the parlour with another gentleman making a call), so I stayed by his bed as he seemed to be more quiet. . . But the Doctor had not been gone more than five minutes before going to his bed again, I saw that a change had taken place ; he was still and pale and looked death-like. In ten minutes, Mr. Mather had the Doctor and my mother here, and with bathing his head, rubbing and putting hot mustard to his feet, he revived . . . It was, the Doctor said, a convulsion . . . But, oh, Mother, I can never describe to you my feelings during the time I was left alone here, with my darling boy pale and rigid with no sign of life save a slight fluttering round his heart. *It seemed hours before my husband returned*

*Samuel Mather.

with aid, and I sat with my hand on his heart, expecting every moment to feel the last motion. How different from every other feeling is a mother's affection for her child ! I think I appreciate my own mother more, now that I am myself blessed with a child. The baby seems perfectly well again this morning. but I cannot take my eyes off from him, and am now sitting with a small table drawn up close to the side of his crib where he lies, taking his morning nap. God grant that our child may not be taken from us. . .

My dear, good husband is well, though he has had a trying time for the past six weeks. For three or four nights, when I was so ill, he did not take off his clothes at all, but sat in a chair by my bedside, and I cannot but feel thankful that through all imaginable sickness and grief, I should be blessed far above my deserts in having such a husband to love and comfort me.

We have had some slightly encouraging news from my sister, Mrs. Carter*. She writes that they again entertain a hope, slight though it is, that Mr. Carter's life may be spared, simply from the fact that he has not failed any for two or three weeks. His case is a singular one, and completely baffles the skill of his physicians, who acknowledge their inability to speak with any confidence of his state. It is now *twelve* weeks since my sister has had an uninterrupted night's rest.

With much love to Father, I am your
Affectionate Child,

Georgie.

*Emma Woolson.

Fragment of a Journal kept by Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather (Georgiana Woolson).

Wednesday, the 8th of June, 1853.

Samuel left at ten o'clock, on the propeller "Manhattan," for home, leaving me for two months. Did not walk as I intended. Made a curtain for my east window, and put it up. Sam was particularly affectionate all day. Ellen went in the afternoon to Carp river with the children of the house and two young men of whom I know nothing—came back by way of the island; was delighted with all she saw. The Carp is a very clear stream, of a deep amber colour; the speckled trout are found in abundance. Walked on the hill alone this afternoon Found wintergreens everywhere starting out of the ground and wild flowers will be in blossom in a few days. The hills are literally covered with huckleberry bushes, which are now in blossom, and promise a rich treat a month later. The Indians (for there are still some left on these shores, which were once their favourite fishing ground) pick the berries on the hills across the bay, and bring them in by boatloads to sell. I found the trailing arbutus green upon the hills, and a week will bring out its pretty blossoms. There is also a small plant called the bear-berry in bloom now in great profusion; it grows very like the huckleberry, and might be mistaken for it, save that its blossom is pink. Its leaves are dried by the Indians and mixed with their tobacco for smoking. They call it "Kinne-Kinik." The snow has been off

the ground about three weeks, but it is still quite cool and a fire is very acceptable morning and night. The " Baltimore " was due to night, but has not made her appearance. The noise of the forges at night is peculiar, and seems altogether at variance with the unmoving stillness of the dark pine woods.

Thursday, June 9th.

A mild south wind—favourable for the anglers. I saw many canoes to-day out fishing in the bay, and up the rivers. A most graceful thing is a birch bark canoe on the water ; generally with but one Indian propelling it lightly over the waves with a single paddle. Walked about a mile up the beach to-day towards Carp river. The water is very clear and the bottom covered with pebbles which are discernible at a great depth. The most beautiful agates are found here, though not in such abundance as upon the shores of Isle Royale. I saw in my walk the body of a young beaver which had probably been killed by the dogs. They were formerly very plentiful along all the streams which feed this great lake, but as civilization advances, they retire farther to the west, driven like the poor savages from one point to another. Their houses and dams, constructed with so much labour and skill, yet remain by almost every river bed, and they themselves are occasionally caught by some old Indian trapper, who like them has found his way back to his old fishing grounds. The Chippeaws, and the Ojibways were the most numerous tribes along the coast—though the Iroquois were

quite powerful a few years since. They had a settlement at the entrance of the Lake where their chief resided, and they boasted some four or five years ago that they could at any time muster five hundred warriors—but their numbers have diminished so rapidly that I doubt if they could draw together even fifty at the present day. Mixing with the whites at the settlements has destroyed all traces of their national characteristics, and one who has any admiration for the noble traits and dignified bearing of the red man of the woods, as he was described by the first explorers of the country, would be sadly disappointed at the degraded appearance of the small remnants of the former powerful tribes which now pitch their lodges on the outskirts of the new settlements. There are great numbers of these Indians and half-breeds at the Sault Ste. Marie, and a more lazy, dirty set of men I never saw! Dressing in what odd garments of civilized shape they could find, they presented a truly ludicrous appearance. A pair of pantaloons hanging round them, kept on invariably by some gay red sash at the waist, a pair of boots, if they could be obtained, though I saw one man who in lieu of the boots had one shoe, of which he seemed proud enough and on the other foot, a half-worn moccasin. He evidently endeavoured in walking to “put the best foot foremost.” To complete this medley garb, they generally contrive to get some tall hat (no matter how shabby) and wrapping a blanket round their shoulders, deem themselves without doubt, irresistible. Walking along the shore by the rapids, while at the Sault, I came

upon a number of wigwams, pitched together most picturesquely. Stepping up to the nearest one, I put in my head and seeing a young Indian sitting there smoking his pipe, I asked in French, might I be allowed to look in, as I had never seen the interior of an Indian house? "Oh, yes," the young man replied (in excellent English!) "Certainly." And then, evidently thinking some apology was necessary for the confined quarters, he said: "These are *mere transient homes* for us, ma'am!"

Friday, the 10th.

Warm, with a south wind. Some men, in digging the cellar of a new house to-day, came upon an old gun-barrel, which must have been buried there for over a hundred years. There was also discovered near the same place a few years ago, the foundation of a small house, the dimensions of which could be perfectly seen, and the corner where the chimney had been with some of the bricks of which it was built. Within this house was a pine tree growing, which on cutting down they found to be over forty years old—and the seed of the tree must have sown itself there, after the house had gone to decay.

Sunday, the 12th.

Very warm ; almost insupportable. Thermometer at 82 in the shade. Three letters from home.

Monday, the 13th.

Still warmer. Thermometer at 92 in the shade. The forge was stopped on account of the heat. Saw

to-day the most singular mirage on the low shores across the bay ; the reflection of the water on the forests presenting the appearance of a lake in mid air. It ran out to the extremity of a point of land and is called by the people and Indians " the Laughing White Fish," as, by a little stretch of imagination, one could easily see the open jaws of an immense fish. These optical illusions are very frequent here.

Tuesday, the 14th.

Still warmer ; the thermometer standing at 104 in the shade. Such weather is very rare here, and seldom lasts more than a day or two.

Wednesday, the 15th.

A change at last. The clouds sprang up towards noon from the west, and after a violent thunder shower the air was cooler. The mosquitoes are very troublesome, but I think not more so than I have found them at home. The Katy-dids keep up their incessant cry all night, and I have also heard a melancholy cry for several nights from some poor, lonely whip-poor-will.

This spring, the swallows have made their appearance for the first time in this place—so soon do they follow upon civilization. They are in numbers and have been flying round for a week or so and seem inclined to settle here. I have seen an eagle within a few days, sailing far up over the bay. On the bald rock south of the town is an eyrie where they have built their nest for many years. The gulls and loons

may be seen at all times skimming along the water, and occasionally diving for fish. The loons are very large, and swim along with only their heads out of water. I have several times mistaken them for men. Their cry at night is proverbial as being most sad and lonely. It is a long wailing sound which distressed me when first I heard it.

Friday, the 24th.

Found to-day in the woods the beautiful little plant *Linnaea* in blossom. It grows in great profusion on every dry, level bit of forest ground. The flowers are a delicate rose colour, and emit a delightful perfume. They may be said almost to carpet the ground, in such profusion do they grow.

Tuesday, the 28th.

Went to Presque Isle which is, as its name implies, a point of land nearly separated from the main shore—connected only by a low marshy bit of sand-bank. This island is high and rocky, in some places presenting a bold and precipitous front of nearly 50 feet. The action of the water against this wall of rock has worn caves and fissures which at a little distance present the appearance of the famous pictured rocks. The island is thickly covered with pine forests—a second growth—for in former times the Indians lived on the point—as it was a favourite fishing ground—till they had cut down all the timber for fuel and other purposes, when they were obliged to move to the mainland again for that reason—since when, the trees

have grown rapidly and so bright and vivid is the green and so evenly are the trees grouped over the face of that high, rocky island, that it looks like an emerald upon the blue water ! We saw the remains of an old copper mine on the eastern shore, which is known to abound in rich and numerous veins. The old shaft was there, nearly filled with water, and small lumps of copper and lead glittered in the sunlight on the ground in every direction. But the mine proved a failure—the appearances of ore disappearing as they progressed further. There are occasionally very beautiful agates found along the beach.

Wednesday, the 29th.

Took my first sail in a birch-bark canoe. It was not more than six feet in length and so light as scarcely to settle in the water at all—it almost skimmed over the smooth surface of the bay. Miss B— and myself, in our Canadian flats, sat in the bottom of the canoe on a mat, while the Indian, perched in one end, propelled us with his single paddle with ease and speed. The motion of a canoe is delightful

Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather (Georgiana Woolson)
to her Husband, Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.*

Sunday afternoon,

July 3rd, 1853.

I wonder if any other husband ever had a wife who would write so constantly—and such *long*, . . . *interesting* epistles, too? Only this morning I mailed to you a letter of 6 finely written pages and now, behold, another letter already commenced for to-morrow's boat! . . .

I am glad to see by your letter that you are making *my* calls. Do go everywhere—it is your duty,

* Cheltenham, England,

Oct. 9th, 1890.

Your telegram fills me with grief. He has gone then—your dear father. I did not in the least expect it, though I knew that his strength was not what it had been. . . We can all look back upon his life with love and pride. And through our tears, we can at least feel that, for him, all pain and infirmity have ended.

It is a deep grief to me that I did not go home this summer to see him. A sentence in one of his letters (sometime ago) haunts me: "Shall I ever see you again? I fear not; you are wedded to Europe."

This is one of the sorrows so often associated with death—that we did not do, or say, something that we might have done. But we must try to remember that our sorrow does not reach him; earthly grief does not enter there. . . The tie that bound me to him was (with the one exception of Clara) the oldest I had left. Many early memories are associated with him, when I, myself was a child; and then, as later, he was the same kind, generous brother. I have not the recollection of a look, word, or accent from him, during that long stretch of years, which was not full of benevolence and consideration and goodness.

I am thankful for your sakes that you were all with him during the last hours. You are spared the eternal regret that comes when it has been otherwise. There is something extremely solemn, I think, in the death of a father or mother; the children are touched to the inmost heart, and it is a moment like no other; face to face we then stand with the great mystery.

But God be thanked for our firm and beautiful belief in immortality. We shall see them again; and they and we shall then be freed forever from all the imperfections and clogs of this lower life. . . .

Miss Woolson to her nephew, Samuel Mather, Esq.

and you have plenty of time. I forgot, I believe, to mention yesterday the arrival of the shoes and gloves. The gloves are right, but the shoes I shall send back by the first opportunity, and *when you come* you can bring a smaller pair—these are altogether too large. I never, even when my feet are fat, wear over 5's, and they need not be so stout, for I shall travel home in them, and you must recollect that I have given up walking almost entirely, as it does me more harm than good. . . .

I will call in a day or two upon Mrs. C. and try to be pleasant as you wish me to be. I know that is one great fault with me, and I wish to overcome it.

Monday the "Glorious Fourth"

Tried some of the new butter to-day; it was very fine! Sam* has been having a "general

* I understand that the secret is out, and that we can offer congratulations publicly. I offer mine with warmest love, and most confident good wishes to you and to Flora† whom I especially like for herself, and admire; and whom I shall now begin to doubly like and admire as my future niece. I have not so many nieces and nephews, you know, that they seem an ordinary affair; only four. And you were the first. I can remember perfectly the tremendous importance you had in my eyes, and my own increased dignity in consequence.

My dear boy, I am far away, and being alone, I have many musing hours. Since your engagement, I have thought so often of your mother,‡ whom you do not remember, but I do—and the deep and warm interest she would have taken in it. And also of the one§ who went later—more than two years ago, now, although it still seems to me like a month or two only—who would have sent to you and to Flora such earnestly affectionate good wishes. But I am sure they bear you in mind—the "son" and "grandson."

I have one rather hard blow, in connection with your engagement; it puts me back on the line of an *aunt* of Colonel Hay!|| That is something of a cross, but I shall bear it with dignity. . . .

Miss Woolson to her nephew Samuel Mather, Esq., 1881.

† Miss Flora Stone, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Mather.

‡ Georgiana Pomeroy Mather.

§ Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson.

|| John Hay, Miss Flora Stone's brother-in-law.

time," for Fourth of July, getting as dirty, and making as much noise as possible!

I will finish this letter and send it now, as the boat will probably be here during the night! At the *latest*, you will be here 3 weeks from Saturday, and that is not so *very* long

Your most affectionate weak wife,

G.P.M.*

* Mrs. Mather died a few months after this letter was written, at the age of twenty-two years.

JANE STORRS COOPER.

(NINTH VOICE).

JANE STORRS COOPER, a great-granddaughter of Judge Cooper, in the short life that was vouchsafed to her on earth, made a deep and lasting impression on those who loved her—and they were many. Endowed with beauty, charm and great vivacity of mind, she had, even as a schoolgirl, more than one devoted lover. But in the end, after storms and vicissitudes, her faithful “John” carried off the prize, though his happiness was but brief, as his bride, always dangerously delicate, was—at the time of her marriage—so far gone in consumption that she could only be taken in a carriage as far as Hyde Hall for the honeymoon. That she was never forgotten by her John, the present writer can affirm with authority, having heard him talk, when a man approaching seventy, of his early love with undimmed enthusiasm. The following extracts from letters to her sister, show Jennie as a half-rebellious step-daughter, a lively critic, a fond sister and a true lover—frankly vain of her peculiar beauty, old for her age, and yet childlike, spirited, a little wayward, but always fascinating.

Extracts from Letters from Miss Jennie Cooper, afterwards Mrs. John Worthington, to her Sister, Miss Mary Cooper (1861-2).

Home (Cooperstown),
March 5th.

I do not consider it necessary to apologize for my long silence. With Mother’s* weekly letter, besides Mary S’s, I knew you would not be suffering for want of news—the old story about John† and myself you must be tired of hearing. If anything of great note had happened, I should have informed you of the fact willingly enough.

* Mrs. Richard Cooper, Fenimore Cooper’s youngest daughter Fanny, Jennie’s stepmother.

† John Worthington.

I am sitting in my old seat by the parlour window where I spend most every morning. Mother retires to her room daily, whether it is to avoid my society *or* observation, I can't tell, but I find this room more cheerful than upstairs, therefore I consult my own pleasure. I have had numerous sleigh rides since you left—sometimes two a day, in fact, it has been about the only amusement we have had. . . .

Mr. D. has pestered my life out. I felt obliged to treat him politely on John's account until yesterday when I almost told him in plain words to leave me. Fortunately, he left town this morning. He seemed anxious to take some kind of a package to you, but I would not trouble him.

Tell Sister* that Barbara and Harriet Cox have taken to arrange their hair like mine. Mother is in hopes I will stop wearing mine so, but it has no effect whatever. . . The sooner you write, the sooner you will hear from me. . . .

March 25th.

Mary and I took a trip to Hyde† on Saturday. Miss White was quite polite. After throwing out

* Alice Cooper (Mrs. Mauran).

† Hyde Hall near Cooperstown, residence of the Clarke family.

When you went to Hyde Hall, I am afraid you didn't see "the haunted room". I suppose they no longer show it—if indeed it has not been repaired and put in order. It was the best and most complete "haunted room," I ever saw. I always admired Hyde Hall—tumbled down as it was; the long drive from the Porter's Lodge was so pretty. It only wanted a few deer to be as pretty as any of the smaller parks in Warwickshire—like Offchurch Bury, for example.

Constance Fenimore Woolson (1883).

some pretty pointed hints about eating, she brought us some gingerbread and wine: showed the house to Mary who considered it something wonderful. After all, Molly, we manage to have a nice time when home together, and it is sometime since we enjoyed that pleasure. Do come home in April. John sends his love and hopes to see you soon. . . .

April 3rd.

I do not find housekeeping very laborious, but I will say Mary is horribly stupid, but for Ellen, I should give up in despair. A new girl comes on Monday. I shall have the training of her as waitress. This is new business to me and at two days' trial, *I hate it* . . .

You do not deserve anything from me for not telling me more about B. I might tell you lots about J.W. and myself, but will not. You are so *mean* . . . Two commissions I have for you—one is . . . to buy me a pair of kid slippers—go to the store in Canal St. . . . Try not to get my slippers too large. I send 5 dol. if any left, bring me a rose like the one I have in my hat now. . . . John may speak for himself . . .

My dear Sister,

. . . I am very happy with Jennie now and I have nothing to fear. Mr. Cooper* is very much opposed to me and I think it doubtful that I get an affirmative answer. I am going to ask him tomorrow.

* Richard Cooper, Jennie's father.

We have had some fine sleigh rides lately. I am going to have a horse of my own soon and hope, dear Sister, to enjoy many a ride with you this summer. Forgive writing . . . cold hands and haste my excuse.

With respect,

Your obt. brother,

John.

April 16th.

Father wrote to announce the birth of the *Son* first of all to Sister, therefore did not consider it necessary to write particulars myself at the same time. Neither is there anything to say except that it is a little sadder than most babes and its nose a little flatter. Disappointed that it is not a girl, but going in ecstasy over the shape of its head—doubtless will turn out either a *fool* or a genius, but enough Am glad to hear you are coming home, but from your letter should say it was because you thought it necessary. If so, you are mistaken, for I manage very nicely, and hope, if you are having a good time, you will stay longer. Cannot say the weather is springlike, as it is snowing just at present. . .

This time I am alarmingly prompt in answering your letter. . . E. came to see me one afternoon and positively stayed ten minutes. I returned her politeness by spending several hours with them this morning. Not one of the Sewing Bees have I attended, most of them have been given by the *second class*. Cousin Georgeanne* gives the last, and next week, if possible, I shall go . . .

* Mrs. Keese.

The sleighing still hangs on. I go out this afternoon with John and Alice*. . . The intimacy between John and E. is alarming. . . Excuse the look of this letter and the nonsense therein, but *I am expecting John*.

Write soon and tell me everything.

Your affectionate sister, Jennie.

Newport.

(*about a year later*).

. . . Last evening I attended a party. Aunt Anna† dressed me in a pink silk, put natural flowers in my hair, presented slippers and gloves. Went in a carriage and came home in one—it cost me little trouble and no expense, both being very essential things in my case. The party seemed rather pleasant, considering they were all strangers to me, and very little dancing was done. The Naval school is stationed here for the winter so that it is quite gay for the young ladies.

Friday morning we went to the beach—the sea is the most wonderful and beautiful thing to me—I can stay there hours at a time. There were a number in bathing that morning and terrible-looking objects they were in the water—can't tell male from female at the distance, but for all that I felt like plunging in. Would not mind the ridiculous appearance providing no *gentleman* friend was around to witness me. . . .

Time passes rather fast and pleasantly, so I must be enjoying myself. Could I have John and you here, I should be contented for the winter.

* Alice Worthington (Mrs. Synott).

† Mrs. Duncan Pell.

October 7th.

. . . Unfortunately I have been feeling too forlorn to write any letter of length until to-day . . I have so much to tell you that I don't know where to begin. Let it be something about my appearance, which is so *very important*. I have bought a very handsome silk dress for sixteen dol. Aunt Anna gave me six towards it, and Sister five, so that my part was small, but the making will amount to ten or more. . . The dress was originally 26 dol. Don't you think me fortunate to get one so cheap? Aunt Anna has also given me a flat, mine not being dressy enough for the Avenue and to drive in. I heard the *wonderful* Mr. Mercer preach yesterday in the chapel. He is very nice and preached well. To-day I have on my barage dress, and feel uncomfortably warm, so you may imagine how delightful the weather is here, when you speak of sitting by the fire. . .

You will see me home sooner, I think, than you expect. I have had a grand visit, but now am ready to go home and spend the winter in the snow banks. . . I wrote John a very short letter yesterday, but I was suffering with my heart. My best love to him and say I will write to-morrow. If Mother ever approaches the subject of John and myself, you need not be afraid of saying too much in my behalf.

Write soon—Love to Mother and all.

Your affectionate sister,

Jennie.

CHARLES JARVIS WOOLSON, (TENTH VOICE).

IT is unnecessary to write an appreciation at second hand of Charles Jarvis Woolson, since his daughter, Constance Fenimore Woolson, has done it so perfectly at first hand in the following sketch of his life.

Of his excellent letters, only a very few remain ; that to his grandson is full of deep and tender wisdom, and those to his daughter Clara, written shortly before his death, show his indomitable spirit, his whimsical humour and, above all, his great heart.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES JARVIS WOOLSON.

Written by his daughter.

CHARLES JARVIS WOOLSON,* the son of Thomas Woolson, was born in 1806, at Chester, Vermont. His father removed, not long afterwards, to Claremont, New Hampshire, and here his son Jarvis attended the district school, and, later the private school kept by the Reverend Virgil H. Barber.

Even as a child, Jarvis Woolson had a strong taste for reading ; it is related of him that before he was eleven, he had gone through the whole of Hume's

* Charles Jarvis Woolson, eldest son of Thomas and Hannah Woolson, came with his parents to Claremont about 1813. . . Mr. Woolson was a man of very fine literary taste and attainments, an extensive reader, and at one time was engaged in journalism, being part owner of the New England Palladium, published in Boston.

From the History of Claremont.



CHARLES JARVIS WOOLSON.

[To face p. 94]

History of England with the deepest interest. Throughout his life this love of reading continued. His knowledge of general literature was extensive and his taste fastidious.

In spite of his love of books, however, he was as far as possible from being a book-worm. Active and strong, he excelled during his boyhood in all out-door sports, being the best ball-player, swimmer, and skater in the neighbourhood. In addition, he was extremely fond of driving ; the writer of this brief record has often heard him describe drives over the Green Mountains, through the deep snows of winter, in a sleigh drawn by four of the wildest horses he could procure. The pretext for these expeditions was the collecting of the cards (for carding wool) which were set by the wives and daughters of the farmers, for his father's factory ; but it is probable that the four wild horses were much more interesting to the boy than any thought of the cards. Driving, indeed, remained Jarvis Woolson's favourite amusement throughout his entire life.

He was endowed by nature with much energy. The list of enterprises in which he engaged before he was twenty-three, is a surprising one. After assisting his father for a while in Claremont, he started out for himself, going to New York, where, with a partner, he took a contract to publish a Life of Jefferson. Later, among other ventures, he went to Boston, and bought a share in the New England Palladium, a well-known daily and weekly news-

paper. A still bolder quest was a journey to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he thought of establishing a newspaper. But, New Englander as he was, he could not accustom himself to southern life, and especially to the sight of slavery ; giving up, therefore, these plans, he returned to the north.

At the age of twenty-four, he married Miss Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, daughter of George Pomeroy of Cooperstown, New York, and niece of James Fenimore Cooper. For several years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Woolson resided in Claremont. But the winters of New England proved to be too severe for the health of Mrs. Woolson, and they removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where their friend Judge Turner, formerly of Claremont, was already settled.

Having inherited no money, Jarvis Woolson was always obliged to attend closely to his affairs. In spite of this, he was by no means the business man only ; he had stronger tastes in other directions. He was very fond of travel, and had a belief in its beneficial effects ; his invariable prescription for his family was change of scene, and he took many journeys for the benefit to their health. In addition to these longer expeditions, he was in the habit of driving, with his own horses, among the picturesque hills of south-eastern Ohio* in the spring when the leaves were coming out, and again in October when the foliage wore its autumnal tints. On these occasions he generally remained out for two weeks

* See Appendix II.

or more, to the wonder of his acquaintances of more practical turn of mind, who could not understand why a man should care to drive over such long spaces of country, when he could go by train. These drives were a great pleasure to Jarvis Woolson; he knew every tree and its manner of growth; he knew the different kinds of grain as far as he could see them; he was never tired of noting the varying aspects of the sky. The pretty hills of the Ohio "coal-country" were far from being the Ascutney of his youth, and this was his constant regret. But though he had not the mountains he loved, and though he always felt himself to be more or less of an exile in the West, he nevertheless found some measure of compensation in the Great Lakes, and often made voyages up Lake Huron, and Lake Superior. He had for some time a summer cottage at Mackinac,* the northern island whose wild charm he had appreciated from the first. If detained in Cleveland during the warm season, Jarvis Woolson could always be seen driving at evening towards Lake Erie, in order to watch the sunset; he would linger out in this way, with his horses, until dark, and then go home to his reading-lamp and a book.

His close observation of nature was once of material advantage to him. He was driving in Wisconsin, and had come to a particularly bad bit of road; he turned out of the track in order to escape it, and, while guiding his horses across the open ground at one side, he noticed a clod whose colour

* See Appendix III.

was not quite like that of its companions. Stopping, he jumped out, and took it up in order to see of what it was composed. It turned out to be iron. He immediately entered a number of acres of the land, in his name, at the county-seat, paying for them the nominal price which the government asked. Later, he sold the same plot for a substantial sum.

This incident, however, is balanced by another : his love of picturesque scenery caused him to miss a fortune. In 1839, while still residing in New Hampshire he made what was in those days a long expedition, *via* the Erie Canal, Niagara Falls, and the lakes, to Chicago, for the purpose of investing in western property. But the infant settlement on the flat prairie at the foot of Lake Michigan, struck him as so unmitigatedly ugly, with its sands, its dead levels, and its mud, that he made haste to leave it behind. He went to Milwaukee, whose beautiful situation appealed to his fancy, and here he laid out the sum he had brought with him. It prospered moderately well. But a tenth part of the same amount invested in those dead levels which had seemed to him so unattractive, would have made him a millionaire.

He had a turn for invention, which he inherited from his father. It may be mentioned that it is a faculty possessed not infrequently by members of the Woolson family, as far back as its history can be traced. It is only a taste, as one may say ; it is not a genius ; no one of them has as yet invented anything of general importance.

He was always much interested in genealogy,* and in what is known nowadays as heredity. He once took the trouble to make a journey, with his family, to the grave of "the original Thomas" as he called him, the first Woolson of whom there is record in the United States, namely the Thomas Woolson who is buried at Watertown, Massachusetts. This worthy, according to the inscription on his tombstone, died in 1713, aged 87 years. He was, therefore, born in 1626. His name, however, does not appear in any of the lists of passengers to the Puritan colony, his first appearance in the records being the notice of his marriage, at the age of 34, to Sarah Hyde. Jarvis Woolson could trace his descent back to this "original Thomas" without a break. But what was the origin of Thomas?† The idea finally occurred to him that Thomas might have come from the settlement at Mount Wollaston, Massachusetts, or the "Merry Mount" as it was called; that he might have been a relative of the Captain Wollaston who founded it. In any case, his researches led him towards the probability that the family name was in reality Wollaston, or Woolston—a belief in which the writer, who has also studied the subject, joins.

* See Appendix IV.

† After long years of patient, though desultory research, in which he was loyally aided and supported by his wife, herself an enthusiastic genealogist, Mr. Woolson on his return from a trip to Boston, announced with one of his whimsical turns of fancy, that he had at last solved the mystery of the "Original Thomas"; that he had been a pirate on the High Seas, who, having run away from his aristocratic English home, had purposely severed all connecting links in order to be quite free to pursue his life of adventurous crime!

Producing an ancient and begrimed oil painting in an exceedingly weatherbeaten frame, Mr. Woolson proclaimed it to be the veritable likeness of his ancestor, now re-christened "The Woolson Pirate."

Jarvis Woolson was a man of fine presence, and bearing. In conversation he was remarkably agreeable, for he had read much, he was interested in many things, he had a ready wit, and a keen sense of humour.* His genial and amusing way of talking was the more remarkable because, from the maternal side, he had inherited deafness.

Mr. Woolson was something of a wag in a quiet way. Many amusing stories are told of him in this connection; but there is no space for them here. One illustration must suffice. A firm at the east having written to him for information respecting a Cleveland who wished to enter into business relations with them, he replied as follows: "Messrs. So-and-so; Dear Sirs. Mr. Blank is a *light-complexioned* young man." Nor could the inquirers ever obtain any further reply.

Mr. Woolson was one of the promoters, in its beginnings, of the Cleveland Savings Bank, as it is

* Perhaps S. would not think anything at all, as Father once said to Miss V. one of those sisters who had the church school! The eldest sister, very grim and severe, Father called "The Warrior." At church receptions at the Rectory which Father felt it his duty—he being Warden—to attend, this Miss V.—always insisted upon securing Father's trumpet, and always began long rambling remarks, beginning and ending with: "I hope you did not think Mr. Woolson, when I said at the last meeting so and so;" or, "I fear, Mr. Woolson, you think so and so," Father endured this as long as possible, then suddenly "The Warrior" did not speak to, or trouble him, and Father looked very guilty, and Mother at last got from him the reason. Father had said: "Really, Miss V., I have never thought about what you *have* said!"

Clara Woolson Benedict to her niece Katharine Livingston Mather, 1922.

called ; that is, the Society for Savings.* The only public position that he filled was that of Senior Warden of Grace Church, Cleveland.

His attachment to the Episcopal Church began in youth, under the teachings of Parson Howe—the remarkable and much loved Episcopal clergyman of Claremont.

In conclusion it may be said that the most striking trait of Jarvis Woolson's character was the fortitude with which he bore the trials of life. In his case those trials were heavy. They never conquered him.†

* The first suggestion of a Society for Savings in Cleveland came from Charles J. Woolson in a private conversation with Samuel H. Mather in his office in the summer of 1848. These gentlemen were both from New Hampshire, and when they left New England, its people and its institutions were a frequent topic of conversation.

On this occasion, Mr. Woolson, speaking of the success and benefits of the New England Savings Banks, said: "Why not have a savings bank in Cleveland? I believe one could be established here that would be a success, and a great benefit to the community. Now, you think of this and see some of our business men. I believe they will take an interest in it and be ready to aid in its organization."

From Seventy-Five Years of Service. Society for Savings in the City of Cleveland.

† I have so much enjoyed parts of the letters Father wrote to Mr. Averell. These letters have been to me like messengers from Heaven. All the hard parts to do with Father's up-hill business life I can read, because it is not present trouble to him ; and his noble, brave words, as he mentions business troubles, and his terrible anguish over the deaths of Emma and Georgie, thrill me with profound admiration for my father.

Clara Woolson Benedict to her niece, Katharine Livingston Mather, 1921.

My dear father—as I read Mr. Mather's letter, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. Nothing has ever been quite the same without him.

*Constance Fenimore Woolson to Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather.
St. Augustine 1875.*

Charles Jarvis Woolson to his Grandson,
Samuel Mather.

My dear Grandson ;

You may safely presume that the "Gramp" was glad to get your letter ! Although he had heard that you were in good health and spirits he felt a little more *sure of the fact* after reading your letter.

I think every one likes best to learn such things from *letters addressed to themselves*. When one we love writes directly to us, "seeing is believing" and I think we realize the truth of this very old saying when we read the hand-writing of those that are dear to us . . .

I am very glad indeed to know that you are comfortable and contented. If I could transport my horses over into Massachusetts, I would call for you and take you tramping over the old New England roads and through the little villages where I used to drive *forty years ago* ! It would do me good to roll once more over those *smooth, firm, narrow* little roads, which twist around among the Hills of New England. .

Yes, indeed, we all miss "Pete Trone."* *He was a valuable Dog !*....He kept the rats at a respectful distance and performed several interesting tricks. He was an addition to the attractions of the "Martin Box," and I am afraid our friends will find less to attract them when they come to see us, now Pete is gone.

* See Appendix V.

I hope C. will write often to you and that you will reply promptly to his letters. It is very important to you as well as to C. that you should try always to remain good and true friends. Every one in this world finds a *firm friend* their best earthly possession. In *grief, sickness or trouble*, there is nothing like a friend. And no one can expect to pass through this life free from one or all of these trials.

Gramp hopes his Grand Children may have as little as any body—but they cannot expect to escape entirely.

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Charles Jarvis Woolson to his Daughter, Clara Woolson Benedict, written a few months after her marriage.

. . . . I enclose a cheque for \$200, to give you confidence. I only wish it was \$2000! . . . *You shall have some tin pans!*; and a fine old family sideboard, which I have been keeping stored away for you. *It is a Relic!* My father took it for a bad debt from a pious old rascal in New Hampshire, who was so natural a cheat that he took in himself in the construction of the article, and used real mahogany by mistake, because his imitation of the wood was more natural than the real article!

So the old family treasure is not wholly make believe; *but has some good points!*

This sideboard will finally (I hope), find a home. My Father never would use it, and it was threatened

upon and rejected by all the children, and was finally packed out here without my instructions or knowledge, and has been standing very disconsolately in lumber rooms and back halls ever since, without ever having had a respectable opportunity to fulfil a decent destiny. I hope you will consider this, and treat it as one of the family, and not let it be seen by your manner but what you believe in it! Cherished a little, it may prove a treasure. I have always felt ashamed of the treatment bestowed upon an unoffending piece of Yankee contrivance like this.

There is no sort of doubt but that one half of the more showy and fanciful articles of furniture which we use and esteem *are at bottom* more false than this! But grace of form and beauty of exterior disguise and cover up the deficiencies within.

This is a *good strong article*, and has borne more abuse and ill usage without injury than would have sufficed to finish up many a piece of fashionable dining-room frippery of modern days.

You are, notwithstanding *very welcome to it!*

Extracts from letters written by Charles Jarvis Woolson to his Daughter Clara, during the last weeks of his life.

Cleveland, June 25th.

We had hoped to hear this morning from you at Portage.* But on reflection, that could scarce be

* Where Mrs. Benedict spent the first night on her journey from Cleveland to New London.

expected, as your Letter must go to Buffalo, which would take one day and another to reach here. . . I got safe home to dinner after taking a walk through the fashionable streets of Coneaut* . . . I went the same evening to bid goodbye to Mrs. Mather, and got along tolerably well that day, but yesterday was a hard time. I missed my visits to Sheriff† Street very seriously, and did not know what to do with myself. . .

David‡ made a present of Dick§ sometime ago to somebody out of town, but I see he is in to-day *on a visit*, in a very festive and friendly way—dropping in informally without any notice or fuss. Weather continues cool, but very pleasant. I think that my health improves a little . . .

The new Terrier grows more and more lively and more and more destructive to Rats and Mice. He prefers the pursuit of Rats, but will take active measures with Mice in the absence of the larger game.

Mrs. C—"went with me" very zealously in her admiration of the dear little Baby. Declared she never saw such a perfectly bright and beautiful Baby of the Age. I miss her—the Baby—dreadfully. Kiss her *a little* for "Grand-Pa."

* Mr. Woolson probably accompanied the travellers as far as Coneaut.

† Mrs. Benedict lived in Sheriff Street.

‡ The hired man.

§ One of the Woolson dogs.

June 26.

I have just got your letter from Portage and it makes me quite *home-sick* to read about the lovely behaviour of the dear little Baby. It rained this morning and I want to see her very badly. I miss you and your Home and the Baby very much indeed. I have nowhere to go . . .

Dick "spent the day" with us yesterday, and seemed to enjoy it; The "Rat and Tan" improves rapidly and is a credit to the thief who stole him. About his capture, I am unable to learn anything; David says he "followed" him. He admits that he "whistled" a little, as he drove along, partly to "while away the time," and partly to let the poor little Dog know he had a friend on the hot and dusty road. David looks innocent enough, and the Dog appears to be happy, so I do not think I shall spend any hard-earned money in advertising him! . . .

July 1st.

Thermometer 60° George* came up yesterday morning and told us all about your journey and safe arrival, which you may be sure we were all very glad to hear. It made "Gampa" a little homesick, but the report that you had gained four pounds of flesh in two days after your arrival at New London gave him some satisfaction as an offset. . . .

* George Stone Benedict.

The new Terrier has been away on a raid of two days, but returned yesterday morning with an air of great satisfaction and pretended delight to see all his friends. He caught a Rat the very first thing, as much as to say : " I am on the alert and am going to protect these premises at any rate ! "

" Gampa " wants to see Baby very bad indeed. He would walk ten miles to play with her half an hour.

I have been inquiring about Boats to Mackinac, but the weather is yet too cool for such an expedition. If Conny* really wants to go there, I shall send her and let her try it, although I do not think she will find it very festive. . .

Kiss the dear little Baby and get yourself fat.

July 7th.

" Gampa " was very glad to learn that Baby was happy again and talking " madla," but he doesn't like the idea that she should forget him entirely, as she will do, of course.

The weather has been cool here as well as in New London . . . I always thought the seaside was rather a dismal institution, except in warm weather. But I hope it will prove jolly to you and Baby !

New London is so small a place and Mina† is so stout that you cannot fail to find her easily when she

* Constance Fenimore Woolson.

† The nurse.

gets lost, by merely stepping into the street and looking about you. . .

I was sorry to discover that you indulged in frightful dreams. You should keep by you a pleasant, stupid sort of a book to read in the evening and go to bed yawning over it ! Or play solitaire ! I play solitaire entirely for the reason that it occupies me just enough to prevent much thinking, and tires me just enough to make me sleepy. . . .

The new Terrier continues devoted to the pursuit of Rats, and appears pleased and contented with his new residence. Dick keeps a sharp eye on what is going on, and evidently considers himself the Head Dog and principal protector of the family and the premises.

Kiss dear little Baby for " Gampa " and take the very best care of yourself, " all the time."

July 9th.

" Gampa " has been laid up—and has suffered a good deal. . . Nothing new about Mackinac. Weather cool, pleasant and moist. . . . If I could see dear little Baby once in a while, I think I should feel better. . . The unanimous opinion of the family is that *you* are to be very careful of yourself. . . that you are to eat and sleep and rest yourself generally, and come home stout and strong. There will be trouble if you do anything else !

July 24th.

. . . Am sitting in my big chair for the first time in ten days. And the very first thing I do is to write to you.

I have dreamed of you and dear little Baby a great many times. Every time it seemed as though little Fatty was looking in my face and laughing and digging her little hands into my whiskers. . . The Dog Dick continues to remain in his country retreat. Yesterday a man came along the street exhibiting some trained Rats, and Conny and Mother and I believe that David and Cook had hard work to prevent the new Pete from catching the Rats and demolishing the show! Mother, you know, delights in *dog* scrimmages. If we hadn't Dogs, I hardly know how Mother would amuse herself these long summer days.*

There is one thing that we want of you, all of us—and that is that you gain *at least* 15 pounds while you are at New London! . . .

Kiss darling Baby for the Grandpa she has forgotten all about. I believe she will soon know my voice again.

July 29th.

First and most prominent just now in this House is the fact that yesterday Miss Connie Woolson, with her own big Trunk and my "Russet" and

* An example of Mr. Woolson's humour. Mrs. Woolson detested "dog scrimmages," and was very much afraid of horses.

a satchel, went "festively" on board a nice, clean, new propeller, "St. Lawrence," bound for Mackinac. She had a good stateroom, and Mother, who went on board with her, says there was a moderate number of passengers of a nice description on the vessel. Everything was propitious, and just what Connie wanted, especially the time of day the boat left, insuring the entering and going through the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair by daylight.

Robert Chamberlain sent her a lot of new French books, and she had everything very much to her mind and went away in the most jubilant spirits. . . . There is nothing I should like so well as going to New London to see you and Baby, but I do not think I can manage it. I should not enjoy it unless I could feel free from anxiety and care, and I know I should worry more so far from home than I do here—or rather, I should feel so anxious to be jolly on your account that I should make a failure of it, I am afraid. . . . Then Mother is alone, and I should not feel easy if I were far away for fear she might be ill, as she will be likely to be after taking care of me these two weeks night and day. . . . The doctor says I am doing as well as possible and I feel that I am. . . . I want to see you and dear little Baby very badly, and have all the time, and I feel depressed by Connie's going away, although very desirous to have her go . . .

July 30th.

I was disappointed this a.m. because there was no letter from you. I am doing well, the Dr. says, but I am not violently smart yet . . .

The Dog Dick has apparently left us for good. The new terrier continues faithful and follows me every time I drive, and he knows enough to keep close and not get lost.

The weather has been fine for Connie, but cool. Everything is as green as it was in June. . . I write to-day, although I have nothing to say, as I may go with the Benedicts* to-morrow and be away two or three days, and you might fancy something was the matter if you did not see my beautiful handwriting.

Kiss dear little Baby for me—if I had her to play with, I believe it would do me more good than anything else !†

* Mr. and Mrs. George Benedict, Senior.

† Mr. Woolson died seven days after this letter was written.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

(ELEVENTH VOICE).

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER, eldest daughter of the novelist, was perhaps his favourite child. Author of "Rural Hours" and founder of the Cooperstown Orphanage, she was a woman of deep religious feeling and force of character, as well as a writer of much charm and ability in her own chosen line.

She was attractive in appearance, and when still a school girl in France, flattering proposals were made for her hand. These proposals were declined by her father on the ground that he did not wish his daughter to marry abroad.

In later days, Miss Cooper used to tell awe-struck young listeners how, on one occasion, she and her sister had danced (in a great Paris house) to the four-hand playing of Chopin and Liszt, the illustrious masters, who were present as guests, having graciously offered to play waltzes on the piano while the regular musicians went to supper!

Constance Fenimore Woolson, a great favourite with her mother's cousins the "Cottage Coopers," as Cooper's daughters were affectionately and admiringly called, writes thus of them in her article "The Haunted Lake."

"On the banks of the Susquehanna, stands a picturesque cottage built of the bricks gathered from the ruins of the Hall; this quiet retreat is the abode of three daughters of Mr. Cooper, among whom is Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, the author of "Rural Hours," a book which in its exquisite, truthful descriptions has endeared her name to all real lovers of nature. Here, with many of the treasures from their old home, the Hall, around them, these accomplished ladies, whose youth was passed among the gaieties and charms of foreign life, spend their time; every locality being dear with associations of their beloved father

* * * * *



SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

The following letters from Miss Cooper exhibit her love of nature, her deep religious faith and her strong family affection. Her account of Fenimore Cooper during his last months of life, will be read with interest by all lovers of the novelist, and her frank lack of enthusiasm for genealogical research will amuse those who share her distaste!

To her Aunt, Mrs. Pomeroy (Ann Cooper) written on the back of her father's sheet. (1848).

My dear Aunt,

It was not Caroline*, but your humble servant who wished to write a few lines to you. We were all much pleased by your good long letter; the more postage the better on such occasions, as weight is a proof of length—excepting, indeed, when the epistle comes from an U.C. sending home his stockings to be darned, which, we are told, sometimes happens.

All you tell us about Wisconsin, since it has become your home, has interest for us; how much I should like to hear those high winds and see those fine sunsets! It is true I should not be able now to hear the howling quite as distinctly as I might have done a few years since, when my ears were as good as those of my neighbours, but I always delighted in listening to the winds pouring through the woods on our own hills, as they occasionally do with a full sound which is inferior, however, I suppose, to the force with which they sweep over the open prairies. As for the sunsets, there are others besides your old friend Mrs. Metcalf, who would enjoy them; no doubt they much resemble those we have seen on the ocean. . .

* Second daughter of Fenimore Cooper, afterwards Mrs. Phinney.

To the same.

Cooperstown,

July 1st, '51.

My dear Aunt,

I have been absent from home for several months, having paid Cally* a visit in her Buffalo home. . . Cally likes Buffalo very well. I should not care to live there myself, it is a busy, dusty place, with a dull country about it, and nothing of much interest nearer than Niagara. Cally and I went to the Falls during my visit, and were as much delighted as with our first view ; it was in April when we were there, and before the trees were in leaf, so that we saw the spectacle under a new aspect. The wildness of the ravine struck me more than before—it seemed as if those rocky precipices were a better setting for the furious stream below, when garnished with blasted and leafless trees, than in summer when clothed with the beautiful verdure and flowering plants you must remember there.

The birds, too, in the midst of their spring songs were delightful. My first visit was in August when they were comparatively silent, but last April it appeared to me that I never heard them sing so sweetly as on Goat Island to the bass accompaniment of the cataract. Cally and I performed something of a feat while there. You remember there are two bridges before reaching Goat Island, the last, a small

* Caroline Fenimore Cooper, (Mrs. Phinney).

one of perhaps five and twenty feet in breadth ; they were repairing this at the time, and Cally and I crossed the rapids at this point on a single plank ! We had no gentleman with us, either, but the workmen were very obliging

You will be anxious to hear about my dear Father's health. When I returned from Buffalo, I was quite shocked at the change which two months had made . . . I think it is at least two years since the first beginnings of this attack ; he suffered at that time with acute pains in his feet and legs, which his physicians told him were neuralgic After a while they passed away, but from that time he had some little ailment or other until last winter, just after Fanny's* marriage, when he was taken with his present attack—. . . . My dear Father drives out every day, and writes also regularly, or rather, dictates to Charlotte,† for it makes him nervous and wearies him to do the manual part of the task himself. He walks much in the Hall, sometimes as many turns as make three miles in one day. Our dear mother's health has been better than usual this last year and she devotes herself to nursing and amusing our dear patient—being always engaged with him some way or other. . . .

*†The most charming family of all are the Fenimore Coopers, who live together in a cottage by the riverside. Miss Susan F. Cooper, who devotes her whole time to benevolent undertakings ; Miss Charlotte Cooper in delicate health, who is, however, full of fun and writes most charming letters, and Mrs. Fanny Cooper. She was Uncle Fenimore's youngest daughter and married her cousin, Richard Cooper.

Mrs. Woolson to her grandson, Samuel Mather.

Fanny is very well indeed. . . . Thus far all has gone pleasantly for her. It is a situation which few women would *dare* to undertake, but Fanny, I suppose, felt the consciousness that she was equal to the charge. I hope and pray she may never have cause to regret having assumed a step-mother's place—one of the most difficult in the world. . . .

I have just received a letter from Uncle Pomeroy* with the pressed flowers, and I am very much obliged to him. Some of them I can imagine as very beautiful, and all interesting. There is no way of pressing them by which their colours are preserved; they *will* fade . . . The long drooping yellow blossoms must be beautiful in their native fields.

Dear Father is not quite so well, more feeble. Pray for him and for us, dear Aunt!

With best love to Uncle from all our household, I remain, my dear Aunt, most affectionately yours,

S.F.C.

* George Pomeroy, husband of Ann Cooper.

To her Cousin, Mrs. Woolson
(Hannah Cooper Pomeroy).

Cooperstown,
Feb. 25, '67.

My dear Cousin,

You will be glad to hear good accounts of dear Aunt Pomeroy, who dined with the family on her 83rd birthday. She is looking much better again and declares herself *feeling* better than she has for several months.

Alas, that you should turn to me for anything in the shape of genealogical lore! Never was there a more forgetful memory than mine on such matters—in which I have never felt any especial interest. All I can give you is a little general information.*

William and *Sarah* Cooper who came from England with William Penn, were the heads of our clan in America. They settled at Camden or Cooper's Point in New Jersey, and there, many of their descendants are still to be found in possession of the lands first settled. Many of them are Quakers still. They kept up a certain amount of intercourse with our Grandfather . . . and my dear Father went to Camden and paid a visit to several of them not many years before his death—he saw the old house, built of bricks imported from England more than 150 years

* See Appendix VI.

ago. They are wealthy, quiet kind of people. Unhappily for our great-grandfather he lost his portion of the property through an Uncle, who was his guardian—such at least was the tradition—he removed when young to Pennsylvania where his circumstances were much reduced—he had a very large family whose names I cannot tell you . . .

When I was a child I once saw a regular genealogical tree which one of the New Jersey Coopers sent my Father to look at—but all I can tell you about it is that I was extremely entertained with the little apple-like fruit hanging in clusters from the different branches.

Some years ago when I was staying in Philadelphia, two of the Camden Coopers called on me—they were large, good-looking women, and belonged to my Uncle De Lancey's* congregation, so that, like ourselves, they had returned to the good old faith. As for Christian names and dates, my ideas on the subject are as vague and dim as if the Quaker Clan belonged to the times of the Ptolemies. The first William and Sarah are all I can remember, excepting *James*, our grandfather's father, for whom my dear Father was named. . . .

With love from our little party to all your household, believe me, my dear Cousin,

Affectionately yours,

S.F.C.

* Afterwards Bishop De Lancey.



HANNAH COOPER POMEROY WOOLSON.

[To face p. 119]

HANNAH COOPER POMEROY.

(TWELFTH VOICE).

HANNAH COOPER POMEROY (Mrs. Charles Jarvis Woolson) in the following sketches presents herself and her world so vividly to the reader that no word of explanation is necessary.

We see her first as little Hannah Pomeroy, masquerading with her three friends on the banks of Lake Otsego, then as the happy bride at Claremont, winning all hearts, and yet keenly alive to the differences between her beloved home and New England; as the ambitious young housekeeper, the devoted mother, the invalid, the bereaved. In the *Journal of a Trip to the Upper Lakes*, her sprightly pen draws picture after picture which lingers in the memory—of “Romping Granite,” her delightful “Number One” of Cooperstown, as it appeared in 1839, of the Canal Boat, the “Widder,” the “Captain’s wife’s sister,” Mackinac. . .

The Ghost Story is effective in its simplicity, moreover, it contains a poignantly pathetic allusion to her mysterious “Number Two,” the dying Emma. Finally, the extracts from letters written when Mrs. Woolson was approaching her end on earth, exhibit the same lively fancy and unquenchable enthusiasm. Her life, after its radiant beginning, was, outwardly at least, a singularly hard one, owing to repeated and cruel sorrows, ill-health, precarious means and family troubles. But Mrs. Woolson like her husband, to whom she was always devotedly attached, faced adversity with courage and fortitude. The loss of six gifted and promising daughters, in the flower of their youth, would have sufficed to crush the spirit of most mothers, yet Mrs. Woolson never let her younger daughters, Constance and Clara feel her sadness, entering into their joys and sorrows with fresh interest and sympathy. Full of life to the very last, Hannah Cooper Woolson never grew old, but retained the same attractive and buoyant personality that she had had as a girl.

FROM MRS. WOOLSON'S JOURNAL.*

CHILDHOOD.

AS long ago as 1818 there were no roads on either side of Lake Otsego. The inhabitants of Springfield at the head of the Lake, if they wished to visit Cooperstown, had to take the old turnpike and go east until they reached Cherry Valley, thence, there was a road over the hills to Cooperstown . . . There were a few farms on the western side of Lake Otsego, but the whole eastern shore was deep, unbroken forest.

Emma, Elizabeth, Julia† and I at the age of ten years, lived a double life. To the outside world we were simply four little girls going to school daily, and spending our Saturday Holidays together. But to ourselves we were entirely different beings! Elizabeth and Emma were the Ladies Mary Arabella, and

* I will not close my letter, dear Kate, without referring to the desire I have to arrange and publish—probably added to one of my own books—a few of the pages included in the MS. volume of her “recollections” that Mother bequeathed to you. I have always thought that those of them that are not of a private nature, ought to be published; they are so very charming; they have a simplicity and reality of style that is very remarkable, and that my best efforts can never approach. And besides, the descriptions of country life in New Hampshire at that day, are very interesting. Of all the numerous “Recollections” and “Letters” I have read in the past ten years, I have found none more charmingly written than Mother’s. And that this is not simply my love for her memory, is proved by the fact that all the Cottage Coopers fully agree with me. And they are excellent judges.

Constance Fenimore Woolson to her niece.

Katharine Livingston Mather.

† Emma Cornelia Clark, Elizabeth Fenimore Cooper, Julia Campbell.

Emily Angelica Douglas. Castle Douglas was situated on the eastern shore of Lake Otsego, and their Father, the Earl, owned the whole lakeside. Here also lived their two brothers, Pembroke and Thaddeus (Gold and Dick Cooper,* the only boys we knew, we promoted to this honour).

The western shore of the Lake was given up to Clifford Castle and St. Clair villa. Julia, under the name of Lady Julia Adelaide De Clifford, lived in one, and I, under the title of Lady Elinor Eglantine St. Clair, lived in the other. The Douglas's, St. Clairs and De Cliffords owned the whole Otsego Valley, and we had been sent to spend some time at the tenants' houses for the sake of drinking goats' milk, which had been recommended to our parents as a means of strengthening our constitutions, which were rather delicate.

How we did enjoy this romance! We would speak of our Parents as "the worthy and respectable tenants, who really tried to make us feel at home in their houses," etc. . . . Every Saturday we would meet to relate some wonderful events that had occurred. We would attend elegant balls at the different castles, clothed in all the splendour we could possibly imagine. We would play on all kinds of musical instruments, the harp being the favourite, and we were all deeply interested in a beautiful Countess that brother Pembroke had fallen in love with.

* Goldsborough and Richard Cooper.

We carried on this ideal life for about two years, and I really believe that half of the time we forgot our own identity. I do not believe there were ever four happier girls.

How differently the children of the present day dress, and how much more carefully are they protected from cold than in my young days! In the summer . . we wore a calico or gingham dress to reach just above our ankles. This was made low neck and long sleeves, and we generally had a short black silk apron, white cotton stockings and slippers. Through the long, cold winters we wore . . . some kind of dark woollen dress, high neck and long sleeves, with the black silk apron, woollen stockings reaching to the knees, and calfskin boots . . . and of course, when we waded through the snow drifts on our way to school, the snow would collect in the tops of our boots, on our woollen stockings and flannel skirts; then, when we entered the warm schoolroom, it would all melt, our boots be full of water, and our stockings and undergarments perfectly wet. Before going to bed at night, there would be some attempts made to dry and grease the boots for the next day, but I think it may be said without exaggeration that, from the early snow in November until the last snow flakes in April, we never had dry feet.

Our best dress in winter consisted of some bright-coloured bombazette or merino, with black morocco boots. In the summer, our toilets were more varied—

coloured and white muslins, with open work stockings and slippers.

When I was about eleven years old, I had one gorgeous dress that excited the envy of all my companions, a bright yellow silk skirt, trimmed with a flounce of white blond lace. I had to wear with this a dotted white Swiss muslin "spencer," and when thus dressed, I thought nothing could be finer. One intensely hot Sunday in August, Mother* called to know if I was ready for church. I answered: "Please walk along. I'll come in a minute."

To tell the truth I was in great perplexity. I had a clean fresh muslin all ready to wear, but I was determined to put on my yellow silk! The slippers and stockings and silk skirt were all on, but alas! the dotted spencer was so soiled that I could not possibly wear it. At last I pinned close around my throat a very bright scarlet merino shawl that Mother had given me to wear in the cool autumn days, and fastening another pin at the waist so that no one might see there was nothing beneath but a chemise, I went to church.

Mother and Sister† were so much overcome by my appearance, and the knowledge of the void beneath, that their devotions were seriously disturbed. To add to the effect, a large bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with innumerable bows of pink and white plaid ribbon, was perched upon my head.

* Ann Cooper, Mrs. Pomeroy.

† Georgiana Pomeroy, afterwards Mrs. Keese.

There was one article universally carried in those days—bags ! Old ladies had them, made quite large, of black or dark brown or gray silk, trimmed with black lace, to carry their handkerchiefs, snuff box and knitting. Young ladies had fancy shapes and gay coloured silks, made smaller, just room for a handkerchief, scent bottle, and perhaps a note or two. Little girls, also, carried the inevitable bag.

One Sunday, Elizabeth overtook me on the way to church. We two fell behind our Parents, and I noticed that her bag had an unusually “stuffed” appearance.

“What have you got in your bag” ? said I.

“Hush !” she cried, casting an apprehensive glance in front ; then lowering her voice, she replied : “I couldn’t find a single pocket-handkerchief, so I put in a pillow case,” and opening the strings of her bag, she showed me a clean linen pillow case !

“Oh, dear !” said I, “I wish I had thought of that ! I couldn’t find any handkerchief and see what *I* have got,” and opening my bag I disclosed a night cap !

A giggle behind us caused us to turn, and there came along Sister ! Of course she told the story and it was many years before allusions to pillow cases and night caps were forgotten.

* * * *

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING IN NEW ENGLAND.

MY father, George Pomeroy, left Northampton, Mass., when a lad of ten years, and was placed in the family of his brother in Albany, New York. He never returned to New England to reside, and of course had but little knowledge of, or attachment to the peculiar customs. My mother was of New York ancestry, and I inherited some of their prejudices against New England.

We always kept open house on New Year's Day, and offered all callers New Year's cakes and a glass of wine. Christmas, however, was the great festival of the year. The parlours were trimmed with wreaths of the ground or running pine, so profuse in the Otsego hills. Very large candles were made for the Christmas illuminations, and on Christmas Eve, Father, Mother, children and servants suspended their stockings by the parlour chimney to await the arrival of "Santa Claus." A scene of riotous confusion occurred early on Christmas morning when bare feet rushed after the stockings. *How* order was brought about, I cannot conceive, but at half-past ten a.m., Parents and Children were quietly seated in church. After the services came the Christmas dinner, roast

turkey, à la mode beef, ducks and chickens—beginning, of course, with oyster soup—every variety of vegetable, pickles and sauces. Then the mince pies, apple pies and strawberry tarts, and to crown all, the real English boiled Plum Pudding, covered with blue flame as it came to the table. The close of the day was devoted to the amusement of the children of the family, and all joined in the games for their entertainment.

On Thanksgiving, of course we went to church, but very little attention was given to the day—indeed, I think it was looked upon as a “ Puritanical ” custom, and therefore ignored.

When I grew to womanhood and married a genuine son of New England, and with my husband, stepped for the first time upon the sacred soil of New England, I was prepared to note and admire everything—my affection for him including the whole country.

My husband’s parents resided in a small village, situated in the upper part of the Connecticut River Valley. After a short trip, I was taken “ home,” and was so lovingly and cordially received by the Father, Mother, Sister and small children, that I at once felt myself a true member of the family circle. Mr. Woolson made some business arrangements, which induced him to remain for a few years in the same village.

An old acquaintance of Mr. Woolson’s with his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Fiske—occupied one of the largest houses in the village. They had no children, and after a little persuasion, kindly consented to take us

to board with them. We were comfortably established in our new quarters sometime in October.

In my many talks with dear Father and Mother Woolson, and Sister Mary Ann, I mentioned knowing nothing about a real New England Thanksgiving. This was seized upon at once. That very Autumn I must be introduced to the real New England Festival ! Of course, I should be only too happy !

As I became more intimately acquainted with my new relations, I found Father Woolson to be a man of great intellectual ability, wonderful inventive powers, curious research into all strange subjects, but very peculiar in his manners, stern and, at times, morose, and his younger children very much afraid of him. Dear Mother Woolson was in feeble health, and quite deaf, and the care of the house and of the younger children necessarily devolved upon Mary Ann, the oldest daughter. At the time I arrived in Claremont, Sister was nineteen ; unusually attractive in personal appearance, she was also brilliant in intellect, had received every advantage of education, and her manners were simply charming. One boy, a lad of fourteen, and two little girls, completed the family circle.

“ Thanksgiving ” was appointed that year, I think, for the last day of November. The weather during the month had been cold enough to freeze the ground and give the boys good skating on all the little ponds and brooks. Some flurries of snow had fallen, but not enough for sleighing, and the joy was

universal when, two days before Thanksgiving, down came the feathery snow, falling gently all day long ; and on Thanksgiving day the whole country was white with unsullied snow, and the sleighing perfect. The evenings also were brilliant in the moonlight, and everything seemed auspicious for a perfect day of enjoyment.

The programme had been arranged ; we were to go to Church in the morning, after service to return to Mrs. Fiske's, and adorn myself in becoming array for the grand occasion, then, with hood, cloak, etc., to get into Mr. Woolson's light cutter and after his fast trotter, " Sultan," to skim over the three quarters of a mile to Father Woolson's, where " Sultan " was to stand in the barn until our return in the evening. Mary Ann had invited us for one o'clock, although, as she said ; ' Dinner might not be prompt to the minute,' as there were some things she wished to attend to herself after her return from Church.

We reached the house at one, and found them all in the sitting-room. We had barely exchanged greetings and seated ourselves comfortably, when Father Woolson pulled out his watch and said : " Isn't dinner ready?" " Yes, in a few minutes," replied Mary Ann, " but there is no hurry—we have all the day before us."

" I have made up my mind," said Father Woolson, " to take advantage of this sleighing and bright moonlight and to take ' Billy Kirby '* and the cutter after

* Billy Kirby—a character in Cooper's " Pioneers."

dinner, and start for Amherst.” (“ Billy Kirby ” was Father’s favourite horse). When he announced his plan no one ventured to combat it, although Mary Ann said feebly : “ Why, Father—on Thanksgiving Day ! ”

“ I shall eat my dinner first,” said he, and then commenced talking business with my Husband. In a short time, we all went into the dining-room. Father Woolson never carved or sat at the foot of the table, so my Husband took the foot, Mary Ann the head, and the rest of us occupied the sides.

In front of Mr. Woolson was a large roasted turkey, before Mary Ann, an immense baked chicken pie ; boiled chickens and roast ducks completed the meats. There were potatoes, turnips, winter squash, gravies, jellies, pickles and New England apple sauce. Here I must digress to speak of this delicious compound, made of the firm, fruity apples of New England, boiled in the best of cider. The result was a dark rich sauce with the quartered apples nearly transparent in their clearness. I never tired of it, and years and years after I left New England, when I had the capricious appetite of an invalid, I would turn with loathing from the “ Apple Butter ” of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and sigh for a taste of New England apple sauce.

We all commenced our dinner on turkey, with such accompaniments as our tastes dictated. I was very hungry, and as I knew it would be expected that the contents of every dish should be tasted, I only

had a very small piece put upon my plate, and commenced eating daintily and slowly. We were all having a merry social time, and the turkey part of the dinner was nearly over, when I saw through the window, Mr. Woolson's friend, Mr. P.— drive to the door. In a moment more he entered the dining-room. We offered him a seat at the table. He was profuse in his thanks, but said :

“ It is too bad to break up your Thanksgiving dinner, but,” turning to me, “ I have come after your Husband. There are about ten of us young married men, and men engaged to be married, who are going to improve this sleighing and moonlight and take a drive over the hills to Charleston to have an old-fashioned Bachelor Supper Party. Now we cannot get along without your Husband, for we wish to rig out a four horse team, and we must have ‘Sultan,’ and Mr. Woolson is the only man we can trust to drive us.”

I caught a gleam in Mr. Woolson's eye when the four horse team was spoken of, and knowing his genuine fondness for horses and driving, I determined, although my heart sank within me, to enter with a good grace into the arrangement. Mr. P.— and Mary Ann had some pros and cons over the matter, and Mr. Woolson, after some hesitation decided to go.

“ He has eaten enough to do for a lunch,” said Mr. P.— “ and we shall have a splendid supper at Charleston. There are no ladies in our party, Mrs.

Woolson, and your Husband will be home, safe and sound, before twelve o'clock." So saying, he bowed adieu.

In a few moments, Mary Ann and I went to the window to wave goodbye as they passed swiftly by. During this discussion, I had taken it in unconsciously that Father Woolson had not spoken but had looked occasionally at Mr. Woolson and me over his spectacles from under his shaggy, grey eyebrows, and then had gone on eating his dinner with great rapidity.

When we had all returned to our seats, he said : " Mary Ann, you can get me a piece of pumpkin pie and cheese and then I shall go." . .

Her face flushed slightly, but being too lady-like to say anything, she rang the bell and when the servant came, said : " Lyddy, bring Mr. Woolson a pumpkin pie and some cheese, and then change the plates."

While this was transacting, dear Mother Woolson (who was quite used to waiting until people chose to explain passing events) turned to me meekly, and said : " Where has Jarvis gone ? "

I explained as well as I could : " The supper party at Charleston—all old friends—good sleighing, etc."

Before I had finished my story, Father Woolson, having devoured a quarter of the pie, got up and giving a general nod, left the room. In a moment the door opened and he called : " Henry ! "

Henry jumped up and went out, but was only gone a moment, whereupon he returned and resumed his seat. In a short time "Billy Kirby" and the cutter with Father Woolson buried in buffalo skins, passed the window.

Mother said: "Where *has* your Father gone?"

I began another explanation as to business and Amherst, etc. She merely shook her head and I heard her soliloquizing: "Well, well! I wonder what will happen next!"

In the meantime, we had tasted the chicken pie. I will honestly confess that my appetite had entirely gone—a big lump in my throat seemed to prevent my swallowing.

No one wished chickens or ducks, and finally, to the delight of the children, the whole array of pies made their appearance—mince pie, apple pie, custard pie, cranberry pie, plum pie, cheese, butternuts, walnuts and cider.

We had all been helped to pie, when, through the fateful window, I saw Mary Ann's intimate friend, Frances.

"Some one after you, I am sure," said I.

It proved so, for when Frances entered the dining-room, her first greeting was almost like that of Mr. P.—"It is too bad to break in on your Thanksgiving, but Mr. Goss has just come in with his large sleigh, and Eveline has sent me a note. She wants

eight of us (the names are all given) to come out with her Father. She has everything ready for a grand molasses candy pull, and nuts prepared for nut candy. Then we are to have a grand Thanksgiving supper, and Mr. Goss is to bring us back in his sleigh. He had some business in town, and will be back at our house in half an hour. I told him I would have all the girls meet there. You are all ready, only we are to take our cooking aprons along—so please hurry, for you *must* go.”

Mary Ann demurred, on my account, but with desperate calmness, I insisted upon her accepting the invitation, and after a while, we saw her also with her friend, pass by the window.

“ Well, what is the matter now ? ” said Mother Woolson, so again I entered into an explanation. Just as the children had finished their pie, two little cloaked figures appeared at the door. The girls flew to meet them—then, in they all rushed, and in their excitement spoke so loud to their mother that I thought they would burst a blood vessel ! Both together at the top of their voices screamed : “ Mamma, say ! Caroline and Mary have come for us to go to their house to tea and to spend the evening. Mayn’t we go ? They are going to play games, and their uncle John will bring us home at nine o’clock. We are all dressed, can’t we go ? ”

“ Oh, yes, yes ! ” said poor Mother. So off they went. Henry, in the meantime, had filled his pockets with nuts and left the table.

I suggested to Mother that she and I should return to the sitting-room. I felt too disappointed to be very entertaining, but I tried to talk.

After a time I noticed two or three boys in the yard with their sleds in earnest conversation with Henry, and in a little while, Henry came into the room. It suddenly flashed upon my mind that *I* had something to do with his plans. So I said :

“ Henry, it is after four o’clock ; what are you going to do this evening ? ”

“ Oh, we are going to have a jolly time—all of us boys are going to slide down that steep hill, you know, in Mr.—’s lot, and we are going to build a big fire and roast potatoes and apples, and pop corn, and have a splendid time.”

“ When are you going ? ”

“ Well, Father said I must take old Charlie and the ‘ pung ’ and take you home, whenever you wished to go, so I was waiting.”

“ I think,” said I, “ that Father was very kind to remember me, and I will go now, if you are ready.”

So I told Mother my intention.

“ You ought to stay here and spend the evening,” said she, “ I shall be all alone, and you will be so also, for the Fiskes, of course, have gone out. Lyddy will give us a good cup of tea by and by. Hadn’t you better stay ? ”

I told her of Henry’s plans, and her mother heart went out to her boy, so I quietly put on my

things, and even before I was ready, old Charlie was at the door. I kissed the dear mother good-night, and got into the "pung," saying to Henry :

" Why don't these boys leave their sleds in your yard, and jump on to the ' pung ' and drive over with you ? "

By this speech, I won all their hearts and their tongues were loosened as to the wonderful things that they were going to do.

At last we arrived at Mr. Fiske's and I bid the boys goodnight and wearily ascended the somewhat steep path to the front door.

I knocked, and the domestic of the family appeared with her hood and cloak on.

" Is it you ? " said she. " I had just finished my work, and was going out for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have gone to a Thanksgiving supper at their sister's, and they won't be home till late. Should you be afraid to stay alone ? "

" Oh, no," said I.

" Well," said she, " there is a fire in the stove in your bedroom, and your parlour fire is all ready. Shall I go in and light it while you are taking off your things ? "

" Thank you," said I, " I wish you would, then you can go. I am not afraid."

" You had better fasten the front door, then," said she. " I shall go out at the kitchen door and take the key with me."

“ Very well,” said I.

I went to my room, took off my pretty silk dress, hung it in the wardrobe, took from my hair all the little ornaments so tastefully arranged, laid aside my pet bronze slippers (I was vain of my foot)—wrapped myself in a wrapper, put on toilet slippers, twisted my hair plainly back, and went into the parlour. I heard the girl go out and lock the door. I drew up a rocking chair in front of the fire and I sat there all alone in that large house and cried and cried ! I don’t know for how long—nor could I tell for what ! When the fountain of tears had become exhausted, I arose and went to the window.

It was a moonlight night of dazzling brilliancy, and merry parties occasionally passed the house. I watched the scene for a long time, and then I felt conscious that I was hungry—*very* hungry !

I walked the floor and tried to think of other things—but Mother’s pantry came before me—then the supper at Charleston, the supper at Mr. Goss’s ; and even the roast potatoes and pop-corn at the boy’s bonfire, dwelt in my mind. I did not dare roam over the house in search of eatables, for I knew enough of the thrifty housekeeping to be certain that the preparations for breakfast were all made, and that any incursions into the store-room would be known. Besides, I did not wish to be hunting for food after a Thanksgiving dinner !

So I waited until nine o’clock, when the domestic returned, and then went—Oh, so hungry !—to bed.

I could not sleep ; about eleven, the Fiske's came in, and before twelve, Mr. Woolson appeared.

I tried to make him tell me every incident of his party, but the fatigue of the drive had made him sleepy, and he literally fell asleep while talking.

The next morning I descended to the dining room in a famished condition. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Woolson trifled with their breakfast. Indeed, Mrs. Fiske remarked :

“ Really, one has very little appetite the morning after Thanksgiving.”

“ I assure you,” said I, “ it has had no such effect upon *me*. I am really very hungry.” And the delicious coffee, the tender steak, the potatoes stewed in cream, and the hot buckwheat cakes were to me a delicious feast.

I plied them all with questions as to the events of their day in order to avoid any special mention of my own adventures, contenting myself with general remarks—“ Oh, yes ! ” “ Very pleasant ! ” etc.

It was not until a long time afterwards, when I was very sure that not a shade of annoyance was left within me, that I gave the incidents of the day in their humorous light, and ended by saying that I went to my bed at night literally crying from hunger, after

“ MY FIRST THANKSGIVING
DINNER IN NEW ENGLAND ! ”

OUR FIRST PARTY.

TO my eye, there was one peculiarity in the village architecture. Deep in the bowels of the earth the builders commenced laying the foundation of a huge chimney, which stretched upward through the cellar, through the first and second storey, widening with all its flues until it reached the roof above, where it made its appearance in one large square opening of sufficient size for a dozen chimney-sweepers to descend at once.

I speak of this structure as ascending through the different storeys of the house, but upon reflection, I think it must have been first completed, and then the house proper built around it !

The front door of these houses opened invariably into a small closet or cupboard without shelves. You could not possibly apply the word "hall" to anything so small. The more pretentious houses managed to have front stairs, but so steep in ascent and with such very narrow steps, that were it not for the railing, it might be called a ladder. It required a good deal of practice to know what to do when, after knocking at the front door, the girl (no servants in New England at this

date) appeared to let you in. If you wished to enter the right hand parlour, no obstacle prevented. If you wished to enter the door at the left, you were obliged to seek refuge on the lower stair, while the girl closed the front door, as when open, it entirely covered the left hand entrance.

I am happy to say that in all these houses there was a back stairs, easy of ascent which was, of course, always used by the family and intimate friends.

The winter after " my first Thanksgiving dinner " was very gay—tea parties, sleigh rides and private balls—all of which we greatly enjoyed. Everybody called, and everybody was inclined to be exceedingly hospitable.

In the lovely month of June, Mrs. Fiske and I, talking over all the entertainments of the past winter, suddenly determined (in our own minds) to give a party—a large party!—something that would out-do all previous parties and prove so delightful as to cover ourselves with glory! We talked our scheme over quietly, ascertained what we could get, and what we could do, and then, when all our arrangements had been perfected, we disclosed our project to the gentlemen!

Of course it met with opposition, but we were armed at every point, and we finally persuaded them to consent to our undertaking, and not only that, but to let us manage matters exactly as we chose!

Therefore, our first step was to issue written invitations for a certain Thursday, in the formula of the day for city invitations.

"Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. B's company next Thursday evening at eight o'clock. The favour of an answer is requested."

We gave them a whole week to arrange their dresses, and ourselves, a week for preparations!

Most of the answers were according to the prevailing style :

"Mr. and Mrs. B— accept with pleasure the polite invitation of Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson for next Thursday evening."

Some, however, were so peculiar that I must transcribe them :

"Mr. D—'s compliments to Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson, and regrets it will be inconsistent to attend."

"Dear Friends, Your very kind invitation to visit you next Thursday evening was most gratefully received, and should nothing unforeseen occur to prevent, we shall be most happy to accept. Yours Mr. and Mrs. D." "To Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson. We shall certainly come. Mr. and Mrs. P." "Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Woolson : Hearing that dancing is to be a portion of the entertainment at your house next Thursday, and it being also the evening for our prayer meeting, we feel compelled to decline your invitation. Mr. and Mrs. L."

At all events, we had a great deal of fun from the answers to our invitations.

I will not dwell on the details of our preparations, only remarking that forty years ago in a small village in the upper part of the Connecticut River valley, you could obtain no outside help whatever. *Everything* in the way of refreshments must be made and cooked in your own house.

While we were in the bustle of preparation, the gentlemen entered somewhat into the spirit of the thing, and Mr. Woolson, after his fast trotter, "Sultan" visited all the outlying farmhouses to gain supplies.

Sister Mary Ann was our stronghold. She had a wonderful faculty for making things succeed.

The eventful Thursday arrived—lovely weather, not too warm for dancing, but still sufficiently balmy for open doors and windows.

"Where are the ladies and gentlemen, pray, to take off their wraps?" said Mr. Fiske, in the afternoon.

"Upstairs, in the front rooms."

"In going up those stairs, some will break their necks!"

"Oh, I hope not!"

"If more than two come at a time, they can't get in the front door."

Here was a "poser." At last, my Husband, who was always quick with expedients, suggested that the

front door be taken off its hinges and carried outdoors until after the company had left—which was actually done !

Our supper table was placed in the large room marked “ Kitchen ”—chicken salad—made with but little chicken and a good deal of veal—no celery, but the crisp centre of cabbage with elaborate dressing—cold ham, cut very thin, and rolled boiled tongue, thinly-spread bread and butter, and light biscuits, completed the solid part of the supper—we really could procure nothing else.

We made up for this deficiency by the abundance of light fancy articles—every variety of cake from the richest plum cake to delicate cookies ; pyramids of cake, iced and ornamented ; immense dishes of syllabub or whipped cream ; every variety of sweetmeat known to New England housekeeping, (and they do make delicious preserves even of pumpkins and watermelon rinds !) plain baked custard in cups ! At this, I demurred, as not being the thing, but yielded to Mrs. Fiske, who assured me that many of the guests would not be satisfied without them. The empty cups, the next morning, proved the truth of her statement. Oranges, almonds, raisins and apples ; delicious hot coffee for such as wished it, and lemonade for the dancers. We had one grand surprise—ice-cream ! the first ever made in the village. Immense quantities of it, made of pure cream was stored in tubs of ice and salt in the shed. We did not intend to produce this delicacy at the first opening of the supper room,

which had to be as early as ten o'clock, for many of our guests would deem it wicked to be out later than half-past ten! We had planned to keep our watch on these unquiet spirits, and when they looked as if the time had come for their departure, they were to be offered ice-cream! All of which was successfully carried out.

The supper room was open all the evening with continual relays of provisions, but nothing exceeded the avidity with which the dancers entered, time after time, for ice cream! But I have omitted to relate a little incident that occurred during the afternoon—the unexpected arrival of Dr. H—, an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Fiske's, who had been absent ten years or more. He was engaged, I think, in the Liberia Colonization Society, and had taken several voyages to Africa. Of course he was made welcome, and after a hasty explanation of what was in progress, he took possession temporarily of a back room.

“As my stay with you can be only for a short time, I shall be glad to meet so many old acquaintances as will probably be here this evening.”

“Dear me!” said Mrs. Fiske to her Husband, “how unusually gracious he is!”

“Isn't he always so?” asked I.

“By no means; he is generally very sarcastic and bitter in his remarks.”

I silently determined to keep clear of him.

After every finishing touch had been given to the supper table, astral lamps and sperm candles placed everywhere, in order to be as brilliant as possible, much of the furniture moved to give room for the dancers, Mrs. Fiske and I sat down to rest and chat a little before dressing time.

Dr. H— now made his appearance with a large wooden box in his hands.

“ Here, Mrs. Fiske, is something I brought for you—perhaps it will add to your supper table. I am going into the village, but will return in time for your party.”

After thanking him, she waited until he had gone, when we opened the box and in it found six small boxes, which contained a very clear, amber jelly, very firm. We ventured to taste! It was peculiar, both to the taste and smell. We looked at each other.

Said I: “ Do you agree with the Methodist brother ? ”

“ What is that ? ”

“ Have I never told you the story ? My cousin, the wife of a Surgeon in the army stationed out in the western wilds, saw approaching—one cold autumn afternoon—on a sorry nag, a cadaverous, thin, poorly-clad man, whom she knew at once to be an itinerant minister. He stopped and meekly asked if they would receive him. Of course they did, and Cousin said she put him in front of a good fire, and hurried

to prepare him a bountiful repast, for he looked half starved. His eyes glistened as he took his seat at the well-spread table, and after asking a blessing, he commenced. I will not relate all his exploits in the way of eating and tea-drinking, but one article, guava jelly, proved particularly satisfactory. He was helped four times to this jelly and each time he asked the name of it, and made a humble apology for eating so much. At last he was through, and concluded his prayer of thanks "for all this bountiful provision, especially for that delicious 'sass' so tickling to the palate, which Thy unworthy servant knoweth not the name thereof—Amen."

We tasted again—said I: "It is peculiar, but not bad. Shall we have it on the table?"

"Really," said Mrs. Fiske, "the doctor is such a practical joker, I hardly dare venture—it may be some medical preparation."

It was consigned to the storeroom. A long time afterwards, we discovered that it was something exceedingly choice and rare, prepared in Africa.

How were we dressed? Mrs. Fiske wore a summer silk—I have forgotten the colour, but pink ribbons were on the cap, at the neck, and on the sleeves. My own dress I remember perfectly—a fine white mull muslin, made with one deep flounce reaching from the knees; above the flounce was a broad worked insertion, and the edge of the flounce was embroidered. The dress was quite short to disclose the feet, arrayed

in heavily worked white silk stockings and black satin slippers; the waist of the dress was low neck and trimmed with embroidery and edging; open, flowing sleeves trimmed with the same; over all, a fancy silk apron of bright blue, very small and short, but made with lappets to fasten on the shoulders—on the head a small cap of illusion and blue ribbons, bare arms and blue kid gloves; on the neck, a silver chain, fashionable at the time, and silver bracelets to match, on the arms.

At ten minutes to eight the house was illuminated, we were in position, a girl stationed at the *open door* way, the musicians, two violins and a tambourine, all ready, and within twenty minutes, the whole party of between seventy and eighty guests had assembled.

It was a very gay and successful party. I noticed that after ten o'clock almost all the older people spent their time in the supper room, which gave the young people more room for the Cotillon and country dances then in vogue. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning when we noticed a decided looking at watches, and mothers speaking to their daughters, who seemed reluctantly to assent to their remarks.

During the finishing dance, the "Virginia Reel," a number of the married guests conversed together quite earnestly. As the strains of the music ceased, two of the gentlemen advanced to Mrs. Fiske and myself, and with much formality said: "Ladies, we have been deputed by your guests to tender you our

heartly thanks for your bountiful hospitality and to assure you that we all unite in saying that we never have passed a more delightful evening."

Then all advanced, shook hands, said "Good night" and went upstairs. We heard many feminine shrieks, some "Ohs" and a good deal of laughter, as the guests descended the "ladder," but we made no inquiries.

When the girl entered and reported, "All gone, Ma'am," Mr. Fiske and Mr. Woolson took off their coats, brought in the front door, placed it on its hinges and turned the key. Then Mr. Fiske said: "It is after two o'clock, and I am tired out—let us leave all discussion and all 'fixing up' until to-morrow."

So we blew out the lights and retired to our bedrooms, well satisfied with the success of

"OUR FIRST PARTY."

IN the little village of Claremont where I lived during my early married life, there were—to me—some curious phases in the social life. Families in perfectly easy circumstances, where the Husband and Father had nothing to call him forth at any particular hour, deemed it essential to rise, both summer and winter, before daylight. In winter, the breakfast must be eaten, the breakfast dishes washed, and the house put in order by candlelight, and as in most of these houses, the work was done by the wives and daughters (scorning the aid of “hired help”), one can imagine their lives. I could never see anything meritorious in this early uprising, or in this hard work of the females of the family, and always, the Head—the Husband—kept a fine horse, and the sons were expected to act as grooms.

A gentleman of wealth (for the time), who lived in a large house, handsomely furnished, had a delicate wife and three grown-up daughters. I met him at a small company towards Spring, and he asserted with great apparent complacency, that his wife and daughters had been up every morning throughout the winter, had got breakfast, finished their morning work and sat down to their sewing by candlelight!

From that moment I detested him, and when, two years afterwards, his eldest daughter married a Boston gentleman, the wedding occurring on a Thursday, I was told that the poor girl, as usual, had to do the family washing and ironing on Monday and Tuesday ; I could hardly bow to him when we met. I was glad that one daughter had been taken from his "iron rule."

Of course, there was no happy home life in the evening—no gathering together of parents and children after tea with games and stories for the little ones until their bedtime, then music or reading or conversation with pleasant "callers" for the older ones. Oh no ! Children were hustled into bed as soon as possible, and after a short interval of stupid yawning, and a little knitting, the older members were glad to rest also—knowing *when* they *must* get up in the morning !

Very primitive "tea drinks" we had in those days.

There were about a dozen families of the highest aristocracy—believing themselves to be the exponents of all the culture, refinement, and elegance of the country. They were all Episcopalians. When a "tea drink" was decided upon, the first step was to invite the Rector of the Church and his wife. If they were disengaged and accepted, the invitations were continued ; if they declined, the company was postponed. Every one rising at such unearthly hours, the invitations could, of course, reach all the families before

eight o'clock in the morning ! By half past five p.m., the guests were all assembled, usually numbering about twenty-five or thirty persons. At six (promptly) a "girl" appeared, carrying a waiter on which were plates, saucers and spoons. She was drilled always to go first to the Rector's wife, who helped herself to a plate, saucer, and spoon. Then all did the same. After a short interval, the girl reappeared with the waiter full of cups of coffee and tea. She was followed by one of the children of the family bearing on a small salver the silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher. As each person took a cup of coffee or tea and placed it in the saucer, the small child presented the cream and sugar. After another interval the "girl" reappeared, staggering under the weight of the waiter, which was loaded with spread biscuit, thin bread and butter, cold tongue, cold ham, cheese and little pickles. After once carrying this around, it was a relief to see her place it on a table, where it stood, the plates on the waiter being replenished from time to time, and the plates of the guests being liberally helped from this source.

The child's business was to watch, and as soon as any person's cup was empty, to carry it off. A fresh supply was brought in by the "girl" and the little one was ready with the sugar and cream. As every person took two or three cups, and ate in proportion, the tea generally lasted about an hour. Then the younger people usually came together about a table and played games of some sort—dominoes, or

consequences, or telling fortunes. And the older ones talked. A little music, if any one could play or sing, was also in fashion. At half-past eight the "girl" reappeared . . . with the tray loaded with every variety of cake, two or three kinds of sweetmeats, rich cream and baked custard in cups. When this was all enjoyed, it would be nearly nine o'clock.

I always noticed at the coming in of the refreshments, that the Rector took his seat on the opposite side of the room from his wife. This was to give proper effect to the closing programme.

When the clock struck nine, there would be a general hush, and the whisper went round: "The Rector is going to make his bow."

The Rector, who was a tall, stately man, dressed in knee breeches and silk stockings with a handsome foot encased in shoes with silver buckles, would get up and, walking across the room with great dignity, place himself in front of his wife and make a low bow, everybody silently admiring the grace of the act. Then his wife arose, took his arm, and they said goodnight to the hostess, and everybody else followed suit, the whole party being gone by ten minutes after nine.

OUR FIRST PURCHASE.

SOME time after our marriage, Mr. Woolson formed a business connection which took us to the village of F., where we expected to live for some years.

Every one said: "If you could only persuade Mrs. Brown to take you as boarders, you would be delightfully situated. To be sure, she and her Husband are quite aged, but since all their children have married and left home, they have a niece who lives with them and acts as housekeeper—do try and get in at the Browns."

So we tried and were successful.

During the week that the matter was being talked over, the Husband of one of Mrs. Brown's daughters died. He had been an invalid for years and a dying man for months—still, my sensibility received quite a shock, when, two days after the funeral, I was calling at Mrs. Brown's, and the recent widow came in and said:

"Well, mother, isn't it too bad? I have just been in to Smith's store, and every speck of that beautiful black bombazine that they had two weeks ago when I was in has gone! I ought to have bought it then. I might have known I should want it."

Mrs. Brown gave us a pleasant but rather small room. In a day or two, she opened another room.

“This,” said she, “was my daughter Sally’s room. She took the carpet away last spring. I have all the furniture for the room and if you choose to put down a carpet, perhaps you would find it pleasanter.”

Of course we should! From the windows there was the most lovely view of the neat village, the river running through the green meadows, and the distant mountains. We had no hesitation in assenting to her proposition.

I, with the wisdom of Solomon, said to my Husband. “Fortunately, there is nothing in the room, and I observe that it is nearly square, so you had better measure and see how much it will take, and then buy at one of the stores, a neat, small-figured ingrain carpet, and have it sent up. And please don’t forget some thread and carpet binding. I shall like to make it up. I know how to sew the real carpet stitch!”

Really, the only experience I had had in the matter was once when, as quite a young girl, I, with my three friends Jul, Em and Lib, had attended a “Sewing Bee,” where the ladies were making a carpet that had been given to the Parsonage, and some of the matrons had kindly taught us the proper carpet stitch, and with a seam before us, pinned together at regular intervals, we worked for a short time.

Mr. Woolson, in a man's usual way of measuring, commenced pacing the room.

"By the by," said he, "how wide *is* a breadth of ingrain"? I didn't know, but remembered that Mrs. Brown had spoken of the ingrain in the room we occupied. So we adjourned thither, and Mr. Woolson measured. Then he returned to the room and resumed pacing; finally he took out his tablets and wrote down results.

"Won't you go with me and select?"

"Oh no," said I, "I can trust it to your taste."

Just before dinner the big roll arrived and was taken upstairs. After dinner we unrolled the purchase, and I thought it very pretty, a mixture of soft grays and browns as to colour, and little vines and small flowers, as to pattern.

"I will cut it for you before I go to the office" said Mr. Woolson. "We will just spread one breadth across the floor, cut it off, and as we know how many it takes to cover the room, we can cut it into just so many lengths."

"Yes!"

The carpet was stretched over the floor and doubled over, then out came the big penknife.

"Oh! won't you have a scissors?"

"Nonsense, I never could do anything with scissors—this cuts splendidly; if it is a little jagged, you can bind it over."

“ But,” said I, “ mustn’t we match the breadths in some way ? ”

“ Oh ! Cut them all the same length and they will all come right.”

Mr. Woolson cut, and I sewed and bound it, and Mr. Woolson tacked it down.

When it was fairly displayed, I was first dismayed, then I laughed until I cried !

Mr. Woolson was amazed at my state.

“ Oh, do look ! Here on each side of the breadth is half a diamond, which was intended, of course, to meet the half diamond on the next breadth and form a whole, from the centre of which diamonds, at regular intervals, comes the little vine that forms that beautiful bunch of flowers. Now,” said I, “ look at our carpet ! It is all one straggle ! I defy any one to tell the design or what it is intended for.”

“ All the prettier on that account ” said Mr. Woolson, “ we will have something new ! ”

Old Mrs. Brown’s eyes did not discover any defect, and if the niece’s did, she was too polite to say anything.

After two or three weeks of intense enjoyment of the views from out our windows, and the carpet within, Sister Mary Ann came to spend a short time with us. I had written of our new carpet, but had said nothing of its peculiarities !

She came in the evening. The next morning, as she entered our room she said : “ Oh, this is the new carpet.”

“ Yes ” said I very gravely.

She looked at me, looked at the carpet, then at me again. At last, in pity for her embarrassment, I said :

“ Now, Mary Ann, you may laugh ! ”

And laugh she did, peal after peal. I joined in the merriment, and when I told her the whole story, not omitting the pacing and the penknife, I thought she would never be serious again.

Our dear carpet proved an excellent one to wear. It became a household treasure, and when, in after years the little feet up in the nursery trotted over it, it acquired new favour in our eyes.

Carpets “ rich and rare ” were added to our home from time to time, but we always asserted that nothing could compare with

“ OUR FIRST PURCHASE.”

CHILDREN.

“ When you have *One*,
You can take it and run.”

OUR first, a fat, sweet, healthy, little daughter, did not interfere in the least with our somewhat wandering habits. We “ took it and ran,” spent the summer as usual with the New York Grandparents, visited about, enjoyed life and enjoyed the baby ! Mr. Woolson especially enjoyed, I think, experimenting in discipline !

“ When you have *Two*,
You can make that do ! ”

We did, and Number Two, another fat, sweet healthy little daughter, did not prevent, although she did somewhat interfere with the perfect independence of our summer rambles, and discipline sensibly diminished. But

“ When you have *Three*
You *must* stay where you be ! ”

Therefore in the prospect of Number Three's arrival, we decided to go to housekeeping. We had put off this “ settling down ” as long as possible, as we both liked to be free to travel whenever we wished to, and

I, especially, knew so little of practical life that I hated to have my shortcomings as housekeeper commented upon by the thrifty New England housewives, but as we should have to "stay where we be," we secured a house of good size (though most singularly planned), furnished it comfortably and entered into possession. It was in the summer, and we had a grand frolic in providing our first dinners and teas. "Almy" a good New England girl was established in the kitchen. Mary Ann, always followed by her little niece, our Number One, gave her valuable advice and assistance. Early in November, Mary Ann was married. I had obtained from her all the instruction possible regarding things to be made, and provisions to be stored for the long winter. My ambition stretched towards an abundance of rich mince pies.

"How much mince meat do you think will suffice for my family?" said I.

"Of course you will not care to let the little ones eat much of such rich food. I think about so much (mentioning the quantity) will do."

Mary Ann took a short trip after her wedding, and I thought it would be a good time to get this important mince meat matter out of the way, so as to be ready, on her return, to give her some *good* mince pies. Almy and I stoned and chopped raisins and currants, prepared beef and suet, sugar and spices, apples and almonds, wine and brandy. All was completed and pronounced "excellent, excellent!"

Then we took a day and sifted flour and rolled pastry, and baked pie after pie until all the mince meat was used, and, on counting, we found that there were forty-two nicely browned, tempting-looking pies.

Upstairs, there was a room not in use and not furnished ; I ranged the pies there in rows, turned the key and came down with a proud step.

A little foreshadowing of grief came over me that first day when at dinner a freshly-baked pie was on the table. Mr. Woolson took a piece, said it was very very excellent, but too rich for him to eat much of.

The little " Number One," would willingly have taken a whole pie, but prudence forbade the measure. Dear little " Number Two " like her Father " had rather have a bowl of bread and milk." A faint thought came into my mind—can Almy and I eat forty-two pies ?

When Mary Ann returned, I took her upstairs in triumph and disclosed the rows of pies ! I saw by the flash of her eye and quiver of the lips that there was something out of the way.

" What is it, Mary Ann ? you need not be afraid to say."

" Your plan is a novel one," she replied, " it is generally customary to make up all the mince meat at once and let it stand ; then from week to week, or whenever you wish, to make the pastry for as many pies as you need at the time. In this way, the pastry is always fresh."

“ Oh,” replied I, “ live and learn ! My common sense seems to have departed.”

I made Mary Ann and Mother Woolson a present of so many pies that even the children tired of them. My neighbours, also, were remembered, but, Oh, the pies ! The pies they froze, the pies they dried, the pies they crumbled ! I got so tired of hearing Almy say “ Shall I make anything for dessert to-day, Mrs. Woolson ? There is half of that pie left that we had yesterday ”—that I told her whenever one of those pies was for dinner to say it was entirely gone—*never* to let us see it again.

Poor Almy ! She was the most economical and thrifty of New England girls—there were no beggar children in the village and no poor people. What she did with the remnants, I would not ask.

On the 14th of January, in the most intense cold of New England (thermometer thirty below zero) Number Three arrived, a fat, sweet, healthy little girl. Two days after her birth, a cousin of mine from New York came very unexpectedly to see us. Of course, I would have him in my room for a talk—he *must* stay to dinner, and Almy *must* come in to receive my directions. My nurse faintly expostulated, but I was determined. After dinner, Mr. Woolson was to take Richard with his fast horse to Charleston, where he was to meet a stage and cross the Green Mountains.

They came to my room—Richard said goodbye. Mr. Woolson remarked that he should be home by

nine o'clock. When he reached home, I did not know him ; my excitement and exertion had brought on fever, and from that time until May, " stay where you be," was a literal fact—most of the time in delirium—watchers night and day. . . .

Dear little Number Three had to be sent away to nurse. She was nearly five months old before I was able to see her. Our " First " utterly refused to pray for the baby, saying " No use, because she's gone away ! "

This long, long illness and the cares and anxiety attendant upon it, ended what may be called the youth of our married life.

" When you have *four*
You'll wish for no more ! "

About half-past eleven on the evening of June 28th, Number Four came—a fat little girl ! What a disappointment ! I wished for a son to be born on his father's birthday ! Oh, the intense heat of that week—unexampled in New England ! Number Three came in the winter cold ; Number Four in the summer heat.

Our " First " was very good to all her sisters, only attempting occasionally to enforce the discipline that had been bestowed upon herself, and which, I am sorry to say, had entirely subsided in the cases of the others.

I could not persuade Mr. Woolson to feel as disappointed as I did in the sex of the child—on the

contrary, it seemed as if a mutual understanding existed between father and child and they never appeared happy away from each other.

During my long illness after the birth of Number Three, doctors, nurses and friends were all in despair. It seemed impossible for me to sleep ; opiates had no effect, nothing quieted me. At last the doctors said that if I could not be made to sleep, it was certain that I could not live.

Mr. Woolson came to the bedside and managed by gentle questions to discover what I was worrying about. There were no backstairs to the house, and I didn't want everything carried up and down the front stairs. With the readiness of wits for which he was famous, he instantly said : Yes, he had been thinking of that very thing for some time, and he had decided that just as soon as I was well enough to bear the noise, he would have a man come, knock a hole through the wall and run up a pair of stairs on the outside of the house, which would make it all right.

This seemed to please my crazy fancy, so he continued, " Now, you turn over and shut your eyes, so as to get well soon."

I did so, and the sleep came which restored me to sanity. We both took a dislike, however, to the house in which we had suffered so greatly, and during the succeeding spring, we moved into another house, which was really more to my fancy than any that I

have occupied since, and in this house, Number Four came.

Mr. Woolson's friend, Mr. Turner, had been writing to him throughout the winter not to "vegetate any longer in New England, but to visit the grand West, and there make investments." So very early in the spring, Mr. Woolson joined Mr. Turner and they took a trip together to Chicago, Milwaukee, etc. The next summer we took our "First" and "Second," (leaving our "Third" at Grandma Woolson's) and little Number Four to Cooperstown, and while there, received news of the dangerous illness of Father Woolson, who died before we reached home. . . .

"When you have *Five*
You'll plan and contrive."

In all the sleet, slush, snow and mud of the latter part of a "backward April," Number Five came—a fat, healthy little girl. Ah, the couplet proved true indeed! The increased care of a large family, the settling of Father Woolson's affairs, the continual discussion of the question whether to make a flitting West or not, caused the "planning and contriving" to be very active during the following year.

The autumn after Number Five's birth, Mother made us a short visit and took Number Three to spend the winter in Cooperstown. . . In the following spring we decided to go West and look! We left S—in charge of the house with Numbers Four and Five, placed the "Second" with our friend Mrs. Fiske, took our "First" and left for Cooperstown.

In the preceding winter I had sat for my portrait in oils to a very fine artist, since dead. When completed, all the children knew it at once, even little Number Five clapped her hands, and called out :
 “ Mamma, my Mamma ! ”

Mr. Woolson, however, was not quite satisfied and the artist said he would take another sketch as he *knew* I must have looked several years before, which he did, and *that*, Mr. Woolson liked. . . .

“ When you have *Six*
 You’re in a bad fix.”

After a winter of unusual health and happiness, in the early days of March, came Number Six, a fat, sweet, healthy, little girl. When she was but two days old, scarlet fever appeared in our family, and in three short weeks, three of our dear little ones entered Paradise.

Our “ First,” and “ Second ” recovered and the baby escaped the disease entirely. . . .

My health was so much impaired that it was necessary to leave New England before another winter. We broke up housekeeping, left our “ First ” and “ Second ” with their Aunt Mary Ann. . . took little Number Six and went to Cooperstown, and from there to Cleveland . . . Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Turner had removed to Cleveland, Ohio, to reside, and were very urgent that we should visit them.

Mr. Woolson, myself, Number Six and nurse, spent the winter with Mrs. Turner, and the climate of

Cleveland proving very beneficial, Mr. Woolson made arrangements for making Cleveland our permanent home. In the spring he returned to New England and brought back our "First" and "Second." We took a house, procured excellent servants and, with our children, had once more a home.

In the autumn, Mary Ann, whose health had rapidly failed since the birth of her son, came with her little girl to spend the winter with us, hoping the change of climate would be as beneficial in her case as it had proved in mine.

"When you have *Seven*
You'll wish to be in Heaven."

In the latter part of December, Number Seven arrived, a fat, healthy little girl. Our "First" was anxious to discover in what way she was different from the rest, as somebody had told her that she had a "Buck Eye Sister."*

Before the baby was a month old, our dear Sister Mary Ann died. The next summer all the remaining members of the family left New England. . . .

"When you have *Eight*
You're resigned to Fate."

In a January storm, Number Eight arrived, a fat, healthy little girl. She was with us but one short year—a year of grief and anguish, in which her lovely little caressing ways were the only cheerfulness in our

* Buck-Eye—popular name for the State of Ohio.

sorely smitten household, and then God removed her suddenly into Paradise.

Time passed and brought "healing in its wings," but I could not bring myself to believe in the truth of the next couplet, so soon to be tested by me.

"When you have *Nine*
You'll grieve and you'll pine."

In the sultry heat of early September, when flies buzzed and mosquitoes stung, Number Nine arrived—a small, thin boy, who cried so loudly and squared his fists so fiercely in the first moments of existence that the doctor remarked: "The little chap seems all ready to fight the Battle of Life!"

Congratulations poured in—after eight little girls comes the one boy: predictions of wonderful things by him to be accomplished, verses written upon his birth, etc. I could not but notice the difference—throughout his infancy and childhood—between the sisters and this their only brother. He would not be petted, and made a baby of; he would have play-things that made a noise, so we were obliged to fall back on Number Seven* for our baby petting, and as she was a slender, delicate child, she received it all willingly.

Number Nine was our first boy, and our last child.

* Clara Woolson, afterwards Mrs. Benedict.

Fragment of a Journal kept by me (Hannah Cooper Woolson) of a summer excursion from Claremont, New Hampshire, to Chicago, Illinois, and return to Cooperstown, New York, in the year 1839.

6 o'clock a.m. Chester, Vermont,

June 8th, 1839.

After we left Claremont yesterday, we drove along towards Ashley's Ferry, each of us in a regretful mood ; Georgy, however, may be deemed an exception. I was in trepidation when we descended the hill to the Connecticut River lest the horses might refuse to cross kindly, so Mr. Woolson let us get out, and watch the operation from a distance. My alarm was premature. They behaved with perfect propriety, and we were soon on the Vermont shore. Winding along through the green and luxuriant meadows, we reached Consul Jarvis's. We drove to the door, and the Consul appeared, followed by Miss Ann. The usual kind wishes for health and a happy journey were said, and we bade them farewell. Just as we turned, Mr. Bartlett, Mrs. Jarvis's brother, appeared in time to make a profound bow—our last home recollection. We only stayed at Springfield long enough to water the horses, and drove on to Chester, which we reached at half-past six p.m. The drive all day had been exceedingly pleasant, the grass so green, the trees so luxuriant in foliage, the streams sparkling in fullness, and the air laden with perfume. . . Georgy was

wild with delight, and enjoyed every moment of the day. I must not forget to mention our renewed admiration of the wonderful family picture at the Chester tavern. The Landlady and her Husband in impossible attitudes with a child seated on a low chair between them—all in the most gorgeous attire—the child, borrowed for the occasion, as the Landlady said: “they hadn’t any children, and it would kind of make the picture look prettier, folks thought; and most folks thought they were real good likenesses when they got them air clothes on.” We left Chester soon after six; the morning was fine, and our health and spirits good. As we followed Williams River up to its source among the Green Mountains, we spoke again and again of the pleasures of travelling. Georgy counted how many times we crossed the little river, and excitedly exclaimed, “Thirteen bridges!” Our horses proved excellent in strength, and we pulled up the hills to the “Green Mountain Coffee House,” which we reached at half-past ten. Georgy had been expecting something wonderful, and was greatly disappointed to find that the tavern, with two small buildings opposite, and the necessary barns, comprised all the village of Landsgrove. We lunched here on crackers and milk, cake and pie, and to all, the meal proved satisfactory. The horses enjoyed their rest full as much as we did. We left the high-titled house about two p.m. and again ascended for four or five miles, when we reached the height of land. The drive down the mountain at this time of the year is perfectly

delightful. The road is narrow and winding, now descending into some gorge of barely the width of our carriage—in the very depth of the thick forest, the bending branches brushing the sides of the vehicle; then climbing some eminence, whence we could see hill above hill far away in the distance, all covered with deep forests. The sun broke through the clouds and lit up the whole scene in splendour and the variety of colours and lights and shadows on the surrounding hills was exceedingly beautiful. We stopped for an hour or two at a quiet hotel in Manchester, where Georgy made a bosom friend of a girl of her own age; and so great was the friendship that a parting gift of a long string of blue, yellow and white beads was offered, and would have been accepted, had I not cruelly interfered. At this place, Georgy first forgot her ladylike behaviour, and, in a game of romps with her friend “Elksie,” tore her new travelling dress.

From Manchester, we took the river road to Arlington, a quiet and retired drive along the banks of the Batten-Kill. Manchester is a pretty village amidst grand mountain scenery. We arrived at Arlington about half-past five p.m. Here there is a pretty Episcopal church, and we intended to remain over Sunday, but as usual, whenever I have been here, there is no service. The Church, the tavern, one store and half a dozen houses are all the works of man visible in the place. It is now eight o'clock p.m. and a rainstorm has commenced. We may possibly spend “a rainy Sunday in a country inn” so graphically

described by Irving. Georgy has here found a "Cornelia," more charming than "Elksie," as she owns a tea-set, tea-table, jumping rope, and, to crown all, two young foxes. Georgy has completely severed the breadths of her dress, which I have been obliged to repair—Alas! the trouble of dressing romping girls!

We left Arlington in the morning—the clouds looked dark and threatening. The drive to North Bennington is beautiful—distant mountains, lovely little valleys, fine farms and good roads. From North Bennington, our road lay on the banks of the Wallimsack to Hinsdaleville, which we passed and stopped at the hotel of "W. Henry," directly on the banks of the river. The landlord, a man of seventy, did not make any offers of assistance, and Mr. Woolson had the pleasure of taking entire charge of his horses. The good old dame bustled around, and gave us a lunch of pie, cheese, crackers and milk. While here, a bridal party drove up. The bride was in all the consciousness of full dress—a figured lilac silk, bonnet of the same material trimmed with white roses, a white lace veil, white silk stockings and white gloves. She seated herself opposite the glass where she could constantly admire the beautiful reflection. The husband, poor fellow, looked very sheepish and uncomfortable in his light pants, blue coat, brass buttons and white silk gloves. He was evidently not in "everyday wear," and was much discomfited by the whispered jokes of the "wit" of the party.

We left them and proceeded on our way, and soon reached the macadamized road from Bennington to Troy. This we found in a dreadful state, but by adopting the custom they have here of separating the horses, so that they can bestride the ruts, we were enabled to trot, whereas, otherwise we should have been obliged to walk in the slowest manner. The clouds gathered thickly in the sky, and we hurried on to reach a tavern—into which we had just stepped, and our horses into the barn, when the rain fell in torrents, a severe thunderstorm, which lasted half an hour. When the sun appeared in splendour, we resumed our journey.

The valley of the Hoosack is very lovely, but the road was execrable ; our horses, however, did wonderfully well and we reached "Snyders Hotel" within ten miles of Troy at six p.m.

Here I shall be obliged—in order to present a decent appearance in Troy—to put another dress on Georgy, as she has finished her travelling dress by tearing a hole under each arm. 7 a.m., a lovely morning for our ten miles drive to Troy. . . The whole road from Arlington to Troy is abominable, and right glad was I to catch the first glimpses of the Hudson valley. Here Georgy first saw a train of railroad cars dashing along on the opposite side of the river. They are not permitted to enter the city with the locomotive, but stop on the island and come in by horse power. We drove—in Troy—directly to Brother George's, and the "Cashier" himself was at

the door to welcome us . . . We talked and laughed about all things old and new, until after dinner. . . George is very pleasantly situated. He has quite a large yard for a city house. He told me that his wife had a patch of three or four feet, in which she had planted tomatoes, onions and radishes enough to cover an acre of ground, but the weeds grew so fast that she could not find any of her vegetables. Here, we had strawberries and green peas in abundance.

12 oclock. Of all employments that can be devised, shopping is—to me—the most irksome. I have succeeded in obtaining a bonnet, shoes and dress for myself, and shoes and stockings for Georgy We left Troy at half-past three and drove to the ferry boat. Our horses were very reluctant to go on board, and the backing and whipping that ensued gave me a great fright ; but at last we got on the boat. Georgy here first saw a steamboat. We crossed safely, and began to thread the streets of West Troy to the Schenectady turnpike. We found great difficulty in getting on the right path, and at one time I thought that we should probably spend the remainder of the day skirmishing in the streets of West Troy, but by a bold plunge across a canal, we fairly “hit” the sandy road through the pine plains leading to Schenectady. . . . The drive from Troy to Schenectady is totally uninteresting until within a few miles of the city, where a very extensive view of the Mohawk valley and surrounding hills delights the eye. We came down the hill by Union College. We noticed, as we passed, the

secluded sanctity of the College burial ground ; the white tombs seen through beautiful groves of trees conveyed no unpleasing ideas—all seemed as it ought—a quiet resting place from the sorrows of life. The old city of Durip retains the same appearance it had when I first visited it, a girl of fourteen, and now I am a woman of thirty ! I am thankful that I retain so many youthful feelings—but I am to keep a journal, not to write my biography.

We have a delightful room in which Georgy and I are seated. The child is delighted with the music of an organ grinder, and the singing of his better half. We shall start to-morrow for Duanesbury, but how far we shall get on that awful Cherry Valley turnpike is uncertain.

Cherry Valley.

After a delightful night's rest at Schenectady, we started, and took the cross road to Duanesbury. We had the pleasure of seeing the morning train of cars from Albany descend the inclined plane. We found the roads in much better order than usual. There are some very pretty little nooks—quite romantic—on this route. At Duanesbury we “struck” the old turnpike, and, comparatively speaking, it was in good order. We dined at Schoharie Bridge, and then commenced ascending. This turnpike climbs the highest hills, and runs on more elevated land than any other I know. Of course it commands many beautiful

views, the one for a mile or two before reaching Cherry Valley is truly magnificent. I know of nothing like it except the view from the Caatskill Mt. House. We expected to remain all night at Thrall's Tavern, but as we reached it by five p.m., we determined to push on the twelve miles further to Cherry Valley. Here many old familiar faces greeted us, among them, Black Tom, the friend of my youth. The sight of his "ivory" was gratifying. The prospect of being home to dinner to-morrow, is exhilarating.

Half-past six a.m. Oh, rain, dismal rain, but we are going on, as it is only fourteen miles to Cooperstown. The rain ceased and we left the valley, travelling by the well-known road over the hills to Cooperstown. As we obtained the first glimpse—through the trees—of Otsego Lake, Georgy clapped her hands, and uttered loud exclamations of delight. We wound around the brow of the hill, and the whole scene—village, valley, river and lake—lay in all its loveliness at our feet. As we slowly descended the hill, our eyes were constantly scanning the steps of Deacon Place* and Edgewater, expecting to see someone watching for us. As we drove over the bridge, seeing no one at Mother's, we turned the horses towards Edgewater, when a scream arrested us, and there stood Mother, Cornelia, and our dear little Annie! We turned again and Georgy, being too impatient to wait for the opening

* "Deacon Pomeroy's Place," afterwards "Pomeroy Place," the stone house built by Judge Cooper for his daughter Ann, when she married George Pomeroy Esq. In this house, Mrs. Woolson and her brothers and sisters were born.

of the carriage door, jumped over the wheel, and gave her New York relatives the first specimen of New Hampshire feats of activity.

Annie was evidently delighted, but not a word did she utter until after she had been on my lap about fifteen minutes, when she whispered to me "she had ever so many pretty playthings." As it was nearly dinner time, Mother said we had better dine with her and go to Edgewater after dinner. We did not get away very soon, for Cousin Dick Cooper and his wife, and Mr. Turner* and Julia came in to see us, and time passed away insensibly. Mother had my picture taken out of the box, but the first exclamation from Mother and Georgiana was—"I never should have known it!" However, after looking for some time, they began to discover a resemblance. Mrs. Turner said it looked more like me than anyone else! They all seemed to think they should prefer the "fancy sketch" to the veritable portrait.

* Mr. Woolson's most intimate friend, about whom he wrote as follows.

"Our old friend, Turner was eminently a self-made man, fitting for College and paying his way afterwards entirely by his own earnings, acquired principally by Teaching.

He entered Dartmouth College and remained there one year, during which time he not only kept up with his class, but pursued the studies necessary for his admission to Union College, a year in advance of his standing at Dartmouth. . .

He was remarkable always for a never-failing courage and buoyancy and a pleasing address, rarely equalled.

These qualities proved at several important epochs in his life the "make weights" which turned the scales of fortune in his favour, and his *fortune was made* in an hour or two, because of that pleasing address and hopeful and inspiring views of life for which our friend was so remarkable. . .

Vide p. 176.

* Soon after he was admitted to the practice of law, he was married to the only and charming daughter of Robert Campbell, a man of wealth and high standing, and became his partner in business. But his ambition took a larger range, and he joined eagerly in the movement toward investment in Western lands, which was so general in 1834 and 35. And in those years he made long and toilsome journeys through Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, when most of that region was an untrodden Wilderness.

He made large and judicious purchases of wild lands and town sites, especially at Milwaukee, and realised a large fortune therefrom. But his generous and enterprising disposition led him to engage in numerous new enterprises, and to aid his friends with his money and his credit.

He spent two or three winters in New York City and in Washington, where he was the associate of many of the most eminent and distinguished men of the Land. Among these was Daniel Webster, to whom he lent his name for large sums and with inadequate security. He also travelled in Europe, and upon his return, he found that the crash of 1837 had made such havoc among his numerous debtors and had so depreciated his landed properties, that he "set his house in order," and once more went energetically to work at his profession, choosing Cleveland as his place of residence. He was in no way cast down or dismayed by the great collapse which ruined so many persons throughout the country, but took to his work as cheerfully and hopefully as though he had never thought of any other pursuit. He remained here about ten years and was successful, but he had for many years been a racy and welcome correspondent to the public prints and he was urged to devote himself to that pursuit, and finally in 1848 he became associate Editor and Proprietor of the Cincinnati Daily Gazette.

This connection not proving so congenial to his taste as he had hoped, he finally disposed of his interest and returned to Cooperstown, where the affairs of his deceased Father-in-law required his presence.

He was soon after elected County Judge, an office which he held for several terms with honour to himself and great satisfaction to the people.

During this period he was on the Staff of the N.Y. Tribune, receiving a liberal salary for the product of his Pen, the amount and extent of his contributions being left to his own taste and convenience. The writer has heard Mr. Greely say that he had rarely, if ever, had so satisfactory a correspondent.

When the War broke out and Mr. Stanton was appointed Secretary of War, he asked Turner to go to Washington and assist him in his arduous duties. They had previously known each other in Cincinnati. To this, Turner consented and he received the nominal appointment of Judge Advocate, but his duties were *multifarious* and often of a confidential and highly important character among doubtful friends and concealed enemies. . .

He was a generous-hearted man and a warm and unflinching Friend; a kind Husband and Father and a good citizen. And his abilities were of a superior order.

At last we all walked to Edgewater, and I took possession of my old room. Lib Beall, Ann and Hannah Cooper, Uncle Fenimore Cooper and his daughters Susan and Fanny, came to see us the same evening . . . Edgewater is perfectly lovely. The house is so spacious and finished in such good taste ; the situation so pleasant with the Lake directly before us—to me it is charming !

Dear, dear Otsego Lake, with its beautiful bays, its projecting points and wooded hills, and mirror-like waters. As long as I live, I shall ever love it. The trees and shrubbery in the grounds of Edgewater, with the absence of mischievous boys to annoy them, attract many birds, and the air is filled with their melody. Georgy spends most of her time on the front steps, looking at the lake and hills. Yesterday we were to spend the day at Deacon Place ; as soon as we could obtain leisure from the many callers, we started off. It would only take time and paper to enumerate every caller—I can only say that *everybody* came to see us.

I am pleased to find that my portrait is generally liked—Uncle Fenimore calls it an excellent likeness—Lib Beall says she would know it anywhere ; Father and Mother, now that it is hung in a good light, like it more and more. We passed a very pleasant day at Mother's. I went to all the old play-places—the barn, the wood-shed, the summer-house, and tried again the old swing in the garret. We took tea from the same old-fashioned blue china cups, and I think

the tea had a peculiarly delicious flavour in consequence. Mr. and Mrs. Turner spent the afternoon with us at Mother's, and we had a good many laughs over old frolics. Annie and Georgie played about.

Monday.

A grand menagerie in Cooperstown! A large giraffe, the great attraction. We all went to Mother's to see the elephants cross the bridge—sometimes they refuse to go, but these crossed very quietly. The exhibition opened at 1 p.m. As I had never seen a giraffe, I determined to go with Mr. Woolson and the children, but such a crowd I never was in before! Fortunately, the giraffe was the first animal inside the tent, and having obtained a good look at that, I hastened out with little Annie, glad enough to get once again into the fresh air. Mr. Woolson with Cornelia and Georgy spent the afternoon in the tent.

In all my recollections of Cooperstown, 4th of July, or "General Trainings"* I never remember to have seen anything like the number of people. The unusual appearance of the village streets was quite equal to the menagerie itself. I was so completely

* The militia laws of the state, prior to the Civil War, called for a general gathering of all those enrolled for military duty once a year at the County Seat, for the purpose of a public inspection and drill. This was known as "General Training Day" and was the occasion of bringing together a larger crowd of interested spectators than any other day of the year. The Parade Drill was on Main Street and was impressive to a degree. The usual adjuncts to a show were present—cider, gingerbread and pumpkin pies could be found in the booths, while boys of all ages peddled molasses candy, displayed on waiters with various degrees of attractiveness. A dance in the evening commonly closed the day.

*From a Few Omitted Leaves in the History of Cooperstown by
G. Pomeroy Keese.*

tired out, when I got back to Edgewater, that not even a great "ice cream sale" in the evening tempted me out. But some of the cream was brought to me, which was very acceptable. I finished an interesting work, "Ellen Glanville," this and the third series of Miss Leslie's "Pencil Sketches" are all the books I have read since leaving home. Tuesday.—Unpleasant weather, and I have been employing the day sewing for my little Annie. We have had many callers, notwithstanding the rain. . . Mrs. Keese has been amusing herself altering my caps into fashionable shapes.

Thursday—Quite pleasant. I have called at Aunt Campbell's, Aunt Fenimore's, the Bealls, the Cottage Coopers, Jul Turner's and Richard's. Found everybody at home, and exceedingly enjoyed my calls, and especially the home look of Doughnut Hall,* Woodside, Apple Hill, and Rose Bank—all charming.

Friday.—Mrs. Keese had invited a large party for Cooperstown—eighty persons were expected. The rain commenced falling in torrents soon after dinner

* Doughnut Hall was the name by which the Campbell homestead at Cooperstown was known. It was afterwards the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Turner. One of the most conspicuous houses of this period both from its architecture and commanding situation was Woodside, erected by Judge Morehouse in the early twenties on a site opened up from the original forest. The Judge came rightly by his name, for hardly a year passed that he did not add some building to the property . . . Apple Hill. One of the most attractive of the earlier residences of the village, beautifully situated on a commanding bluff above the river, it was always a favourite property. Owned successively by Richard Fenimore Cooper, John A. Dix, Levi C. Turner, etc. it finally came into the possession of Edward Clark.

G. Pomeroy Keese.

and did not cease until midnight. Notwithstanding, thirty guests managed to reach Edgewater, and we had a delightful evening—the first time in ten years that Lib, Jul and I have been in company together.

Sunday,—I attended Church. Our good clergyman, Mr. Tiffany, is able to preach again. After service Jul and I went into the family burying ground to look at the last resting places of those we had loved in life. I often think how short a time it may be, ere I, too, am laid under the shadow of the stately old pines. Monday.—Incessant rain. Reading and talking have occupied the day. . . We bade our adieus to all. It was arranged that as the stage left at four a.m. and drove ten miles before breakfast, we should have a cup of warm coffee before starting. Dear little Georgy felt so badly at the idea of being left, that it made me very unhappy. I promised to wake her when the stage came for us in the morning, so that she might see us start. We slept quietly all night. When I awoke, I looked at my watch and found it was ten minutes past four. . . As we had not been called, I supposed that we should have time to dress and take coffee at our leisure. . . While I was indulging in these agreeable fancies, the stage came to the door with Mr. and Mrs. Turner and the other passengers all in! Up jumped Mr. Woolson, and we were obliged to pitch on our things, and as there was no fire, or any one up, we had to go without anything to eat or drink—Mr. and Mrs. Keese and Georgy viewing our departure from the windows. The driver

asserted that he came to Edgewater one hour before, according to promise, and rang the bell "until he was tired," but could not wake anybody. We drove along very comfortably to Springfield, where a miserable breakfast was obtained, and then we hastened on to Fort Plain. Here we waited two hours for the cars from Schenectady. When we were finally seated, we could not but notice the difference of whizzing through the country by steam and plodding along after horses. The railroad passes through St. Johnsville, Little Falls, and Herkimer to Utica. At the first place, the cars stop ten minutes and all the passengers rush into the refreshment room—considered the best on the road—ice cream, jellies, cakes, pies—indeed, everything to eat and drink. Little Falls is one of the most wild and romantic places I have ever seen; immense mountains and towering rocks seem to fill up every spot. However, through the narrow gorge pass the railroad, the Mohawk river and the Erie Canal. The river, as if angry, plunges from rock to rock, giving a name to the village. Herkimer is a pretty little quiet rural town. We reached Utica at half-past three, and retired immediately to our rooms, as we did not intend to dine with the rush of passengers from the cars. After resting and arraying ourselves, we had a private table and dined at five o'clock. We walked about the city in the twilight hour, then returning to the Hotel, Mrs. Turner and I each took a Port wine "sangaree" and a delightful warm bath and went to bed.

Utica is a large and flourishing city. Every one seems engaged and alive in the business part of the city, and on the hill are many neat private residences. We left Utica at seven a.m. on the canal packet for Syracuse, June 23rd, 1839. As the railroad for Syracuse was to be opened that day, we had but few passengers and were very comfortable in consequence. No one—from travelling on the canal—could form any idea of the beauty or wealth of the Empire State. Our day's ride, from a combination of circumstances—such as a light load, a cloudy day, etc.—proved very agreeable. We had four chairs placed in the bow of the boat, and Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Woolson and I stationed ourselves there to enjoy all that was to be seen. We did not reach Syracuse until nine in the evening. . The next morning was dark and lowering. The cars for Auburn left at eight a.m., and we had a good look at Salt Lake and Salina in the distance, and also at all the vats for the manufacture of salt, both by evaporation and burning . . At the Auburn depot. . . we found stages waiting for the passengers. Our route took us directly past the fearful State Prison, which is gloomy even to look at. Nothing could induce me to visit it as many do, for amusement or curiosity.

We took dinner at Auburn, and as the rain prevented our going out, we mounted to the cupola of the hotel, where we had a good view of the village and surrounding country. To my taste, there are two great sins in Auburn—one of omission, and one of

commission—the former, in placing the village where not a glimpse can be obtained of the pretty lake so near, and the other, in having the abode of crime and punishment in its bosom.

At Auburn we encountered two old acquaintances—Mr. and Mrs. Vogle, and we concluded it would be more agreeable for our party of six to take an “extra,” and go immediately to Geneva, rather than wait for the regular stage. On we went over bad roads, in the rain, through Waterloo and Cayuga, crossing at the latter place the mile-long bridge. Cayuga Lake is a fine sheet of water and the whole country to Geneva is very pleasant, but the cruel rain prevented our seeing much of it. Before we reached Geneva, we had an animated debate as to which of the hotels we should go to—the Franklin House in the business part of the town, or the hotel on the hill in a more pleasant situation. The gentlemen were in favour of the Franklin on account of its superior accommodations, but they gave way to us ladies, who decided to go altogether for the scenery. Our courage rather failed, as we alighted at the barn-like, dilapidated house on the hill, but we consoled ourselves with the prospect of the lovely views. We were taken into a decent-looking parlour with two small bedrooms attached. We were soon called to tea, and the dirt and desolation of the table made us repent our choice and when we discovered that the house was so surrounded by buildings that we could get no view either of the lake or village, we were completely

chagrined. It rained all the evening, so we could not go out. About nine o'clock after our farce of a tea, we all felt disposed for something in the way of refreshment. The gentlemen descended. Was there any ice cream for sale in the town? Oh, yes; plenty. A liberal portion was ordered to our room. The gentlemen returned, waited half an hour; then Mr. Woolson went to make enquiries and met a waiter with a tureen in a basket, returning from the lower village with the intelligence that no cream was to be found. Mr. Woolson asked—had they any strawberries? No. So upstairs he came, discouraged. Down went Mr. Turner and Mr. Vogle to try their skill. “Did they know how to make egg-nog?” “Oh, yes!” “Well, bring up six glasses.” The gentlemen came back in great glee at their success. Waited another half hour, when a timid knock announced the arrival of the man who said they had no eggs! We concluded then, to retire without delay . . . The next morning, the sun shone brightly, and after a breakfast, similar in quality to the tea, we went to walk through the village by the Seminary and the homes of the Professors. These all commanded a fine view of the lake, which is lovely, but the shores are not bold enough to make it very fine. We left Geneva at 11 a.m. in the stage for Canindaigua . . . The road to Canindaigua passed through a very rich agricultural portion of New York . . . Canindaigua is one of the prettiest villages in the state. It is built principally on two wide streets, crossing each other

at right angles ; beautiful shade trees of every variety, houses set back from the street, with large yards filled with beautiful flowers ; fruits of all kinds, wide, neat side-walks and exuberant foliage everywhere.

We left Canindaigua at 3 p.m. on Sunday for Rochester—nine passengers, and an immense quantity of luggage . . Rochester, as we entered, appeared much larger than we had expected.

Monday Evening.—The first thing after breakfast, Mrs. Turner and myself started on a shopping expedition, but we found the sun so powerful, and the heat and glare of the sidewalks so oppressive that we were glad to limit our walk. We succeeded in buying lace, ribbon and flowers to make a plain travelling cap, and, on our return, combined our efforts to make it up prettily, and succeeded. Frederick Whittlesey, the “Chancellor” called to see us, and urged us to spend the day with him, but we took into consideration that four people brought in to dinner unexpectedly on a Monday, might cause confusion, and therefore declined. After dinner he took us all over the city and pointed out the sights. Geneseo Falls are far more beautiful than I had supposed, but the great rains had much increased the river, and they looked more grand than usual. . . Going up one of the narrow, rough hills, some part of the harness broke, and the horses commenced backing. This of course, frightened me so much that I had no more pleasure in the drive . . . In the morning we were

very undecided which way we would take to Lockport—the bridge road, the rail road to Batavia, and then the stage, or the canal. We finally decided upon the latter, and were obliged to run to reach the boat. . . The day was fine—good air, and not very bright sunshine. The boat was not crowded and we should have had a pleasant time, had it not been for the presence of the “Patriot” General Sutherland. He had just been released from a confinement of fifteen months and was on his way home. We thought him a most disagreeable man—a ceaseless tongue, a loud and blustering voice, a swaggering manner, determined to talk and be listened to by everybody of the Canadian difficulties, and what great things he could, would and should do. The canal passes through several fine towns . . . but we travelled slowly and did not reach Lockport until midnight. I must not omit to mention a bridal party we had on the boat, consisting of the mother, two unmarried sisters, one married sister with her husband, and the bride and groom. The devotion of the newly married pair was excessive ; they sat with their arms about each other, kissing each other frequently, much to the entertainment of the lookers-on.

Lockport is one of the most disagreeable places I was ever in, notwithstanding the wonderful work in the construction of the canal at this point which ought to interest one. From Lockport we went by railroad to Niagara. We went to the Cataract Hotel on the American side. There has been a great mistake in

the location of this house—you cannot see the Falls from it. The hotel on the British side commands a view of the whole.

After an hour's rest, we all walked through the grove to the bank of the river, where we had a fine view of the American Fall. Descending to the river's edge, lingering every step to admire, we seated ourselves in the skiff to be rowed to the other side, as we wished to make sure of so fine a day to view the "world of waters" from Table Rock. The little skiff shot away up the stream, close to the American Fall, and then, striking the downward current, we glided to the landing place in the British dominions. The view of the Falls from the river is sublime and the bounding motion of the boat is so exhilarating that we enjoyed our transit greatly. Armed sentinels stationed on the shore reminded us that we were in another dominion. We pursued our way up the steep hill by a winding road cut in the rock, and on reaching the top, uttered loud exclamations of delight. At length we reached Table Rock. Every thing else sank into insignificance compared with the awful grandeur of the scene before us. We seated ourselves and viewed in silence the immense mass of water falling in one unbroken sheet over the precipice, the white rapids above looking like an angry ocean hurrying to the plunge—the volume of spray rising from below, at times obscuring the whole falls, and then wafting away, giving you glimpses of the river in one mass of foam; the steady thundering

noise, the apparent tremor of the rock on which you are sitting—but there is no use in description—no pen can give an adequate idea of Niagara Falls. The ear must hear and the eye must see to be satisfied.

We remained on the rock a long time, and as we did not expect to be able to cross the river again, we determined to descend the stairs to the river's brink, that by looking up, we could obtain a more correct idea of the height of the falls. We did so, and standing on the slippery rocks, the spray dashing against us, Table Rock projecting over our heads, we looked up in silent awe. At length, we reluctantly retraced our steps to the ferry, and were wafted across to our own country

We left the Falls at three p.m. for Buffalo. The road lay all the way on the banks of the Niagara river, so we passed Grand Island and saw Major Noak's monument, also Navy Island recently so celebrated. We passed Black Rock and reached Buffalo at half-past five. We went to the American Hotel, said to be the best furnished house in the state. We had very fine front rooms, and amused ourselves watching the passers-by—including the evolutions of a Buffalo military company . . .

Buffalo is a large and fine city, but the winds from the lakes sweep over it so violently that it is not considered healthy for people of consumptive tendencies. We have taken passage on the "Cleveland," a splendid boat—she starts this evening. I see by the date

(July 8th, 1839) that we have been absent from home just one month to-day, and have not yet really started for "the West!"

Punctually at eight p.m. the boat left. The best stateroom on board was procured for Mrs. Turner and myself. We remained on deck until ten o'clock, watching the progress through the water . . . In the morning we found that we had passed Erie in the night. Our course ran this day about two miles from the southern shore of Lake Erie,* which is low land covered with forest trees; as many of these trees have been girdled, the coast appears desolate indeed. We made two or three stops at different landings to take in wood . . . The view of Cleveland as you approach is quite pretty. It lies back from the lake on a bluff. We landed at 2 p.m., having made a quick run from Buffalo. We drove to the American Hotel. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Turner and I went to the Presbyterian church, where we heard a singular discourse from a strange clergyman, and met a relative, Tom Pomeroy, who is residing in Cleveland.

* *Vide* p. 190.

*LAKE ERIE IN SEPTEMBER.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sullen beaches!
 Oh, gray and sullen billows, coming rolling, rolling in!
 Oh, are ye not weary of chill September dreary,
 With days so gray the earth knows not when its gray nights begin?

All through the summer noons, all through the summer twilights,
 Came the vessels, snowy winged, gayly sailing, sailing by;
 Your waters then were dancing, your beaches gold were glancing,
 While the south wind blew the sunbeams and moonbeams through the sky.

At times the east wind came, the east wind off the ocean,
 And vessels from Ontario went sweeping, sweeping past—
 From prairies blew the west wind, of all the winds the best wind,
 And Huron's fleet went scudding down the lake upon its blast.

But now your winds are still, your sluggish waves are sullen,
 The cheerless rain, nor fast nor slow, is dropping, dropping down;
 The beach below is soggy, the air above is foggy,
 And one dark ship, with ragged sail, is lying off the town.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sullen beaches!
 Why lie ye here in lethargy, all glooming, glooming pale?
 If not the summer's soft rest, then why not have the tempest?
 If ye cannot have the zephyr, then why not have the gale?

And since the summer's gone, gray sky to winter darken,
 And shadow all these sullen waves to inky, inky black—
 Let these dull forests bristle, as loud the fierce winds whistle,
 And sweep that one dark ship, a wreck, adown the foaming track.

Wake up, wake up, O Lake! and lash your sluggish waters
 In fury, till your whole expanse is raging, raging mad—
 Well may it be wrong-doing if it but be strong-doing!
 Give us one thing or the other: strong! whether good or bad.

For the very heart is sad with this monotone of Nature,
 The very soul is palsied with this half-drawn, half-drawn breath;
 A gray sky is most dreary, a gray life the most weary,
 If all our sunny life is gone, then forth! to fight with Death.

Constance Fenimore Woolson,

Appleton's Journal.

Monday morning . . . Our old friend Washington Beebe called to see us. Time has made but little change in his personal appearance since we last met, twelve years ago. Mrs. Turner and myself followed our usual method of obtaining a view of the town we were in by mounting to the cupola. From this height we had a fine view of the Cuyahoga, the canal, Lake Erie and the city. We decided that Cleveland was delightfully situated. From its being on a bluff, every part commands a view of the lake. When tired of gazing we descended to the parlour, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Beebe called. They invited us to take a drive with them, an invitation we gladly accepted. Washington's oldest son drove his mother, Mrs. Turner, myself and a Mrs. Benedict,* a young married lady friend of Mrs. Beebe's . . . We went on the "Sandusky" in the evening.

The night was lovely—brilliant starlight, the lake perfectly calm, and we remained on deck a long time, at last reluctantly descending to our state-rooms . . . I was awake several times in the night, and heard some one exclaiming "Sinner, turn, why will ye die?" I rose at four, and as our room was very warm, I hurriedly dressed and went on deck. There were but few passengers up, but among them I noticed a man of about thirty, who kept pacing the deck, and who seemed in a state of mental disquietude. I had just stepped to the bow of the boat to look at

* Mrs. George A. Benedict (Sarah Rathbone of Brownville N.Y.), afterwards mother-in-law to Mrs. Woolson's youngest daughter, Clara.

some islands, when a dark object rushed by, and a plunge, followed by the cry, "a man overboard"! startled me and all others. There he was in the broad lake; I saw him strike out, apparently swimming. As soon as possible the steamboat was stopped and the little boat lowered, and then all eyes looked in every direction for the unfortunate, but he was never seen again. We resumed our way, saddened by the thought of a soul having passed so suddenly into eternity. We learned afterward that he was a divinity student, who had become insane, and who was traveling for his health under the care of a friend who had only left him for a moment, when he jumped from the deck.

We passed by the group of islands near the scene of Perry's victory and entered the Maumee river to Toledo, where we arrived at 10 a.m. But we, thinking it best to see something of the far-famed Maumee, stepped on board a small steamer and went ten miles up the river to Perrysburg . . . As the boat approached the shore, I recognized among the waiting groups my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairman. As I had not seen Mrs. Fairman for twelve years, I had no idea that she would know me, particularly as she had no reason to expect that I was in that part of the world. As she came on the upper deck, I put up my veil and said, "How are you, Mrs. Fairman? Do you know me?" But as quickly as I spoke, she exclaimed, "Why, Hannah Pomeroy, where did you come from?"

We sat down together and had a most agreeable chat . . . This meeting old friends accidentally, and spending an hour or two together, recalling old scenes and frolics, is one of the delightful chances you meet with in this Western world, where everybody seems to be moving. We left Toledo in the steamboat "Buffalo" for Detroit. We had fine weather and a fine boat. The Maumee river is very pretty, and the country on its banks one of the richest in the world. It is now, however, very unhealthy, as all rich lands are when first settled, and consequently persons are much prejudiced against it. The wise predict that in a few years it will be the garden of the state.

The entrance to Detroit river is very pretty, and as we advanced through the English channel near the Canadian shores, we were delighted with the beauty of the country, which has been settled a long time. At Fort Malden we viewed the British soldiers and sentinels. The Patriot disturbances have made them uncommonly alert. We passed the island which the Patriots had in possession a short time, and saw their forts and entrenchments. We reached Detroit at 11 a.m. In the afternoon the gentlemen met Mrs. Chester in the street, and in the evening she called with her husband and brother, Lieutenant Morell. She invited us to visit her the next evening. . . We accepted. . The next afternoon, Mr. Turner and Mr. Woolson concluded to drive out to Troy, Oakland County, and return the next day, leaving us at the

Hotel. Before they went, they asked Mr. Morell to escort us to his sister's. We had a charming evening at Mrs. Chester's . . . Saw her mother, Mrs. Morell, Mrs. Horatio Averell from Troy, with her two children, Jane and Watson; also my dearly-loved school friend, Sarah Barnard, now Mrs. Augustus Porter and her husband. Sarah and I had not met since we parted at Mrs. Willard's Boarding School, fifteen years before. I should have known her anywhere . . . Early next morning we received a note from Sarah Porter, inviting us to spend the day with her, saying she would send the carriage for us at any hour we might appoint. We did not like to leave before our husbands' return from Oakland Co., but supposing they would certainly be back before dinner, we wrote to Sarah that we would come any time after four p.m. . . . four o'clock came and Mrs. Porter's carriage, but no husbands—so off we went without them. The Porters live in one of the old French houses built on the banks of the river more than a century ago. It has been a little modernized, and is a charming place. We had a delightful afternoon with Sarah. . . . In the evening, Mr. Turner appeared, but Mr. Woolson was not able to come, as I had, without thinking, carried off the trunk keys, and he could not change his clothes!

Julia and I concluded that Mr. Porter must be very fond of his wife, or he would not have been so devotedly polite to her old friends

The next morning, Mrs. Porter came in her carriage and took us all about the city, which, although so old a town, is only just now undergoing the process of modern improvements. . .

Sunday morning. When we went down to breakfast, the landlord said some friends of ours had come on the night boat—the Beebes. We were much pleased to meet them again. In the morning General Morell called to escort us to church. We were disappointed at not hearing Bishop McCoskney, but had a good sermon from some Professor.

We have met here a Mr. Kimball, formerly of Lebanon, N.H. and with him a fascinating young widow by the name of Hardwicke, from Boston; Mr. Kimball is a married man, and Mrs. Hardwicke is going under his care to visit some friends in Chicago. We are much amused with her gay manners, her ready conversation and the multitude of her admirers.

Monday morning.—Mrs. Beebe said she wished very much to go over to the Canadian shore, as she had been told many things could be purchased much cheaper in the provinces than in the states. . . I accepted the invitation, and Mr. Beebe, his wife and myself, stepped into the ferry boat and were soon in the Royal Maiden's* dominions. Mrs. Beebe went into every shop and asked the price of everything. Finally

*Queen Victoria.

she bought a Highland shawl for herself and one for her little girl and although it was quite a warm day, she was obliged to wear them both, to avoid paying duty on our return ! As we waited in the ferry house for the arrival of the boat, we saw on it Mr. Turner and Mr. Woolson, who had come in search of us. Mr. Turner was so taken with the beauty and cheapness of the shawls, that he ran to the store and selected one for his wife, which I put on over mine, and thus smuggled it across the river. Julia and I arranged many plans for our doings when we should meet again in Cleveland, where Mr. Turner has made up his mind to live for the next few years. I regretted so much to part with Julia—the fascinating “ Widder ” cannot supply her place to me.

The lovely “ Widder ” has taken a wonderful fancy to Mr. Woolson—“ she never in her life met so agreeable a gentleman. Her heart, her heart is gone ! Oh, if Heaven would only give her such another,” etc. . I am compelled to keep strict watch lest the “ Widder’s ” charms and devotion may lead Mr. Woolson to forget he is a Husband and the Father of five responsibilities

July 18th, 1839.

This morning at 9 a.m., Mr. Kimball and Mrs. Hardwicke, young Porter, the eldest son of General Porter (the capturer of Santa Anna), Senator Lyon,

Mr. Woolson and myself, with a multitude unknown, embarked on the splendid steamboat "Illinois," for the upper Lakes. General Morell, Mr. Augustus Porter . . . and many other acquaintances came to the boat to say good-bye.

We had on board a company of U.S. soldiers going to the Fort at Mackinaw. We put off from the wharf in good style, our band playing, banners and flags waving in the air. We passed up the Detroit river by the right side of Hog Island, a pretty island, notwithstanding its name, and were soon in the broad and shallow Lake St. Clair. Our boat got fast twice on the flats, but we worked off with but little delay. The river St. Clair, between the lake and Lake Huron, is remarkably pretty, shores slightly elevated and well wooded. We did not reach Huron until evening, as our passage through the crooked, shallow, narrow channel was necessarily very slow. The Captain of the "Illinois" is considered the best sailor on the Lakes. He is a perfect original, and some of his remarks are irresistibly amusing. As soon as we entered the broad expanse of Huron, we all retired to our respective berths—the fair widow in her fantastic travelling costume, a close-fitting riding habit of blue cloth, the train fastened up at the side to disclose an elaborately embroidered skirt, and the little feet encased in pretty boots with high heels. The jaunty little jockey hat and feather, and buff gloves render her so charming that she levels all

before her. Senator Lyon has been devoted all day. She smiles on all alike, and to all, she is bland, insinuating and confiding.

The next morning we awoke opposite Thunder Bay,* having run nearly one hundred miles during

*OFF THUNDER BAY.

A Legend of Lake Huron 1772.

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat ;
Over old Huron on we go ;
Above, above us the summer clouds float,
Sailing aloft, as we sail below ;
Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,
Wing-and-wing he bears us away ;
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

Her brown hands toy with the flowers in her lap—
Spicy juniper, balsam sweet ;
Her black hair waves from her red-beaded cap
Down to her little moccasined feet,
"Alone with ourselves, alone with our love,
Wing-and-wing through the summer day,
We sail below, and the clouds sail above,
O'er the deep waters off Thunder Bay."

Up on the Evergreen Isle in the north,
The Indian mother silent waits ;
The old French father strides back and forth,
And hails the ship coming through the straits :
"Ho, brave voyageur, our child hast thou seen—
Petite Marie, Flower of the Snow ?
We find but the fringe of her mantle green,
The print of her foot off Tuskenoe."
"Ah, oui, Antoine," cries the voyageur.

"Down on Huron her boat we met ;
But a blue-eyed stranger was with La Fleur,
And all the canvas was southward set,
The wind was fair, the boat sailed at its best,
Wing-and-wing went dancing away ;
They sailed south-east, we were tacking north-west,
We passed each other off Thunder Bay."

O'er the island fort the English flag waves ;
 English soldiers pace to and fro ;
 Behind, the plateau with Indian graves,
 A little French town on the beach below.
 The old commander comes down from the height,
 Hails the vessel with pompous mien :
 " A young subaltern escaped last night—
 A boat sailing southward have you seen ? "
 " Ah oui, Capitaine " cries the voyageur,
 Bowing before the gold-laced form ;
 " We saw a young soldier with sweet La Fleur ;
 We caught the gleam of his uniform ;
 Two lovers behind, and two sails before ;
 Wing-and-wing they vanished away—
 First a sail, then a speck, then nothing more,
 Save the blue offing of Thunder Bay."

The Indian mother soon passed away—
 Passed away with her fading race :
 But year after year, and day after day,
 French Antoine watched with eager face—
 Watched the long point of the green Bois-Blanc shore,
 Watched for his child with longing pain,
 Watched for the sail-boat that came back no more,
 Watched out his lingering life in vain.
 The cross of St. George came down from the height ;
 Stars and Stripes wave in Huron's breeze ;
 A hundred long years have rolled into night,
 A navy dots the fresh-water seas ;
 But still the lake sailors see the white sails,
 Wing-and-wing on a summer day ;
 As the boat glides past them the soldier hails,
 And they hear his song off Thunder Bay.

" We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat ;
 Over old Huron on we go ;
 Above, above us the summer clouds float,
 Sailing aloft as we sail below ;
 Behind us the north-wind sings in our wake,
 Wing-and-wing he bears us away ;
 And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake,
 Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Harper's Magazine.

the night. A fine day with the prospect of reaching Mackinaw in the evening. We ran along through the clear, cold, sparkling waters of Huron, until we came to " Bois Blanc," around which we turned, and into

view came the lovely island of Mackinaw.* Then came bustle and excitement; the U.S. soldiers preparing to disembark, the passengers on the alert to see all they could of the island, while the boat lay to. Our band played a lively tune as the steamer moved up to the wharf amid the admiring gaze of Indians, citizens and soldiers. The whole scene at Mackinaw was novel and delightful—the garrisoned fort on the heights, the old village at the foot of the hill with its stockade enclosures, log houses roofed with bark, countless multitudes of Indians in their

* Travelling westward over the great lakes, we constantly encounter beginnings. The newness of the new world is conspicuous, pleasantly or obtrusively, according to our tastes, but conspicuous always. The cities on the shores are young and precocious, the villages are young and awkward, and the lumber stations are young and green with the freshly-cut verdure of the forest. The universal boast on the fresh-water seas is, "See how young we are!" . . . Coming from the east and striking the lakes at Buffalo, the elderly traveller begins to breathe this juvenile atmosphere of the fresh water, and as he advances westward, he is obliged to abandon, one by one, his cherished beliefs and interests. History there is none, relics there are none, and the oldest inhabitant seems to him but a boy. At first he wonders and admires . . . but gradually he grows weary of the hurry, weary of the paint, weary of unfinished cities and just-begun villages, weary of ambitious words and daring hopes, weary, in short, of the soaring American eagle. In this mood, the elderly traveller is suddenly brought face to face with the old; for in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan, round the corner of Bois-Blanc—lies the ancient home of the Giant Fairies, the little picturesque island of Mackinac, venerable with the memories of more than two centuries.

There is nothing young about Mackinac, nothing new. The village at the foot of the cliff is decayed and antiquated; the fort, on the height above, is white and crumbling with age; the very flag is tattered. There is no commercial activity at Mackinac; the business life of the village died out with the fur trade, and so different is its aspect from that of the other lake towns, that the traveller feels as though he was walking through the streets of a New World Pompeii.

There is no excitement in Mackinac, no news. In summer, if Huron is willing, the boats bring the mails three times a week; but Saginaw Bay is often surly; blustering head winds lie in wait behind Thunder Bay Islands, and days pass without a letter or paper. In winter the mails are carried over the ice on dog trains . . . pictures of arctic life as real as any in the polar regions. . . Thus isolated in the northern waters, the island does not enjoy that vivid interest in passing events which this age of steam and electricity has evoked; neither

politics, epidemics, improvements nor religion disturb its lethargy. Religion has lain dormant where the first missionaries left it; the air is so pure that no one dies under the extreme limit of the term allotted to man; no improvements have been made in a hundred years; and if the islanders do not persist, like the Pennsylvania Dutchman, in voting for General Jackson, it is simply because they have only got as far down the list as Madison . . .

The natural scenery of Mackinac is charming. The geologist finds mysteries in the masses of calcareous rock dipping at unexpected angles, the antiquarian feasts his eyes on the Druidical circles of ancient stones; the invalid sits on the cliff's edge and breathes in the buoyant air with delight, or rides slowly over the old military roads, with the spicery of cedars and juniper alternating with the fresh forest odours of young maples and beeches. The haunted birches abound and on the crags grow the weird larches beckoning with their long fingers—the most human tree of all. Bluebells, on their hair-like stems, swing from the rocks, fading at a touch, and in the deep woods are the Indian pipes, but the ordinary wild flowers are not to be found.

Over toward the British Landing stand the Gothic spires of the blue-green spruces, and now and then an Indian trail crosses the road, worn deep by the feet of the red-men, when the Fairy Island was their favourite and sacred resort. . . .

The island of Mackinac was a sacred spot to the Indians of the lakes. They believed it to be the home of the giant fairies, and never passed its shores without stopping to offer tribute to the powerful genii who guarded the straits. Even now there is a vague belief among the remnants of the tribes that these mystic beings still reside under the island and sometimes sally forth by night from the hill below the fort. . . .

Some years ago an aged Indian chieftain left his Mackinac home to visit some of his tribe in the Lake Superior country, and as he sat upon the deck of the steamer in the clear twilight and watched the outlines of the fairy island growing faint in the distance, the old man's heart broke forth in the following apostrophe, which a listener, struck by its beauty, translated and transcribed on the spot:

"Michili mackinac, isle of the clear deep-water lake! How soothing it is, from amidst the smoke of my opawgun to trace thy blue outlines in the distance, and to call from memory the traditions and legends of thy sacred character! How holy wast thou in the eyes of our Indian seers! How pleasant to think of the time when our fathers could see the stillness which the great Manitou shed on thy waters, and hear at evening the sound of the giant fairies, as with rapid step and giddy whirl they danced upon thy lime-stone battlements! Nothing then disturbed them save the chippering of birds and the rustling of the silver-barked birch. Michili mackinac, isle of the deep lake, farewell."

Appleton's Journal.

*From Mackinac Island by
Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

wigwams on the beach, their babies strapped on boards and stood up against their tents. The enchanting beauty of the scenery in the straits rendered this place to me the most charming I was ever in.

Mr. Woolson and myself left our floating palace for a walk on the island. . . We went by the wigwams, stopping to look at the bead-eyed babies, and the curious implements of domestic use ; and pursued our way slowly up to the Fort. The view from the height of ground is unsurpassed. We went through the Fort grounds and down into the old village by another road. All the associations connected with this spot, the old French residents, the fur traders, the feasting, carousing and revelry in years long past, were brought vividly to our minds while standing amid the very scenes in which they were enacted. The whooping Indians on the beach gave us some idea of the necessity of the old stockade fences with loopholes for guns, which stand about in every direction. We wandered about and did not return until the clang of the steamboat bell gave us a recall. We left Senator Lyon at Mackinaw.

After we had passed out of sight of the lovely island, we gathered together to relate our adventures. The widow had not left the boat ; Mr. Kimball had strolled about and had got some of the copper tribe to row him on the lake in a canoe ; Mr. Porter, who had often been in Mackinaw, had been seeing acquaintances, and he had also been gallant enough to purchase some Indian needlebooks, which he presented to Mrs. Hardwicke and myself.

We sat on deck listening to the band, and watching our passage through the straits until ten o'clock. . .

Next morning at the Manitou Islands in Lake Michigan, where we lay to for three hours to take on wood, all the gentlemen went on shore to gather pretty pebbles and wild flowers for the ladies.

Nearly all day I was quite seasick crossing Lake Michigan, and kept my room. At tea time, having eaten salt fish, said to be a sovereign remedy, I felt better and was able to go on deck. The fresh air quite revived me, and we passed a very gay evening—comic songs, tales and stories, theatrical scenes between the widow and her admirers, all were in play to enliven us. We reached Milwaukee Harbour at half-past ten p.m. and fired a gun to give notice of our arrival, as so large a boat as the “ Illinois ” cannot cross the bar in the river. The little steamboat “ Badger,” and two lighters to carry the freight, put off to take us up to town. We left the widow on board the “ Illinois ” and a *very* pathetic parting scene we had !

The “ Badger ” was a horrid little high pressure boat, with steam puffing out of it in all parts, so that our clothing was perfectly wet by the time we reached the landing Finally we reached the Milwaukee Hotel, at two o'clock on Sunday morning, and went to bed as soon as possible.

Directly after breakfast, Mr. Woolson went off to find Fenimore.* I had soon the pleasure of seeing

*Fenimore Pomeroy, Mrs. Woolson's younger brother.

him. In the afternoon, Fen. and I went to the Episcopal service which was held at the Court house ; they have at present only lay reading. I think Milwaukee the prettiest place I have seen since I left Cooperstown ; beautiful views of the lake and rivers, and an amphitheatre of hills around ; abundance of pure water and a steady climate. With all these natural advantages what can prevent its becoming the finest place in the West ? Captain Blake of the " Illinois " said that five to one landed at Milwaukee, that all the bone and sinew of the country stopped here, that every man who came on board with a wheelbarrow and chest of tools was sure to land at Milwaukee ! One reason Milwaukee appears more lovely to me than other western places is the elevation of land about it, and the green forests ; I think our whole party will report favourably of this " Oasis of the West."

Monday. Mr. Woolson has been running round, trying to find where to pay the taxes on his land. Tuesday, we drove about to his lots on the bluff near the Light House, overlooking Lake Michigan. I am determined to keep hold of this Milwaukee property, if we can do so . . I am sure, by the time our daughters grow up, this will be a handsome provision for them. The climate of Milwaukee, I am told, is delightful—refreshing breezes from the Lake during the summer ; winter does not set in until the latter part of December, when they have an even

temperature and light snow enough to make steady sleighing, but daily bright sunshine.

Our last day in Milwaukee was very pleasant ; Mr. Woolson spent it in finishing up all the little odds and ends of his business ; I . . . spent the day in reading, walking and calling. After tea, Fen. came for me, and after our calls were finished, my cousin William Campbell, dubbed the " Judge," Fen. and I had a lovely moonlight walk, and then the " Judge" and " Dr." escorted me back to our hotel . .

The " Great Western " arrived on her way to Chicago, and the Captain sent his yawl ashore for passengers. We were all in readiness, but Mr. Kimball had gone out on some business. We told his man that he had better find him, but to all our suggestions, he only said, " Oh, I guess there's no hurry."

So down to the boat we went with our luggage, escorted by " Judge " Campbell, and " Doctor " Pomeroy. When we arrived at the " Great Western," we bade them a reluctant adieu. We told Captain Walker that a gentleman had been left behind, but he said he had sent his boat for the passengers, and that he could wait no longer. Off we moved, and as we did so, we espied a little boat in the river, which by the celerity of its movements, both in sails and oars, we supposed contained the anxious and disappointed Mr. Kimball . . .

We soon lost sight of Milwaukee. We touched at Racine, a prettily situated place, and at Southport.

From there we ran near the Wisconsin shore to Chicago. These shores are beautiful green sward, free from underbrush, with oak trees scattered about, which give it the appearance of an old settled country.

Chicago looks pleasant as you approach from the water, but I was most impressed with the appearance of the prairie beyond it, which stretches twelve or fourteen miles in every direction, not a tree to be seen. You can scarcely be persuaded that the blue haze in the distance is not water—only prairie! As the boat was to remain but one day in Chicago, we decided to remain on board . . Mr. Woolson went ashore to inform some more cousins, George and Theodore Campbell, of our arrival. They came directly to the boat, and although we had not met for six years, the recognition was mutual. We took a moonlight stroll through the streets of Chicago, but found the deep sand somewhat objectionable. . .

Next morning George asked me to take a drive on the prairie. I was delighted and accepted the proposal. George ordered the carriage, and was so polite as to send for some ice cream, on which we feasted until the carriage arrived . . . George and I drove nine miles to the Widow Berry's. How very much I enjoyed my novel drive over a prairie! . . . We stopped to call on Mrs. Arnold, who in her maiden days as Miss Dorrance, resided at Cooperstown. She professed much joy at seeing us, and said she should come to the boat before we left. We then returned to the "Great Western" and George bade me adieu.

I established myself comfortably in the saloon. Mr. Woolson had been to the Lake House to look after the widow, but she was taking her afternoon nap, and he did not see her. Very soon the widow appeared with her brother, Mr. Wilde. Great was her joy to see us, still greater her indignation that we had not informed her the instant of our arrival, etc. She urged us to take tea with her at the hotel, but as I had declined an invitation from Mrs. Arnold, I could not accept.

She attitudinized about the boat to the admiration of all hands on board, and finally left us, after having sung thrillingly to Mr. Woolson, "Must I leave thee, dearest?" . . . We were obliged to go with our great boat up through the city into the fork of the river before we could turn around, and great was the commotion our high pressure engine created, frightening cats, dogs, horses, women and children!

Just as the boat was giving its last puff, preparatory to make headway, a furious blowing of horns announced the arrival of the stage from St. Louis. As the driver never ceased blowing, and whipping his horses, Captain Walker waited a few moments for the passengers. Out jumped a number of gentlemen from the stage and rushed to the boat, while the porters threw on their luggage. Mr. Woolson had gone to the bar to get me some ice water; I heard a tremendous shout, and along came Mr. Woolson with Mr. Fiske and Mr. Stimpson, who were among the stage passengers desirous to get on this boat for Detroit.

We got out of the difficult channel and harbour before dark . . . It must take an enormous amount of money to make a good harbour at Chicago—sand bars are so continually forming . . . As soon as we were safely in the broad lake, we retired to our rooms.

We awoke Sunday morning at Grand River, which we entered as far as Grand Haven, a little village among sand hills, where we lay to for five hours, taking on wood. From thence we proceeded without stop to Mackinaw . . . From Mackinaw we went into Lake Huron and reached "Presque Isle" about dark. Here we wooded again, and all went on shore to pick up the pretty pebbles that line the beach. The next morning we awoke just below Saginaw Bay, made a grand run all day through the lake and river St. Clair, reaching Detroit at eight p.m. Mr. Woolson rushed to the Post Office . . . and I stood on the deck with the other ladies, listening to the shouts of the different hotel porters. . "Baggage for the National Hotel, Gentlemen; pass the baggage for the National, carriage waiting;" "Baggage for the Exchange, Gentlemen; carriage waiting;" and so on—cries for all the hotels in the city, and all yelling at once.

It so happened that in all our boat load but two persons were to stop in Detroit; so after they had all screamed for half an hour for our amusement and no profit to themselves, they disappeared with their carts and carriages.

Captain Walker has been very polite and attentive ; he has given me the seat next to him at the head of the table, therefore I speak " with partiality."

We have had on board with us from Chicago a Mrs. and Miss McClure, Mrs. McClure is a small, fair woman of eighteen with a great fat baby boy, nearly two years old. Her husband could not accompany her, and she has started with this child and her husband's sister to go to Brookfield in Massachusetts. Mr. Woolson has taken the principal charge of the child since they started, and I don't know how Mrs. McClure can get along after we leave them, as the boy is so full of mischief, and she so delicate and fragile.

Mr. Woolson found a letter from Claremont at the office, containing good reports of the dear children at home.

Mr. Augustus Porter came on the boat while we were at Detroit, and expressed great regret at our not stopping, but we told him that we might live in his place at some day not far distant !

At 11 p.m. we left, and awoke the next morning at Huron on Lake Erie. This place is where Captain Walker lives, and here he has built three steamers, the last of which is this splendid " Great Western."

There came on board here several women, among them the Captain's wife's sister, with whom we were destined to be amused.

At dinner I took my usual seat without thought, and as Mr. Woolson was not quite ready, his seat

next to mine was turned down for him. The Captain's wife's sister walked up, and twitching out the chair, said, "I am not going to the foot of the table, I can tell you." Of course, Mr. Woolson, when he came, sat somewhere else. She left the table before us and when we returned to the saloon, we found her declaiming in great excitement—"She guessed she would have the head of the table! She'd have it altered before tea-time—she'd speak to the Captain and Steward both. She guessed if it was anybody's business to go down, it was the passenger's, not hers. Our boat! It was a pity if she couldn't have the best seat." At tea all watched with some interest the development of the plot. Captain Walker had kept my seat for me as usual, and the wife's sister looked like a perfect fury.

We did not touch again until we reached Cleveland . . . A violent thunderstorm gave us some apprehension of a rough passage, but when we left Cleveland harbour, our boat moved so steadily that there was no possibility of seasickness.

Some forty or fifty came on at Cleveland, making our boat uncomfortably full. Several of these persons told Captain Walker that they came from motives of curiosity to see so large a boat, although they knew they should have reached Buffalo sooner, had they gone on the "Chesapeake," which left the harbour just before us. The Captain said, "perhaps they would." This, however, roused the Captain, and although he said nothing, we could see it was his

intention to be in Buffalo first, if it was in the power of steam to accomplish it . . . In the evening, we noticed the lights of a steamer we were passing. We were much amused at the Captain's pretended indifference. While we were all looking at it, he came up and I said : " Captain, we are passing the Chesapeake ! " " Indeed ? " said he in pretended surprise, " so we are ! "

Just as if, as Mr. Woolson said, he had not been downstairs for the last hour, sitting by the engine to accomplish this very end !

We reached Buffalo at nine a.m. and here we had a repetition of the scene at Detroit.

We decided to go by stage to Batavia, and from there by railroad to Rochester.

. . . Dr. Porter, Mrs. Gardiner, the Rev. Dr. Lansing with wife and child were to go on the stage with us.

We took an affectionate adieu of kind Capt. Walker, and, receiving a withering look from the " wife's sister," we left the Great Lakes and the " Great Western," and seated ourselves once more in a stage coach.

It was a lovely day, good coach, good roads. We enjoyed the ride to Batavia greatly. Dr. Lansing's little girl reminded us so much of our " Menny Get."* She was just about as slender, and seemed just as

*Gertrude Woolson, Mr. and Mrs. Woolson's " No. 4."

much to need protection. She also always said "Dear Papa" like Getty. We took a great fancy to her. . . .

Our road all day has been through a country filled with immense wheat fields and orchards laden with plums and peaches.

We remained at Rochester until the next afternoon . . . when we left by stage for Auburn . . . Then we were whizzed along in the cars to Utica.

We left Utica the next morning . . . for Fort Plain, dined and took our seats in the stage for Cooperstown. We were the only passengers, the road was excellent, and when we came to dear Lake Otsego, it never looked more lovely.

As we came down the hill by the bridge, I waved my bag, and out rushed from the door of Deacon Place—Mother, Cornelia, Georgy and Annie.

Thursday the eighth of August, 1839. Dear Father's sixtieth birthday! Mr. and Mrs. Keese and Roy dined with us at Deacon Place on a poultry dinner. . . Roast ducks, broiled chickens, boiled chickens, new potatoes, corn, succotash, squash, cucumbers and onions—bread pudding, raspberry pie, strawberry tarts, claret and champagne. We had a variety of toasts, and the dinner passed off pleasantly. In the evening we all took tea at Uncle Fenimore's; met there the Bealls and the Cottage Coopers.

Saturday. Father, Mother, Mr. Keese, Georgiana and Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Sabina Comstock and little Sabina, Ann Cooper, Mr. Woolson and myself and little Annie with a suitable quantity of well-filled baskets, embarked at the outlet of Lake Otsego for an excursion to Three Mile Point. We safely landed on that delightful spot, where so many happy, happy hours have been spent. . . .

We had a delightful time at the Point. Julia and myself followed up the romantic path in the woods and turned down to the brook in search of the Tree where the names of "Our Society"* were placed fourteen years before; and we found it—our initials as plainly discerned as if fourteen days rather than years had elapsed. How well I remember the time they were carved, and all of us pledged ourselves to visit that tree every time we came to the Point.

* "Our Society."

In what was called "The Big Parlor" of Deacon Place (afterwards "Fenimore" of Pomeroy Place) Cooperstown, New York, on November 15th, 1825, the following persons associated themselves together and formed a Society, which was to be kept according to its Constitution and Laws so long as any two of its members were living. This association was named "The Society of Fine Arts, of Elegant and Precious Literature." . . .

Rules of the Society.

To write to each other on every 15th of November, Should we continue to be residents of the same village, the notes must be in rhyme; should a separation have occurred, letters might be accepted. On the evening of the 15th of November each year, any members of the Society who happened to be in the same town must meet together, and with closed doors attend to any business relating to the Society. Hickory nuts and Madeira wine, the only refreshments permitted.

Of the original Society of Fine Arts and of Elegant and Precious Literature there are three members living at this time, (November 1871), all widows—Mrs. Beall of Wisconsin, Mrs. Turner of New York and Mrs. Woolson of Ohio. These three have faithfully kept the Laws of the Society through all these long years, and write to each other on every 15th of November. The day so long observed is the birthday of Mrs. C. J. Woolson.

From Mrs. Woolson's Journal.

- E.C. Emma Clark, died in 1833.
 E.F.C. Elizabeth F. Cooper.
 1825 H.C.P. Hannah C. Pomeroy.
 J.A.C. Julia A. Campbell.
 J.A.R. Jane A. Russell, died in 1833.
 G.C. Gold Cooper, died in 1832.

Elizabeth, Julia and myself are the only survivors of this gay society. After making a rural repast in the old fish house, we re-embarked, and moving down the Lake, stopped at the Echo, whom we found as affable as ever. Little Annie and Sabina were almost frightened at the audible responses of the Lady of the Rock.

We reached the outlet just before dark, and in the evening attended an ice cream sale, to eat as much as we could for the benefit of the Episcopal Church! Sunday we all went to church. As we were intending to leave for New Hampshire on Monday, our parlour, in the evening, was thronged with relatives to say goodbye . . .

Monday. Rain, rain, rain! No leaving to-day. Uncle Fenimore came in to say another goodbye.

Thursday—a lovely morning!

Here ends the Journal.

A GHOST STORY.

IN the summer of 185— we moved into a house more agreeable to us, from its location, than the one we left. The house itself was one of the common kind—parlours with folding doors, dining-room in the rear, and basement kitchen; above, bed-rooms over the parlours, not communicating with each other, smaller rooms over the dining-room, and attic rooms for the servants. I selected the room over the back parlour for myself and husband, giving the two rooms in the rear to my younger children and reserving the front room as a “guest chamber.” But when, in the autumn, my eldest daughter returned from school in New York, and entered upon her young lady life, I deemed the event sufficiently important to fit up the guest chamber with the dainty little belongings so dear to young girls, and to install her as mistress of the same.

A very beautiful cousin from Wisconsin had been invited to pass the winter with us, and Georgie, my daughter, deferred taking possession of the room until Mary’s arrival.

In October Mary came, and both the girls were delighted with the comfort of their apartment, and promised themselves much pleasure. After two or three days, one morning at the breakfast table, Mary said: "Georgie, what were you doing in the night? I heard you rustling about the room, but I was too sleepy to speak."

"I was not up," said Georgie, "I did not wake all night."

"Some one was in the room, I am very sure," said Mary.

We all laughed and told her she was probably dreaming.

She said "No, indeed!" but we did not believe her.

A few mornings afterward, Georgie said: "Now, Mary, what were *you* doing rustling about the room last night? You accused me of sleepwalking, but last night I heard you very plainly. After listening to your movements for some time, I spoke, and you must have got into bed very quietly, for when I put out my hand, you were there. But *why* didn't you speak, and what were you doing?"

"I can say as you did that I never woke all night long, and know nothing of this mysterious prowler."

We all entered very earnestly into the discussion of this matter, but decided that "the rustling," which they both agreed sounded like the moving about

of a woman's garments, must have been caused by some current of air moving the curtains—and let the matter pass.

The repetitions of these peculiar sounds were quite frequent during the winter, and the girls tried in all ways to account for their occurrence. When one was awakened by this unseen woman's "rustling," she would quietly wake the other and both would listen intently to discover the exact spot where the sound came from—but always, they said, the Unknown appeared to move about the room. When they kept the light burning, they never heard her.

One day I was sitting in their room, and as usual, we had been trying experiments to produce the same sounds by day, but without effect, when I remarked :

"Your visitor ought to occupy this chair, and then you could at all events know *where* she was."

The chair was an old wooden rocking chair, that, from age and infirmity, made a most peculiar wailing sound when any one rocked in it, loud enough to be heard in the next room.

That night I was awakened suddenly, and in an instant I heard the rocking of this chair continuously for five or six minutes.

The next morning I said to the girls : "Were either of you ill or wakeful in the night, or did you try to alarm me by rocking in the old chair ? "

They assured me that they had not been awake, neither had they heard any noise whatever.

"Then the ghost rocked for me, especially," said I, and for the first time I acknowledged feeling startled.

And so this matter continued all winter, and the "ghost" became a household word.

In the spring, Mary returned to her home; Georgie and other members of the family travelled about, and the ghost was left in solitary possession of the apartment.

The following autumn my daughter was married and went into her own happy home.

Early in the winter we invited a young Episcopal clergyman (who had recently assumed the charge of a parish in the city) to spend a few weeks with us and the first morning after he had occupied *the* room, he made this inquiry: "Did you come into my room last night, Mrs. Woolson? I heard someone rustling about."

"No," said I.

"Probably," he continued, "some member of the family came in to get something from the room that had been forgotten."

I let the matter pass for the time, but after he had been similarly disturbed several times, I told him the whole story, and during the remainder of his visit, he, too, tried all means to ascertain the nature of these noises, but without success, and when he left, he laughingly said: "It must be a ghost, and perhaps will make itself visible sometime."

The following spring, a brother of my husband's came to the city. He was not very well when he arrived, and he was with us a month before he could return to his home.

The first morning, after a night in the room, he said : " Who came into my room last night ? "

" No one that I know of."

" Oh, yes, I heard some one rustling about for a long time." As he was not well, we did not dwell on the subject, but a few mornings afterwards, he again remarked :

" Someone was certainly in my room last night, for I was awake, and distinctly saw the door open, though I could not tell who came in, but supposed it to be a woman, from the rustling of her clothing."

" Why didn't you speak ? " said I.

" I did, but all noises instantly ceased."

One morning he came to breakfast quite excited and said :

" I do believe, Sister, there are ghosts in that room, for last night, I not only heard them and saw the door open, but a head covered with short, dark hair was lying on the pillow by my side. The back of the head was towards me, and I looked at it some little time in the faint moonlight . . Then I reached out my hand towards it, and it vanished."

Many other times during his visit he had similar visitations or illusions, as you may choose to term them.

The succeeding summer, my second daughter, after a few months of wedded life, came, a widow, to her father's house, and during the short time that God spared her to us, she lived in that room, and in that room she died. She often spoke, not only of hearing, but of seeing peculiar objects. Then one morning she spoke of a head of short dark hair being on the pillow by her side during most of the night, vanishing when she tried to touch it, but coming again when she was still. One night she saw the door open and a figure move across the room, and very frequently until her death, she spoke of her nightly visitors. She seemed to take pleasure in the thought of spirits coming to her from the unknown world, to which she was so rapidly hastening.

After her death the room was closed for many months, and we made arrangements to give up house-keeping and to travel for two or three years on account of the health of the remaining members of the family. Just before we had perfected our plans, a gentleman and his wife from New Hampshire, friends of my husband's, came very unexpectedly to Cleveland. They were on their way to Chicago, and intended only to pay us a call. But we persuaded them to stop with us for a day or two, and hastily made the room ready for our guests. They, of course,

had never heard anything of the peculiarities of the room. At the breakfast table the next morning, Mrs. Fiske said :

“ I was awake last night when you came into my room, Mrs. Woolson, but you moved about so gently, that I knew you thought I was asleep, so I did not speak.” I said ; “ No, I did not enter your room.”

“ It was probably then, one of your girls, for I distinctly heard some one rustling about.”

The next morning both Mr. and Mrs. Fiske spoke of someone again being in their room, and as they left the same day, they probably thought me a careless housekeeper who had to send for forgotten articles, stored in my guests' bedroom.

In a few weeks we left the house, and I never heard whether its subsequent occupants had any mysterious nightly visitors.

How all these extraordinary coincidences are to be explained, *I* cannot tell.

From Mrs. Woolson's Journal and from Letters
Written by her during the Seventies to Members of
the Mather Family.

St. Augustine.

YOU have heard of our delightful sojourn in N.Y.
In Philadelphia we took a general look at the
city, and I am sure saw the same white steps,
and white blinds I noticed during my last
visit, forty-four years ago. We went to Washington
by the "Air line" road (so termed, we decided, because
most of the rails were deep in the bowels of the earth),
passing under the city of Baltimore by tunnels, and
everywhere sinking as deeply in embankments as
possible. We reached Washington before dark and
went to the Arlington Hotel, had excellent rooms and
went early to bed. Next day we took a carriage and
saw everything—the Capitol, the pictures in the
Rotunda, the Agricultural grounds, the Smithsonian
Institute, the White House; and here, just as we
were going out of the grounds, we met General Grant,
with his head bowed—his hands deep in his pockets,
talking earnestly to a gentleman. . . We ordered our
driver to turn round and walk the horses, so we pro-
ceeded abreast, staring at him (noticing that he

looked very serious and careworn, and *did not* have a cigar in his mouth) until he reached the White House, when the door flew open as if by magic, and the great man entered.

We also took a look at all the public buildings, drove through the Navy Yard, and lastly went to what was the Ford Theatre, where Lincoln was shot, and the house opposite, where he died. . . .

We left Washington at 7 a.m. on the steamer. Another beautiful day—passed down the Potomac, saw Mount Vernon and all other points of interest. Took the railroad at Quantico and reached Richmond at half past 1 p.m. All the way from Quantico to Richmond we passed through places of interest in the War, and our intelligent conductor pointed them out. Had excellent rooms at the Exchange Hotel, and after dinner Constance and Clara sallied forth and bought newspapers and guide books. Next morning, we took a carriage, and drove first to the National Cemetery where so many thousand U.S. soldiers, gathered from all the battle fields in Virginia, lie buried. This cemetery is kept in beautiful order by the Grand Army of the Republic. It is sad however to see so many graves marked “2 Unknown U.S. Soldiers,” “3 Unknown U.S. Soldiers,” etc. We drove all about the city, saw the celebrated monuments, went upon Libby and Church Hills to see the beautiful views of the city, country and James River ; went to the Libby Prison. . . . Then we drove to Hollywood Cemetery, the old Richmond burying

ground, where the Confederate officers were buried. Presidents Munroe and Tyler lie here, also many distinguished in the late War. . . .

Richmond streets are all up and down hill. I had no idea the city was built upon hills until I saw it. Again we had a beautiful day, and were so pleased with Richmond, we should have much enjoyed a longer visit, but rather than make the early start at five a.m. the next day, we decided to leave on the 2 p.m. train and go to Weldon on the borders of North Carolina, which we did. Every one said before we left New York : “ Oh, you will get along comfortably until you leave Richmond, then you will be obliged to go through day and night, for there are no decent stopping-places.” We looked upon Weldon, therefore, as an experiment. Arrived there just at dusk, found a comfortable house with a bright open fire of pine knots in the parlour. We had an excellent supper, good beds, and I think we were all asleep by nine o'clock. Next morning we took the train at nine a.m. We were so much pleased with this experience, that we decided to try the next night at Flemington. All this day's ride was most interesting to us because so new in every respect. The great pine swamps, the rude stills for the making of tar and turpentine ; the swarms—at every station—of curious-looking negroes ; the occasional cotton fields—which disappointed me greatly. The plant is very low, and all the cotton pickers had to stoop in a very wearying position. I was only thankful that the days of

overseers with the lash were abolished. Why I should have imagined cotton fields beautiful, I know not, but they cannot compare with our golden wheat or corn fields in beauty.

The Pedee and Santee and other rivers took me back to my geography days. We reached Flemington about 6 p.m. A tall landlady ushered us into a room illuminated by a fire of pine logs. In answer to our request for two rooms and supper, she flew about with a train as long as a comet of coloured satellites, the foremost always called by his full name of "Fitzsimmons." One old darky carried up water, one, bed linen, one, wood, etc. to our rooms. Very soon we had a really delicious supper of fresh fish, tender chickens, eggs, griddle cakes, etc. which we enjoyed greatly. Then we went to our rooms, *climbed up* to our beds, and knew nothing until Fitzsimmons knocked to light a fire for us to dress by. We had a good breakfast and took the train at eight a.m. feeling much better than if we had travelled all night.

We reached Charleston at 4 p.m. and went to the Charleston Hotel. After dinner Connie and Clara went out for papers and guide books. Next morning we walked about the narrow streets, where old negroes sat sunning themselves in every corner; climbed to the top of the Orphan Asylum, and sat down to enjoy the view of the city, the Ashley and Cooper rivers, the harbour, Forts Sumpter and Moultrie.

After impressing this lovely scene upon my mind, we descended the many steps, our coloured guide "not allowed to take any money." We paused in the grounds to look at the statue erected to William Pitt by the Charleston people, just after the abolishing of the Stamp Act in England. It has but one arm, and is otherwise mutilated. After my long climb, I returned to the hotel and did not venture out again. Constance and Clara went to the Battery, the harbour, the burnt district, and all about.

We left Charleston the next morning and reached Savannah at half-past three p.m. On this day's ride we saw everywhere the trees covered with the long, grey moss, and we also met our first detachment of sick people fleeing south, some of them so hopelessly ill, that we wondered how they dared to leave home.

We had intended taking—from this point—a steamer, by the inland route to Jacksonville, but found that no other train left except the one at half-past nine p.m., reaching Jacksonville the next morning. Of course we had no alternative but to take for one night a sleeping car. . . .

Charleston has narrow paved streets, very little business, scarcely anything to be seen but negroes. Savannah has broad, mostly unpaved streets of deep sand—plank roads on some of them, a bright, open, sunny, cheerful, busy-looking city.

We left that afternoon, stopped about eight o'clock at a station where we had supper, and then

retired to our sections, for fortunately for us, there were so few passengers on the train, that we each had a whole section, and so passed the night with much greater comfort than we anticipated, and awoke the next morning just in time to take our breakfast at Baldwin, then on to Jacksonville. We crossed in the night the "Suwanee river, far, far away." Jacksonville is now the largest town in Florida, mostly rebuilt since the war—a modern, flourishing town. We stopped at a large hotel called "The National," a four-dollar-a-day house, aping all the style and rules of a New York City Hotel. . . .

It was probably got up in the hope of arresting many Northerners by its flourish. As the rush has not yet commenced, our party, and one other of three members, were all the occupants of the big dining room, and the head waiter, a coloured man with very much watch chain, had a delightful time attitudinizing. One coloured boy stood in front with his brush to disperse flies, and the others rushed to supply our wants; but for appetizing cooking we preferred the tall landlady's at Flemington. We were obliged to stay in Jacksonville until the next morning at nine, to take the steamer "Florence" on the St. John's river. We think the landlords at Jacksonville pay the boats to go an hour or two before the arrival of the train, compelling everyone to remain a day.

Again a bright lovely day on the St. John's, which instead of being a calm, sluggish stream is a broad, turbulent, coffee-coloured river, with a

tremendous current. We got seats at the stern of the boat, and looked at everything; Mandarin, Mrs. Beecher Stowe's residence, Glen Cove, and all other places of interest. Passed many orange groves, the trees loaded with fruit; looked for alligators, but only saw cows and pigs standing placidly in the water by the shores. On the boat there were many darkies apparently enjoying with great gusto sugar cane. They would have a large piece of cane—five or six feet in length, break off a joint, peel off the outer husk or rind, and bite the white fibre as one eats bananas.

We reached Tocol at one o'clock, got directly on board the horse cars and were a little over two hours in reaching St. Augustine.

Yesterday I devoted to resting. Constance and Clara investigated every boarding house in the place, and having the entire choice of the town, as we are the first comers, we have taken rooms at Mrs. Fatio's; we shall probably move there this afternoon.

Connie, Clara and I each have a pleasant room with open fire. I have not seen them, but I know I shall like the quarters.

Thus, you see, dear Libby, I have brought you all the way to St. Augustine. When I write you again, I will give you my impressions of this city.



MADAME FATIO'S HOUSE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

AFTER A WATER COLOUR SKETCH BY LAVINIA LIVINGSTON STEEL KELLOGG.

St. Augustine, *Jan 2nd.*

Last evening came the acceptable New Year's gift, a letter from yourself. Your aunts Constance and Clara gathered around the centre table in my room and discussed Christmas days of old,* brought to our minds by your letter. Especially we laughed at the Christmas in the old Kelly Mansion, when Robinson, the Big Picket, after working like a slave all the evening, was obliged to go home before supper, having nothing but a cup of very strong black coffee for his refreshment.

Yesterday, it rained furiously and continuously all day. Your Aunt Clara had accepted an invitation to dine with Mrs. Colonel Frank at the Barracks. "Nothing but death will excuse the non-fulfilment of an accepted dinner engagement," is an old saying. There being no close carriage in the city, she was obliged to engage the omnibus that conveys passengers to the station, in order to reach her destination.

* Christmas, too, is coming with all its memories. . But I have so much to be thankful for in Mother's renewed health and in the success that has come to me, limited of course, but very great when you think that it lifts all pecuniary cares off my mind. With the money I earn by my pen, Mother and I are entirely comfortable in our quiet way: without it, we should be very much cramped, and every day an anxiety. To be sure, our income is small, but if it is sufficient for our wants, that is all that is necessary. Do you remember Mr. Micawber's saying: "Suppose a man's income be twenty shillings; he spends twenty shillings and sixpence—Want! He spends nineteen shillings and sixpence—Affluence!" . . .

I have been studying ferns and have become quite an enthusiast. This winter I am going to learn to play chess! Don't you see how I am providing for a solitary old age!! . . . Now I am going out to walk on the pine barrens and to see the sunset.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Mather.

PINE-BARRENS.

Abroad upon the Barrens, the Florida Pine-Barrens,
 Where all the winds of heaven come to gambol wild and free,
 With none to watch their races, save the flowers whose little faces
 Look up with wonder as they rush across from sea to sea.

Abroad upon the Barrens, how wide the mighty heavens !
 A thousand times more sky above than hangs o'er any town,
 For nothing breaks its clearness in the farness or the nearness,
 From zenith to horizon far rounding bluely down.

Abroad upon the Barrens the Southern pine-tree ripens
 Its spicy cones in plummy green that swayeth soft on high :
 Not closely set in vistas like its sober Northern sisters,
 But each alone in feathery grace against the tropic sky.

Abroad upon the Barrens the saw-palmetto reddens
 The ground with armed ranks that firm for centuries have stood ;
 They kneel and pray to Heaven that their sins may be forgiven,
 Their long green knives in readiness, bold outlaws of the wood !

Abroad upon the Barrens the care-worn soul awakens
 From brooding on the long hard paths its weary feet have trod ;
 How little seem earth's sorrows, how far off the lost to-morrows,
 How broad and free the Barrens lie, how very near to God !

Harper's Magazine.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

She was very glad that she did have the resolution to encounter the wind and rain, for Mrs. Frank had exhausted all the resources in St. Augustine, and all her culinary skill to produce an elegant entertainment, and would have been greatly disappointed at her absence.

Your Aunt Constance and I did not receive, but breasting the storm, cards were left for us by all the U.S.A. officers* and many civilians. . . .

* . . . The life here is so fresh, so new, so full of a certain wild freedom. I walk miles through the hummocks, where it looks as though no one had ever walked before, gathering wild flowers everywhere, or sitting down under the pine trees to rest in the shade. Yes, shade ! For it is so warm that shade is desirable. Then on other days I take a row boat and go prowling down the inlet into all sorts of creeks that go no one knows where ; I wind through dense forest where the trees meet overhead, and the long grey moss brushes

my solitary boat as I pass. I go far up the Sebastian River as utterly alone as Robinson Crusoe. I meet alligators, porpoises, pelicans, cranes, and even deer, but not a human soul. Then again I often sail out with the numerous gentlemen who have nothing else to do; we go outside into the broad ocean and plunge along over the blue waves with the bluest sky in the world overhead. Or land on the north beach* and stroll along for miles with the great waves rolling at our feet. You know the ocean is new to me and I am so fond of it already that I feel as if I never cared to go inland any more. The little town is almost too lazy to breathe. The people apparently have no curiosity in their organization and you might stand on your head in the middle of their little plaza all day, and they would hardly turn to look at you, much less take the trouble to ask "why." You go and come at your own pleasure, nobody knows or cares how or with whom. This, to me, is charming . . . The society is peculiar but pleasant in its peculiarity. It consists, for us in the U.S. officers and their families. Then, in addition there are about thirty people who seem to be congenial spirits, and being here for the winter, like ourselves they have nothing whatever to do but "have a good time." From one week-end to the other, it is nothing but go, go, go; always in a sociable, easy way, with no preparation or forethought. For instance, last Saturday the Commandant had a large sail boat and invited the whole forty to go over to North Beach for the day. As the thirty guests and ten officers' wives are from all the points of the compass, you may imagine there is no danger of monotony. We stayed all day; it was so warm that we reclined on the beach, basking in the sun; the soldiers put up a tent, made a splendid chowder, and did all the work. We sailed home in the evening and the gentlemen sang all the way. That is a specimen. Of course I do not represent much in all this gaiety. But they are always kind enough to ask me and when I *do* go, which is not always by any means, I always have a pleasant time.

. When I said "the society consists, for us of" etc., I meant that because we are church people it is so. The line is strictly drawn here—it is really absurd. There is a stiff Presbyterian element which never dances, or sings or goes sailing, or anything else except go to prayer meeting. It comprises "the oldest and most respectable" citizens, and they gaze with scorn upon our light amusements and hold themselves sternly aloof. As usual, most of the winter visitors are church people. The Rector here is a very pleasant man . . and he always goes on all the excursions . . . The Rector has only been in the ministry a few years, having fought all through the war as a Colonel in the Rebel Army. We have struck up quite a friendship and he tells me all kinds of stories of the war; you know I am *really* interested in the subject. He was with Lee at the time of the Surrender. The little church is very pretty, with several Memorial windows. We trimmed it up finely for Christmas. The Bishop came, and one funny thing happened. We had, of course, no acquaintance with his Lordship, but the evening before he left, he sent up our hostess to say he would be pleased to call upon us at eight o'clock. I, at first, begged off, but Clara and Mother promised that they would do the talking if I would only go down. At eight he came, and how did it end? The Bishop and I were left entirely alone by ourselves in one corner of the room—for an hour! In my embarrassment I am conscious that I talked to him just like the immortal Mrs. Proudie!

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

**Vide* p. 232.

*THE FLORIDA BEACH.

Our driftwood fire burns drowsily,
 The fog hangs low afar,
 A thousand sea-birds wild and free
 Hover above the bar ;
 Our boat is drawn far up the strand
 Beyond the tide's long reach,
 Like fringeing to the dark green land
 Shines the silvery Florida beach.

Behind, the broad pine-barrens lie
 Without a path or trail,
 Before, the ocean meets the sky
 Without a rock or sail ;
 We call across to Africa—
 The waves from mile to mile
 Bear on the hail from Florida,
 And the answering cry of the Nile.

Far to the South the beach shines on,
 Thick-gemmed with giant shells,
 Coral sprays from the white reef won,
 Radiate spiny cells,
 Glass-like creatures that ride the waves
 With azure sail and oar,
 Wide-mouthed things from the deep-sea caves
 And the purple-hued drift of the shore.

Wild ducks gaze as we pass along,
 They have not learned to fear ;
 The mocking-bird keeps on his song
 In the palmetto near ;
 The slow stream from the everglade
 Shows the alligator's track.
 The sea is rift in light and shade
 By the heave of the dolphin's back.

The Spanish light-house stands in haze,
 The keeper trims his lights,
 No sail he sees through long, long days,
 No sail through still, still nights ;
 But ships that pass far out at sea
 Along the warm Gulf Stream
 From Yucatan and Carribee
 Keep a watch for his far-away gleam.

Alone, alone, we wander through
 The southern winter day,
 The ocean spreads his mighty blue,
 The world is far away ;
 The tide comes in,—the birds fly low,
 As if to catch our speech—
 Ah Fate ! why must we ever go
 From the beautiful Florida beach ?

“ GENTLEMAN WAIFE.”

Only a poor little dog,
 Why should you grieve ?
 He had not an atom of soul,
 So we believe.
 Instinct and animal life
 Only were there—
 Poor little Waife, he has gone
 Why should you care ?

Only a dog, let him go
 Under the sod.
 Not a small foot-mark remains
 Where he has trod.
 Even his few human friends
 Scarcely vouchsafe,
 More than a thought to his death,
 Poor little Waife !

Joyous he followed your steps,
 Joyous he went
 After his master, and felt
 Perfect content
 Just to be near you. He kept
 Trying to say
 How much he loved you, poor dog.
 In his dumb way.

Gay little Waife, how he ran
 Happily on,
 Down the long Florida roads,
 Ever anon,
 Looking to see you were there,
 Swift rushing back—
 Little brown spot of live joy
 On the white track.

Bounding and circling for glee ;
 Then far away
 Over the palmetto wastes
 On a foray,
 All by himself, coming in,
 Proudly, as though
 Wonderful things he had learned
 You did not know.

Changed are the afternoon walks,
 Something seems wrong,
 Lifeless the pine-barren roads—
 Lifeless and long ;
 Coming home over the bridge
 In the red light
 Thrown by the sunset that shines
 Far into night,

While the first emerald stars
 Silvery show,
 You will miss Waifey, I think—
 More than you know,
 More than the careless of heart
 Could comprehend,
 Only a poor little dog—
 Yes; but a friend.

His vague little life has run out;
 Why did he live?
 We know not; *he* knows least of all;
 Yet I would give
 Something if I could but think,
 Fancy, that he
 Had a small future somewhere,
 Even as we.

Wrapped in his soft silken shroud,
 Calm may he sleep,
 Down in his dark little grave,
 Hollowed out deep.
 "Hic jacet Gentleman Waife,"
 Write on the scroll;
 He was, and he is not; poor dog,
 That was the whole!

YELLOW JESSAMINE.

In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars,
 In floating, curling sprays,
 The golden flower comes shining through the woods
 These February days ;
 Forth go all hearts, all hands, from out the town,
 To bring her gayly in,
 This wild, sweet Princess of fair Florida—
 The yellow jessamine.

The live-oaks smile to see her lovely face
 Peep from the thickets ; shy,
 She hides behind the leaves her golden buds
 Till, bolder grown, on high
 She curls a tendril, throws a spray, then springs
 Herself aloft in glee,
 And, bursting into thousand blossoms, swings
 In wreaths from tree to tree.

The dwarf-palmetto on his knees adores
 This Princess of the air ;
 The lone pine-barren stands afar and sighs,
 " Ah ! Come, lest I despair ; "
 The myrtle-thickets and ill-tempered thorns
 Quiver and thrill within,
 As through their leaves they feel the dainty touch
 Of yellow jessamine.

The garden roses wonder as they see
 The wreaths of golden bloom
 Brought in from the far woods with eager haste
 To deck the poorest room,
 The rich man's house, alike ; the loaded hands
 Give sprays to all they meet,
 Till, gay with flowers, the people come and go,
 And all the air is sweet.

The Southern land, well weary of its green
 Which may not fall nor fade,
 Bestirs itself to greet the lovely flower
 With leaves of fresher shade ;
 The pine has tassels, and the orange-trees
 Their fragrant work begin—
 The spring has come—has come to Florida
 With yellow jessamine.

DOLORES.

Her old boat loaded with oranges,
 Her baby tied on her breast,
 Minorcan Dolores bends to her oars,
 Noting each reed on the slow-moving shores
 But the way is long and the inlet wide—
 Can two small hands overcome the tide
 Sweeping up into the west?

Four little walls of coquina-stone,
 Rude thatch of palmetto-leaves;
 There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
 From winter, and labour, and hunger free,
 Taking from earth their small need, but no more;
 No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
 No gathering patient sheaves.

Alone in their Southern island-home,
 Through the year of summer days,
 The two love on; and the bountiful beach
 Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
 The two love on, and the tropical land
 Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
 And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
 With dreamy, passionate eyes—
 Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
 A simple folk came from the Spanish sea-isles,
 Now, tinged with the blood of the creole quadroon,
 Their children live idly along the lagoon,
 Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
 Ah! their blossoming life of love! . . .
 But fever falls with its withering blight,
 Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
 In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor prayers . . .
 Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
 That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
 Her baby tied on her breast,
 Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
 Where the blue-eyed soldiers come marching down
 From the far cold north; they are men who know . . .
 Thus Dolores thinks . . . how to cure all woe;
 Nay, their very touch is blest.

"Oranges! Oranges!" hear her cry,
 Through the shaded plaza-path;
 But the Northern soldiers come marching in,
 Through the old Spanish city, with stir and din,
 And the silent people stand sullen by,
 To see the old flag mount again to the sky,
 The flag they had trampled in wrath.

Ah, brown Dolores ! will no one hear,
 And buy thy poor little store ?
 Now north, now south, on the old sea-wall . . .
 But her pitiful tears unheeded fall ;
 Now east, now west, through the angry town,
 Patient she journeys up and down,
 Nor misses one surly door.

Then, desperate, up to the dreaded ranks,
 She carries her passionate suit ;
 " I have no money ; for none would buy ;
 But come, for God's sake, or he will die !
 Save him, my Luiz—he is so young ! "
 She pleads in her liquid Minorcan tongue
 And proffers her store of fruit.

But the Northern soldiers move steadily on,
 They hear not nor understand ;
 The last blue rank has passed down the street,
 She sees but the dust of their marching feet ;
 They have crossed a whole country by night and by day,
 And marked with their blood every step of the way,
 To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair ! She turns to the church,
 Half-fainting, her fruit wet with tears ;
 " Perhaps the old saint who is always there,
 May wake up and take them to pay for a prayer ;
 They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
 If he would but wake up and listen to me.
 But he sleeps, so he never hears."

She enters ; the church is filled with men,
 The pallid men of the North ;
 Each dingy old pew is a sick man's bed,
 Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
 The altar candles are swept away,
 For vials and knives in shining array,
 And a new saint is stepping forth ?

He must be a saint, for he comes from the shrine,
 A saint of a Northern creed. . .
 Clad in a uniform—army blue,
 But surely the saints may wear any hue,
 Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands
 And hears all her story, and understands
 The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man,
 To freshen the fevered mouth,
 Then forth they go down the old sea-wall,
 And they hear in the dusk the picket's call ;
 The row-boat is manned on the shadowy shore,
 The Northern saint can manage an oar,
 And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch, and a holy drink,
 A bright little heavenly knife,
 And this strange Northern saint who prays no prayers,
 Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged stairs,
 And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
 In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
 Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

"Oh, dear Northern saint, a shrine will I build,
 Wild roses I'll bring from afar,
 The jessamine, orange flower, wood tulip bright.
 And there will I worship each morning and night."
 "Nay, nay, poor Dolores, I am but a man,
 A surgeon, who binds up with what skill he can
 The wounds of this heart-breaking war.

"See, build me no shrines, but take this small book,
 And teach the brown baby to read."
 He is gone; and Dolores is left on the shore,
 She watches the boat till she sees it no more;
 She hears the quick musketry all through the night,
 She holds fast the book in her pine-knot's red light,
 The book of the Northerner's creed.

* * * *

The sad war is over, the dear peace has come,
 The blue-coated soldiers depart;
 The brown baby reads the small book, and the three
 Live on in their isle in the Florida sea;
 The brown baby learns many things wise and strange,
 But all his new English words never can change
 The faith of Dolores' fond heart.

A boat with a load of oranges
 In a flower-decked shrine doth stand
 Carved in coquina, and thither she goes
 To pray to the only real saint she knows,
 The Northern surgeon in army blue;
 And there she was found in this morning's dew,
 Dead, with the book in her hand.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

(Told in an Ohio farm-house ; 1868).

' Summer of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay ;
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen ;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle ;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell ;
Came from the Blue-Grass country, my father gave her to me,
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio,—a German he is you know :
The house stood right in the cornfields, stretching on row after row—
The old folks made me welcome ; they were kind as kind could be,
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee !

Oh ! for a sight of water, the shady top of a hill,
The smell of the mountain balsams, a wind that never is still !
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky,
Never a rise from north to south to rest the homesick eye ;

From east to west no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon,
Only the steady sunshine as I looked out all forlorn,
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more
We moved away from the cornfields out to this river-shore ;
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir, off there's a hill you see—
And now I've got to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Someone came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad ;
Bareback he rode ; he had no hat ; he hardly stopped to say :
' Morgan's men are coming, Frau, they're galloping straight this way !

' I'm sent to warn the neighbours. He isn't a mile behind ;
He sweeps up all the horses, every horse that he can find ;
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols are galloping up the glen !'

The lad rode down the valley ; and I stood still at the door ;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor ;
Kentuck was in the pasture ; Conrad, my man, was gone ;
And nearer and nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on !

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar,
 'Kentuck,' I called, 'Kentucky'; she knew me ever so far.
 I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
 And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, my ears they caught a sound,
 The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, thundering over the ground;
 Coming into the turnpike, out from the White-Woman glen,
 Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men!

I scarce could breathe, and nearly my heart it stopped in alarm,
 As still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm;
 They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they swept along,
 Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Oh! fierce they looked and jaded, riding through night, and through day,
 Pushing straight on for the river, many long miles away,
 They must reach the edge of Virginia where it bends up toward the West.
 They must reach the ford and cross it, before they could stop for rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance,
 Bright were his eyes like live coals as he gave me a hasty glance,
 And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
 When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
 As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced about the place,
 I gave him a drink, and he smiled; his eyes were soft and blue—
 'Twas only a boy; and his tired voice was the dear home-voice I knew!

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son,
 Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun;
 The big drops stood on his temples, drawn was the boyish mouth,
 And I thought me of that mother, waiting down in the South!

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through,
 Boasted and bragged like a trooper, but the big words wouldn't do!
 The boy was dying, sir, dying—as plain as plain could be,
 Worn out by his ride with Morgan, up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
 Water came to his dim eyes and quivers about his mouth;
 'Do you know the Blue-Grass Country?' he wistful began to say,
 Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted clean away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to:—
 I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
 And when the faintness left him, and the noise in his head was gone,
 Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

He tried to go—the laddie ! ‘ You’ve kept me half the day !
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me ! Oh, what will Morgan say ? ’
But I heard a sound in the distance, and kept him back from the door,
The very same sound of horses’ hoofs that I had heard before !

And on, on, came the soldiers, the Michigan Cavalry,
And hard they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly,
They had followed hard on Morgan’s track ; they had followed day and night
But of Morgan and Morgan’s raiders, they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat frightened through all those troubled days,
For strange wild men were galloping over her broad highways,
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river valleys, and cornland farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride ! But they were taken at last !
They had almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast,
But the boys in blue were upon them, or ever they crossed the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well—I kept the lad till evening, kept him against his will,
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still ;
Then when his head was better, you’ll wonder to hear me tell—
I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she’d be happy, back in the old Blue-Grass ;
A suit of clothes of Conrad’s, and all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentucky, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how ;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow ;
Then when the glow had faded, my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle !

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high,
Baby and I were both crying, I could’nt tell him why !
But a battered suit of rebel grey was hanging against the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky’s stall.

Well—he was kind and never once said a harsh word to me—
For he knew I couldn’t help it—’twas my love for Tennessee.
But after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir ; and the two were safe, back in the old Blue-Grass !

The lad got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle,
And Kentuck, she was happy, and fat, and hearty, and well,
He kept her, and he petted her, nor touched her with whip nor spur—
Well—we’ve had many horses, but *never* a horse like her !

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Appleton’s Journal.

A day or two since, Clara* obtained a basket phaeton and gentle pony and drove me to Ponce de Leon spring. I am certain the generality of persons would prefer old age to drinking its waters. . . .

. . . . I cannot quite make out what you mean when you say: "I have heard something and would like to enquire." Is it anything about us? It sounds as though something particular was intended. There is nothing "particular" any more in the world save engagements, and the only person in our party who might be a candidate for such honours is Clara. She receives a great deal of attention both here and in New York City. . . but . . . I do not think she will ever marry again. She is satisfied to live as she is. As for me, I go fern hunting, take long walks, and go to bed promptly at ten every night. . . . Nobody is "at my feet" at all, don't be satirical. . . . I am as truly out of that kind of talk as a nun. I go about a great deal, but always as an "observer," "a very superior person," and that sort of thing. I should have put on glasses long ago, but Gram. would not let me. Glasses will give the finishing touch! I must tell you a joke. I went to the expense of ordering an elegant navy blue silk suit from New York, this fall, colour very dark and everything in the latest. Price \$150.00 I did not want the thing at all, but there are so many grand people here, and Clara does not like it unless I am respectable. I could ill afford the gown, and hated paying for it dreadfully. Well—I wore it with hat, gloves and parasol to match. And what remark do you suppose was made about that time by two ladies staying in the same house who did not know me at all? "Is not that lady opposite us at table a literary person? We have felt sure she was an authoress, and not only that, but there is something about her which makes us think that she was the daughter of a clergyman!" Now then, *they* had on short, black alpaca gowns, their noses were sharp and red at the tips, and they wore glasses and had gristly hands. Ages 40 and 50 perhaps. Wasn't it disgusting? After all my trouble and spent money! Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is here again this winter and she is "Dress Reform." I am going to be "Dress Reform" hereafter, in spite of Clara. Dress Reform means two dresses, *et praeterea nihil*. At least, that is the outward manifestation of it so far as I can see.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

St. Augustine, *May 15th.*

The past week has been one of persistent floods of rain—thermometer nearly ninety, and the adhesive, muggy dampness brought on a severe attack from my old foe, rheumatism.

The dampness of this old coquina house could be felt as well as seen, so yesterday, paying no attention to the thermometer at 87, I had a bright fire of pine knots in my open fireplace, and the consequent dryness of the air externally, and hot tea, internally, enabled me to subdue my old enemy! Every thing is learned by experience. The warm sunshine of a Florida winter is life to persons of delicate lungs,* the warm rain of a Florida summer is agony to rheumatic invalids. . . .

* . . . The thermometer here has several times stood at 86, and 88, in the shade. Mother enjoys it; the well ones find it rather warm. This year the plan is to try some of the quieter resorts among the mountains of Virginia. . . Mother does enjoy travelling so very much; she is far fresher and more excited about it than her daughters. . . She is planning now to drive "up the Ashley" while we are staying in Charleston, and see the ruins of those fine old mansions that once belonged to the very people we met at Asheville last summer—old Charleston grandees, impoverished by the war. .

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.

Must tell you as a joke that I have just received through a St. Augustine rector, a Virginia man, a written invitation to spend the summer at one of the fashionable Virginia Springs as the guest of the proprietor! Of course, as Mr. Benedict would say, there is a coloured individual in the woodpile—namely Harper articles describing the beauties, etc., etc. Not liking to be fettered in that way, I shall decline, preferring to pay my board out of the price of the articles and be free to find fault like a free American citizen. What! shall I not be able to abuse the biscuits and scold the chambermaid at my pleasure! Take away the privilege of saying the eggs are cold, and what, oh what, is left—

Miss Woolson to Samuel Mather, Esq.

New Year Day,
A Year later.

I read in "Craddock Nowell," and wrote a letter to Charlie Woolson in the morning—listened to Constance reading aloud a long story just finished* in the afternoon; evening diversified by cribbage, backgammon and chess, and at the termination, a "spree" of the superior sherry sent to Clara and delicious New Year Cake . . . Rather feared a headache to-day, but escaped any bad result from such unusual dissipation.

Constance, who is in the habit of generalizing, taking broad views on all subjects, often speaks of

* This is a fearful scrawl. But I cannot write letters any more. I can hardly spell, and my sentences come out all wrong. The truth is, I work so hard over my magazine work that when I do stop, I lose the use of my hands. I have just sent off fifty pages of manuscript, and took a holiday especially to write to you. Don't fancy I am sad all the time. Oh no. I am much too busy and too full of plans of all kinds. But at times, in spite of all I can do, this deadly enemy of mine creeps in, and once in, he is master. I think it is constitutional, and I know it is inherited.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

Think of it! a railroad to the "ancient city"! It will soon be "ancient" no longer. Indeed, it changes daily, I am sorry to say. But the climate is certainly delicious. To-day, for instance, we are sitting with open windows, there is a lovely breeze blowing in from the ocean, and the soft Florida sky is as blue as June in Ohio. We have better rooms than we had last year, Mother possessing a pleasant little piazza commanding a view over the water; this piazza is a great resource to her in the afternoons. In the mornings she walks on the sea wall; then she embroiders, then dinner and a nap, then the piazza, a little reading, then tea, the mail, Bézique and bed. When Clara arrives, Bézique will be varied by cribbage. I only know Bézique, and it took me a long time to learn that! This living south has its disadvantages But Mother is well here. That is the whole story. Health is everything.

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.

the different views of life and society these St. Augustine winters have opened to her mind.* Brought up in a business community, where work was not only necessary but honourable for every one, to be thrown in daily communication with people who are entirely without any care or thought of doing anything,—certain of a sure income, sufficient for themselves and those who come after them, their views of life and its duties are so widely different from all those she has heretofore entertained. . . . As she says: “Realize what a change it must make in anyone’s life to take *money* entirely out of it. That is, to have enough never to think about it, and never to have known a different state of affairs from childhood. To sail a yacht, to have a club meeting, to walk so far daily—all these are the important events of life. These, remember, are not fast or dissipated men, but gentlemen of culture, correct habits and elegant leisure.”

* So many rich people here—Aspinwalls, Stewarts, Rhinelanders, Astors, etc. I look at them with much interest. . . . people who have been enormously rich for several generations, and who have had time to cultivate themselves. In every case I notice that those who are the richest are the quietest, both in dress and manner.

And after all I don’t see but that Mother has just as good a time when she puts on her bonnet and her blue veil and goes walking peacefully on the sea wall, as her next door neighbour, Mrs. De L.N., who with all her millions can do no more.

And it also seems to me that Clara and I have quite as good a time as the Misses R. Contentment has a great deal to do with it, I suppose; and as regards myself, I really think I grow more contented every day. I am twice as satisfied and contented as I was ten years ago, which is a very fortunate thing for me, isn’t it? I had a birthday last week, you see, and hence these reflections . . .

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.

Mother is simply perfectly well. Think of that! She walks out daily; eats, sleeps, and enjoys herself as she has not done in years.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.

I must try to give a description of Monday evening. The St. Augustine Yacht Club, which is composed principally of wealthy New York gentlemen, married and bachelors, gave an "Aquatic Concert." The band of the U.S. 5th Artillery had arrived from their headquarters at Charleston . . . This band was stationed on a vessel at anchor in Matanzas inlet, a little way from the shore, directly opposite our house. The beautiful coast survey steamer, "Bache" was in harbour, three or four large schooners from the north, and more than a hundred yachts, vessels and rowboats. Each craft was covered with brilliant lights; at eight o'clock a cannon was fired from the "Bache," the band struck up, Roman candles, rockets, blue, red, and all-coloured lights were shown from every boat, and as the boats drifted about by the wind and tide, the effect was magical. The moon, full of brilliant radiance; the inlet shone like silver, and the line of light on the ocean beyond the low Anastasia Island, was something wonderful. All these different yachts were filled with gay parties of ladies and gentlemen; the sea-wall was crowded with pedestrians, and the night was so warm and balmy that I sat on our balcony*enjoying the scene and listening to the band until they ended with Home, Sweet Home, and the boats came slowly in. I never saw anything so beautiful. My pen can convey no idea of the lovely scene.

* *Vide* p. 247.

* This winter we have rooms right on the water, only the narrow roadway separating us from the old sea-wall. Mother and Clara have two bedrooms, a little parlour, and an overhanging piazza, Spanish style, the whole second story front, and I have a large room under the roof, the whole top of the house, with six dormer windows. As I sit by my table, I can see the old fort, the sea wall, the harbour, and right over Anastasia Island out to sea; miles and miles of blue, with the surf breaking near the shore. It is even better than Mackinac. What more could be said? At night, I have the flash of the light-house opposite my window. The grandees are arriving and we are beginning to breathe that tiresome atmosphere of gold dust and ancestors which has oppressed us for two long winters. I always feel like a fraud when I go sailing with, say, six or eight incomes of six figures and the like. And then the ancestors. "Her mother was a so-and-so, you know," and "his grandfather was a Van something." The only thing we have to fall back upon is Fenimore Cooper, our one little anchor out in the crowded harbour. They have it now that Mother was his "only sister." We let it go so!

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.

Light, I mind me when a lovely lady
 Nightly from her casement watched thee shine,
 Flashing, fading, flashing, fading, flashing—
 "Poet shouldst thou have, O beacon mine,
 Sweetly all thy praise to tell," she sayeth,
 "Ah, how dear to me thy light hath been!"
 But it is far more than poet's praising
 That *she* loved thee, Light of Augustine.

From St. Augustine Light.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

May, 28th.

C ONSTANCE and I left St. Augustine, thermometer 90°. Two hours and a half to Tocoï by horse railroad. Mrs. Hamilton sent us a bottle of very fine champagne the day previous, which we wrapped in our shawl strap, finding ice at Tocoï. We had champagne on ice, which made our dinner amidst the heat and flies and dogs of the dirty station house at Tocoï quite endurable. At 3 p.m. we went on board the steamer . . . for Palatka . . . watched the negroes with their boats laden with cucumbers, squash, water melons, etc., come up alongside and make bargains with the stewards. Left Palatka at dark. It was a lovely moonlight night and we enjoyed the views on the river until quite late. . . . We were up in time to see the river St. John at its mouth and entrance into the broad Atlantic. It being the first experience of Constance and myself on the salt water, we feared seasickness, but although there was a "long swell" which sent many to their staterooms, we had not a shadow of a shade of illness. . . . We steamed into the beautiful harbour of Charleston at 4 p.m. Passed close to Fort Sumter, Castle Pickney, Morris Island and other points of interest. Lunched and went to the Charleston Hotel.

Charming rooms and every luxury. Constance went the next day (Trinity Sunday) to St. Michael's and to the Huguenot Church. At 5 p.m. we went to St. Philip's, then to the old graveyard and to Calhoun's grave . . then on the battery. . . Delighted with Charleston.

Charleston.

* It is charming here, the most picturesque city I have ever seen. . . . To a dweller in Cleveland, the old Colonial tombs with their long inscriptions dating back to 1730-40, seem ancient indeed; and the calling of the hours all night from the tower of St. Michael's Church by a watchman stationed there—"ten and three-e quarters! A-alls well," is like old German stories. I went to the top of St. Michael's the other evening to see the city and the bay by moonlight; for some unexplained reason, the historic harbour was much more distinct than it ever is by daylight; every outline of Sumpter clearly visible; Moultrie standing out on the north point of the mainland. Turning the other way, there lay the city between its two rivers, silvery ribbons in the moonlight, shining with lights from side to side. Battered, ruined, poverty-stricken as it is, it impresses me as the most aristocratic city I have ever seen. The old houses with their great walls and shut-in gardens are prouder, even in ruin, than anything we can show at the north.

Miss Woolson to Samuel Mather, Esq.

. . We are back in our old quarters, and very pleasant they seem to me after six months of country board; there come times when one longs for a chair that fits one's back and something to eat besides bacon and hominy! . . . It has been very warm here—too warm to exercise much; foggy, but I like the sea-fog. It seemed so pleasant to catch the smell of the salt marshes as the cars neared the city. Two long winters at St. Augustine have given me a great liking for salt air. . . The sixty wild Apache Indians who have been confined in the old castle since last spring, will make things very different for us, I fear. I had supposed that they were kept closely confined, but one of the army officers told me yesterday that "since Col. H. had brought them all into the church, it was understood that they were completely Christianized, and would require no guard this winter." I could scarcely believe it, for these Indians are condemned by the U.S. government to imprisonment for *life* for all sorts of crimes. Most of them are murderers.

But another officer told me yesterday that the last Sunday he attended church at St. Augustine, he happened to peep out from behind his hands during prayers, and there, in a pew across the aisle, he caught the eye of a big Indian who was doing the same thing. The Chief gazed at him for a moment, and then without a change of countenance he winked gravely with one eye at the young officer, and bowed his head again in the most devout manner.

Col. H— is to leave St. Augustine this month; I wish he would take his *Christianized* Indians with him. . . .

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.

The railroad ended at "Old Fort" just at the foot of the Blue Ridge. We found the hotel so quiet and comfortable with such a lovely view that we decided to remain one day to rest before undertaking the twenty-five miles of stage travel necessary to take us to Asheville. Had a charming, peaceful day, and the next, at 2 p.m. clambered into the old-fashioned stage-coach. Constance and I being the only ladies, were permitted to usurp the back seat. Five gentlemen were the other passengers. They were all very polite and disposed to do everything in their power to relieve the tedious ride. Jolting and pounding over a road of boulders and mud holes, fording mountain streams, climbing up and plunging down, we finally got over the Blue Ridge and entered Asheville at 11 p.m., twenty-five miles in nine hours! After recovering from the fatigue of the stage-ride, we were so delighted with Asheville that we decided to remain indefinitely. . .

* * * *

We left Asheville in the fog of the morning of November 10th. Mr. Clemens, when he said good-bye, remarked "If it turns out a pretty day, I should advise you not to stop at Marshall's, but push on five miles to the widow McDowell's. She will make you comfortable and the latter part of the next day, drive over the spur of the mountain, you would not like it to be after dark." Constance and I were on the back seat of a red waggon called "Palmetto," with our six trunks piled behind and

before, and the coloured driver Bob sitting on one in a very uncomfortable position. The two horses "Rock" and "John" proved excellent roadsters, and we pounded along over the rough narrow road by the side of the French Broad River to . . . Marshall. The clouds gathered darkly and the rain commenced, but remembering "the spur of the mountain," we decided to call it "a pretty day" and "push on." After five miles in a tempest of wind and rain, at 7 p.m., we saw the friendly gleam of widow McDowell's log fire; great brands of burning pitch pine were brought out to illumine our path into the house, and I noticed that when any member of the family moved from room to room in preparing supper, etc., a burning, smoking brand was used instead of a candle. The widow gave us inferior coffee, hot biscuits, butter, apple sauce, cake, pie and a large dish of hard black chunks of some kind of meat, and when I looked at it dubiously, she asked if I wouldn't try the beefsteak? But perhaps it was not done enough to suit me? For her part she was just tired of beef, and didn't care ever to see any more. I wondered if ever in her life she had tasted a tender porterhouse steak!

* We left Asheville one bright morning in a covered waggon, scarlet in hue called the "Palmetto"; all our trunks, six in number, were strapped in and on it and the mulatto boy who drove us, rode in a crookback position all the way. However, he said he did not mind it, and whistled and sang to himself during the entire journey. We travelled in our waggon two days down the beautiful French Broad river; the road is the narrowest I ever saw, cut out of the solid rock, with the great cliffs on one side and the foaming rushing water on the other. In some places it is a real canyon, and the little slice of blue sky far above seems very far away. Fortunately we met few persons, and those we did meet, tall mountaineers in their blue jean suits, turned their great clumsy waggons half over or into the river, to make way for us, a native politeness I appreciated from the

bottom of my heart. I think if you could have seen us the afternoon of the first day, you would have been horrified; about four o'clock, rain came down in torrents, and it grew dark rapidly down in our gorge with the great cliffs on each side; we had yet five miles to go, nor were we sure exactly where our stopping place was. Finally it became entirely dark, the rain pouring in torrents meanwhile. Fortunately it was not cold, and Mother, muffled in waterproofs, was as quiet and placid on her back seat as she was when Kate and I took her around Lake Otsego in a similar storm. Not so my anxious self. In the front seat by the side of the mulatto boy, I took my station, and didn't I watch the road, the rocks, the horses!—The river was rushing and roaring within ten feet of us, and the rocky road just wide enough for our wheels. I think nothing ever shone out so beautifully as the glow of Mrs. McDowell's pitchpine fire through her low windows, as we turned the last curve. For lights they brought out flaming brands from the hearth, and rejoiced I was when Mother was established in a rocking chair and all her wet wraps off. Take cold? Not she! Said she never felt better in her life, ate a hearty supper, slept soundly in the odd little bedroom, and was ready to start at seven the next morning. All that day we drove along the river and through the Great Smoky Mountains; it was real Indian Summer weather and the great peaks were purple and misty. As to the river, it is the most beautiful small river I have ever seen; I mean small as compared with the Hudson or the Mississippi. In time it must be famous. The only incident was the meeting of the stage going to Asheville, and a few moments after, the finding of the mailbag in the road. We thought that the best thing we could do was to take it on with us, and as the way was smoother, we drove rapidly for about half an hour, when a distant shouting reached our ears. We stopped, and presently a panting man came in sight behind; it was the driver of the stage who had missed his bag about the time we picked it up, and had been running after us all that way! We slept that night at Wolf Creek, a town consisting of one farm house; and then, taking the cars, rolled into Chattanooga on the evening of the second day. We had lovely warm weather while there, and went up to the top of Lookout Mountain, Mother driving comfortably in a carriage up the fine military road, and I walking most of the way looking for ferns. We were very much impressed by the view from Lookout, not that it is more extensive than others we have seen this summer, but on account of the memories of the terrible battlefields in every direction. Up these very heights where we were standing had swarmed the ranks of the blue and the grey, down in that beautiful valley below us, they had died, poor fellows, by thousands, . . . As if to give emphasis to these thoughts there on a green slope below us gleamed the low head-stones of fourteen thousand of our soldiers gathered from the hillsides around. And now all was calm and peaceful, the river curving around the little town, the blue, distant peaks visible in seven distant states; the only signs of the past were those graves and the old earth works and rifle pits in every direction . . . At Atlanta, Mother and I went out to see the Confederate monument to the Georgia dead . . . There too we found the ranks of low head-boards as far as we could see, thousands upon thousands, I cannot describe it, but certainly there is something very impressive in these poor soldiers' graves. So many of them were young, all died painful deaths, and almost all left broken hearts behind them, fathers and mothers who lost their boys, young wives who lost their husbands.

Miss Woolson to Samuel Livingston Mather, Esq.

Cooperstown.*

We have had but three pleasant days this month. The rain, it poureth persistently, and had I not the lovely lake and hills to gaze at through the mists, I should be quite gloomy under my enforced home-staying. The Cooperstown relatives, under water-proofs and umbrellas, daily appear to enliven me, bring me books and tempting table delicacies—so I may feel my lines are cast in pleasant places.

Hibernia, Florida.

Hibernia is directly on the St. John's river. It consists of one large old-fashioned house and one cottage attached. This place is a boarding house kept for the past twenty-five years by a Mrs. Fleming.

* I send by Mother some specimens of autumn leaves, which I hope will retain their colours for a few weeks. They are not as gracefully arranged as I could wish, and they do not look half so lovely as they did lying on the ground in the forests, but I have at least preserved them, while their mates are withered and brown.

Everything still looks beautiful around the lake, but it has reached that stage when the cold rains are hourly anticipated. Imagine me in my little room looking out on the "Vision" all alone, and send a letter to cheer me up. It is about five months since we came here. It does not seem half that time.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather.

Mother and I had a lovely peaceful day at the Three Mile Point last week. The County Fair was being held in the village and the inhabitants of the surrounding towns were pouring in from all directions, so we escaped, and rowed up the still Lake to the Point, which was entirely deserted, and so quiet that two wild ducks on their way South stopped and played about in the water all day. The trees are tinged a little, with here and there a bright red branch; all the trees at the Grove are coloured.

Miss Woolson to Miss Mather.

She is also post-mistress, and this is literally all Hibernia. Lovely shady walks by the river's brim, a boat to be obtained, and the tide not too strong for ladies' rowing—a good table and good attention. Our life will be very different from that at St. Augustine, so perfectly quiet—but Constance wished an uninterrupted winter of work,* and I, with my walks and sewing and reading and rows on the river with Constance in the afternoon, and solitaire in the evening, will have a pleasant winter.

. . . We have a famous sportsman as one of the boarders. He appears at breakfast, clad in gentlemanly habiliments. Soon after, in the most decided old huntsman suit, he starts out with his gun and dogs, and we see nothing more of him until tea time, when he reappears, as a gentleman, and enjoys his evening meal. He is very successful, and our table has been abundantly supplied with delicious, tender quail. Wild turkeys are also to be obtained, but the deer have been driven away by settlers. . . .

Narragansett.

One of the most charming enjoyments I have at Narragansett is studying the beautiful sky effects. The farm house is on quite an elevation, and it is many years since I have watched the heavens in

* I look back and see how wonderfully good to me Mother was when I was finishing "Anne." She was always pleasant and kind, never put me on the defensive, as one may say; never said "don't!" or tried to make me do anything I didn't want to! I get nervous *mentally*, when very hard at work, and little things wear on me.

Miss Woolson to Mrs. Lawson Carter (Jane Averell), 1883.

daylight and clouds, in starlight and moonlight, to so much advantage. The extreme clearness of the atmosphere adds so much to the brilliancy of the scene. And when the ocean fog comes up suddenly and settles down over everything, completely obscuring all objects, even the nearest houses, and the fog whistles on the sound are screeching all day and night, that change is also enjoyed by me for its *newness*.

Yonkers.

I have had a most unaccountable reluctance to going south this winter, but have been obliged to succumb to Constance and Clara's opposition to my plan of remaining at the north. They endeavour to appease me by promising to make no objection another winter . . . I feel like a child who lives in the present and neither plans nor cares for the future. . . .

Yesterday and to-day, although clear and bright with sunshine, are by far the coldest days we have had this winter.

My little room, however, is very comfortable, and the base burner going night and day has kept off rheumatism and kept down the troublesome cough.

Goodbye, my dear ones—

God forever bless you all.

Ever loving Mother,

H. C. Woolson.

Mrs. Woolson died less than two months after these lines were written at Green Cove Springs, Florida, February 13th, 1879.



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE, DEVONSHIRE.

APPENDIX I.

POMEROY NOTES.

Compiled by Hannah Cooper Pomeroy Woolson.

THE family of Pomeroy takes its origin from "La Pomeraye" a picturesque hamlet near Point d'Orrilly on the Orne. The ancestors of the family in England went over with William the Conqueror, and received for their services sixty manors in Devonshire, amongst which was that of Berry Pomeroy where the castle of their residence was fixed. All of the name of Pomeroy in England or the United States can trace their genealogy to Sir Ralph de Pomeroy, a favourite knight of William of Normandy, whom he accompanied to England. Besides the sixty manors in Devonshire, William granted him lands in Somersetshire.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, near Totnes, Devon* originally built in the Norman times, was not effectually dismantled until the Civil War in the reign of Charles I. Situated in a most romantic district, upon the brow of a lofty eminence rising from the bosom of a picturesque and delightful valley, these ruins have peculiar charms both for the artist of taste and the amateur of rich natural scenery. Berry Castle was erected by Ralph de Pomeroy or as written in latter ages—Pomeroy.

The distinguished military pre-eminence which this family long maintained in the West of England has associated their name with the romantic annals of Devon and Cornwall—

* Sunday was another perfect day, and we drove to Berry Church. We went early, so as to have an hour before the service to look again more carefully at the Pomeroy tomb. It is inside the chancel railing, and you can distinctly see the places where the brasses were stolen off the marble; and, what was very unusual, each figure had a sentence, also on brass, coming from the mouth; all so curious . . . The Pomeroy arms are at the end, cut into the marble. . . We walked all over the old churchyard to see if we could discover some Pomeroy stones. Then we had an interesting service in the little church of our ancestors. . . . Afterwards, we walked the mile to Berry Pomeroy Castle—a charming walk, on a charming day to see the most charming ruin!

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

and many a legend "wild, drear and poetical," is connected with the ivied walls and mouldering relics of this proud abode. On the gateway in front may be yet traced the arms of Pomeroy. . . .

The Pomeroyes were allied by marriage to the Earls of Cornwall, the Raleighs, the Edgecumbes; and enjoyed the privileges and dignity of peers of the realm.

Their descendants continued to reside at the Castle till the time of Edward VI., when, on the attainder of Sir Thomas de Pomeroy, who was implicated in the rebellion of 1549, it was transferred to the Seymour family

The estate in Normandy produced an apple of which the King was very fond, and the surname "Pomeroy" was taken from that fact.

The characteristic traits of the original family were "true courage, an unconquerable spirit of perseverance and an ardent attachment to civil and religious liberty." . . .

In the reign of Charles II., Rev. Arthur Pomeroy of Cambridge University went to Ireland as chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, and obtained the deanery of Cork. He remained in Ireland, and his grandson Arthur Pomeroy was elevated to the peerage of Ireland in 1783 by the title of Baron Harberton of Castle Carberry, advanced to Viscount in 1791.*

* Dr. Pomeroy of Boston to Seth Pomeroy, Esq., of Michigan.

Aberdeen, Scotland,

March 17th, 1859.

My dear Sir,

I have the genealogy of the Pomeroyes from 1066. I have been to Devonshire where the family resided for more than 500 years.

The old "Berry Pomeroy" Castle is still to be seen in ruins. Sir Ralph de la Pomeroy came from Normandy with William the Conqueror.

The main branch of the family now live in Ireland not far from Dublin. The head of that family is an Irish Peer with the title of "Lord Harburton of Carberry Castle," His proper name is John James Pomeroy. I intend to wait on him before I return to Boston. The widow of the previous Lord Harburton lives in Dublin. She is esteemed an excellent Christian Lady. I hope to see her when I go to Dublin in June.

The name and traditions of the family are well known in Devonshire. I saw there an old book printed more than 150 years ago, containing a history of the family down to that time. The occupant of that old castle near Totnes in Devonshire was a feudal Baron.

Vide p. 259.

Pomeroy Arms.

Or, a lion rampant, gules, holding in the dexter paw an apple ppr. within a bordure engrailed sable.

Crest, a lion rampant, gules, holding an apple ppr.

Supporters — two wolves, the dexter ppr., the sinister sa., both guarded and chained, or.

Motto.

Virtutis Fortuna Comes.

(Success is the Companion of Valour, *or* Fortune is the Attendant of Virtue).

Baron Ashtoun, the Duke of Wellington, Baron Clancarty, and Viscount Harberton all have the same motto and all these families are connected.

Seat of the family in Ireland, Carberry Castle, County Kildare.

* * * * *

The great Cistercian Abbey at Buckfastleigh was founded in 1137 by Ethelward, son of William de Pomeroy, in honour of the Virgin Mary, and its abbots had the power of inflicting capital punishment within their manor.

The edifice is situated near the Dart, which gives animation and interest to the beautiful woodland vale extending southward from Ashburton.

All the Pomeroyes in the United States have descended from Eltweed Pomeroy, who emigrated from Devonshire in 1630, and first settled in Dorchester.

* There are now very few of the name in England; none in Scotland, but quite a number in Ireland. You know, I suppose, that one of our ancestors married a daughter of King Henry I., a sister, also, of the Earl of Cornwall. Very few families in England can trace their genealogy back so far as the "Pomeroyes." Very many of them sleep in the old burying ground near "Berry Castle."

I did not think that you were so old as eighty-two. Twenty-two years older than myself. Our journey will soon end. May we be found ready when the summons shall come.

Sincerely and aff'ly your friend,

L. L. Pomeroy.

By the records of the town it appears that he had the right to pasture ten cows on the public meadow, which shows that he was a man of substance, as few settlers had more than two cows, an animal at that time of great value.

Eltweed Pomeroy* removed to Windsor in 1636 with his wife and child Eldad . . . He removed in 1672 to live with his son Medad at Northampton and there he died in 1673.

His great-grandson, Seth Pomeroy, afterwards Brigadier General, was born in Northampton in 1706. He inherited the family traits and the family business of making guns, which he carried to a high state of perfection. He employed many smiths and manufactured large numbers of guns, whose accuracy and finish won commendation for the products of his armoury from every section of the country. The Indians on the far northern lakes made persistent efforts to gain possession of a "Pomeroy Gun."

Seth Pomeroy was a captain in the old French War. After the surrender of Louisburg, he was—in 1775—promoted for his bravery, and commanded as Colonel against the French and Indians under Baron Dieskau at Lake George. The Baron was captured and wounded, but treated with so much kindness by Col. Pomeroy that, on parting, he gave the Colonel his gold watch as a memento of gratitude and friendship. Gen. Pomeroy was in the battle of Bunker Hill and retained the gold watch in his pocket during the battle and came off with it uninjured. Col. Seth Pomeroy received from Congress the rank of Brigadier General in the army of the Revolution, but declined the appointment on account of his age, being then nearly seventy, but acted as a volunteer in the battle at Dorchester Heights, where he was immediately placed in command of the left wing of the army.

He died at Peekskill, N.Y. in 1777, while serving in the army. He was buried with military honours from the house of Gen. van Cortlandt at Peekskill.

* George Pomeroy, husband of Ann Cooper, was the youngest son of Quartus Pomeroy, who was the oldest son of General Seth Pomeroy, hence George Pomeroy was grandson of General Seth Pomeroy, and great-great-great grandson of the original Eltweed, who, like the "Original Thomas" (Woolson) and the elusive "Sarah Dunning" (Cooper) seems to have been a source of great perturbation to the genealogists among his descendants.

After the death of Brigadier General Pomeroy, his property was divided among his heirs to their satisfaction, excepting the sword, his gun, which he had at the battle of Bunker Hill, his scarlet cloak and the gold watch repeater, which was given him by Baron Dieskau. These four articles were produced and the four sons were appointed to divide, *viz.* Quartus, Medad, Lemuel, and Asahel. To Asahel the youngest was given the privilege of saying how they should be divided. The decision of Asahel was: "Quartus shall have the watch, Medad the cloak, Lemuel the sword and I the gun, and no man shall take it from me but by the muzzle." Asahel had one of Medad's sons living with him, having no sons of his own, and afterwards this son removed to New Connecticut, Ohio and took the gun with him. He died and left it to one of his sons. The watch went to Thaddeus Pomeroy of Stockbridge, Mass., the oldest son of Quartus. After Thaddeus Pomeroy's death, one of his sons took the watch and had it with him when he died suddenly in New Orleans of yellow fever, and though many efforts were made by the family, the watch was never recovered. It is not known what became of the cloak.

ADDITIONAL POMEROY NOTES.

Compiled by Clare Benedict.

Sir Ralph de Pomeroy, who was born among the apple orchards of Normandy,* was descended from Rolf the Norseman, who landed on the shores of Neustria (Normandy), France, with Rollo, (Rolf Ganger, Rolf the Walker) a prince of Norway, in the ninth century, for the conquest of that province. This Sir Ralph de Pomeroy, who was a Sire

* We carried our pilgrimage to the point of searching far and wide for the old Pomeroy estate, and at last found it—buried under its lovely forest trees and surrounded by apple orchards. We gave a big excitement to the present owner, a French Baron, for when he learned who we were and why we had come and what we asked, for—(some apple leaves from Sir Ralph de Pomeroy's old home, "Pomme-Roi") he and his children and grand-children—a party of ten—picked and picked apple leaves until I feared they would ruin the trees! And the nice old gentleman, as he frantically picked, kept on saying in French. "So wonderful and so beautiful to remember one's family as far back as the time of William the Conqueror!"

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

and Tenant-in-chief in Normandy, embarked with Duke William of Normandy at St. Valleries, in 1066 for the subjugation of England. His name is in the muster roll of the army of invasion at St. Valleries and on the Battle Abbey Roll at Battle Abbey.

From Romance and History of Eltweed Pomeroy's Ancestors.

Sir Henry de Pomeroy was grandson to King Henry I., and half-brother to King Richard I. and John his brother, his son Henry was cousin in the third degree of the Kings Edward I. and II. of the House of Plantagenet.

William Pomeroy, who succeeded Ralph, had a younger son named Ethelward, who founded Buckfast Abbey* in the time of Henry I., and whose name suggests an alliance with some Saxon house.

From the Battle Abbey Roll by the Duchess of Cleveland.

Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, and Rohesia de la Pomeroy, were children of King Henry I., by common law marriage with Sibelia de Corbet. Rohesia was full sister of Sibyl, wife of Alexander the Silent, King of Scotland.

From a Genealogical Cause Célèbre.

* In the afternoon, we drove seven miles to Buckfast Abbey. This was restored or refounded, by our Pomeroy ancestor, the last Pomeroy who lived in the castle. (Mistake—the tomb in the church is to the last Pomeroy who lived in the Castle; the founder of the Abbey was a much older one).

Had a most interesting afternoon. No lady, of course, is allowed inside of these Abbeys. So I explained to the brother in charge what we had come to see, and that we were Pomeroy's; he disappeared, and one of the older brothers came, and other heads, old and young, peered at us, bells rang, and we were given seats with many bows and smiles, and at last the Father Abbot was brought out and introduced to us . . . It ended in our having (out in the little lodge) six brothers and the Father Abbot. We were invited for tea, and such a pretty, attractive table was laid for us! . . . Father H., their authority on such subjects, sent us out a valuable old book, containing pictures and descriptions of the Pomeroy coat of arms, that we understood was hanging in the refectory.

As it was Harvest Sunday, the chapel was radiant with flowers and the most perfect specimens of each fruit and vegetable—most lovely the heaped-up altar looked! How much prettier this idea of a Harvest Sunday than ours of *eating just as much as we possibly can*—far more than we ought to—on Thanksgiving Day . . .

It was an afternoon we shall not soon forget, and it made us feel so festive and young to have all those splendid men carefully show us each time the door opened—that we must *not* step over the threshold. . . .

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

The ancient Manor of Beri (Berry), which, in the time of King Edward the Confessor, belonged to Alricus the Saxon, was bestowed by William the Conqueror on Ralph de Pomeroy, who, after accompanying the Norman duke to England, rendered him valuable assistance in his successful invasion of this country in 1066. Selecting a favourable site not far from the River Dart, Ralph de Pomeroy erected thereon the celebrated stronghold that now bears the family name of Berry Pomeroy Castle, the stately ruins of which constitutes one of the most ancient and picturesque objects of interest to be found in the County of Devon.

The subsequent career of some of the members of the family of Pomeroy, whose name has been variously written de Pomeroy, de Pomeri, de la Pomerai, and lastly, Pomeroy, appears to have been somewhat eventful, and they seem also to have formed good matrimonial alliances; Joel, for instance, the son of Ralph de Pomeroy, married one of Henry I.'s natural daughters, the sister of Reginald, Earl of Cornwall. Their heirs were barons, and members of the House of Lords till the reign of King Henry III., after which time, according to the authority of Dugdale, they never had the benefit of peerage, although they continued in their barony of Berry until the reign of King Edward VI.

It was in 1257, the 41st year of the reign of Henry III. that the peerage in Parliament of the family came to an end, the last peer being Henry de Pomeroy, who, in doing homage had livery of thirty-eight fees in Beri (Berry), and Harburton (Harberton) as well as of the manors of Beri and Stockley Pomerai and the moiety of the Manors of Harburton and Brixham, all of which he held in capite of the King by the service of Barony. In the following year he had summons to provide himself with horse and arms, and to attend the King at Chester, in order to join him in resisting the hostilities of the Welsh; but having afterwards been found in arms against his sovereign, the lands of Henry de Pomeroy were estreated.

The descendants of the founder of Berry Pomeroy Castle retained the lands appertaining to their ancestral home for a period of nearly five centuries—that is, from 1066 to 1547, the first year of the reign of Edward VI., when according to one writer “they were forfeited by the treason of Sir Thomas Pomeroy, and bestowed upon the haughty Lord Protector Somerset” (Edward Seymour).

The Pomeroy, as the descendants of Feudal Barons, had for centuries enjoyed, within their extensive domains, a power almost equal to that of the crown. They could ill restrain that pompous authority, which for generations they had assumed as a primogenital right, and which was even recognised as such by the ruling monarchs.

At the order, then, for dismantling the castles of England, the inheritors of de Pomeroy, tradition affirms, resisted the royal mandate. A siege was in consequence commenced by the King's forces, which was long, obstinately and bravely withstood by those feudal princes of the Castle, a de Pomeroy and his kinsman with their numerous retinue Much time, as well as blood and treasure, were consumed in front of the walls of the Castle of Berry Pomeroy ere this strong and stately structure ceased to shelter its valiant defenders. . . . at length, however, either by force, or stratagem, the castle was carried. The two brave de Pomeroy—rather than survive their lost or faded glories—blindfolded their horses and mounting them, spurred them to the northern precipice on which the castle stands. . . . The terrified animals, as if conscious of their own and their riders' impending fate, plunged and resisted, till madly and desperately urged over the fatal steep, they, with their lordly and proud masters, were by one deadly leap instantly dashed to atoms.

“ Out over the cliffe, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall ;
They found him next morning below in the glen
With never a bone in him whole ;
A mass and a prayer, good gentlemen, all,
For such a bold rider's soul.”

Thus, tradition affirms, perished the last of the noble family of de Pomeroy.

But the late Duke of Somerset said :—“ As to the story of the Pomeroy riding over the precipice, it belongs to the same sort of history as the record of Brutus, the Trojan, landing at Totnes, which you will find related in Milton's History of England.”

* * * * *

Sir Thomas Pomeroy was the last . . . of the name to occupy the castle. Historians differ widely as to the manner in which the Seymours succeeded the Pomeroyes in the ownership of the ancient domain. It is asserted by some that Sir Thomas presented the estates to Edward Seymour, Earl of Somerset, Lord Protector of England, in order that he might be spared the fate of Arundel, the Governor of Mount Saint Michael. Others say that he sold them to the Seymours, and still others say that the estates were confiscated to the state and bestowed upon the Lord Protector because of his relationship to King Edward VI.

From Norman Foundations in American Civilization.

St. Michael's Mount—Cornwall*

This is an isolated granite crag . . . standing in Mount's Bay, east of Penzance. It is said to have been cut off from the mainland by a mighty inundation in 1099, and is now joined to the shore by a low causeway, 560 yards long which is covered by the tide 16 of the 24 hours.

The hill is covered by an ancient building founded by Edward the Confessor as a priory for the Benedictine monks, and which in later years was fortified. The first military occupation was effected by Henry de Pomeroy, who having, during the absence of King Richard I. at the Holy Wars, assisted the usurping Prince John, was summoned by the Vice Regent, Bishop Longchamp, from Berry Pomeroy. He however, stabbed the messenger, who had deceived him into large entertainment, and fled to his Castle of Tregone, the strength of which mistrusting, he thence proceeded with some followers to the Mount, where the party disguised as pilgrims, introduced themselves into the monastic buildings, seized and

* Lord St. Leven and his family have been so nice to us this winter. The acquaintance was commenced by Tello—they enormously admired him, and Lord St. Leven always carried a lump of sugar in his pocket for him. We took tea with them several times (Tello always receiving an invitation and lots of sugar!) and they always sent for us to come in and see their pretty fancy dresses when they were going to the balls.

Do you remember the lovely castle off in the water near Penzance, "St. Michael's Mount"? That is the country house of the St. Levens, it has always been one of my favourite English castles. It seems so strange, quite by accident, to run against the very people who own it.

Clara Woolson Benedict to her niece, Katharine Livingston Mather.

fortified them and remained there for several months. On the return of King Richard from his Austrian prison, Sir Henry de Pomeroy, fearing the consequence of his contumacy, is said to have bled himself to death This Henry de Pomeroy being son of Sir William and a daughter by common law marriage of Henry I., was thus a relative of Richard I. and his brother John.

From McKenzie's Castles of England.

This Henry, taking heart at the imprisonment of Richard the First, surprised and expelled the monks out of St. Michaels Mount in Cornwall, that he might be a petty prince by himself, but being ascertained of his sovereign's enlargement and fearing deserved death, to prevent it, he laid violent hands on him, as Roger Harden doth report.

But the descendants from this Pomeroy make a different relation of this accident, affirming that a sergeant-at-arms of the King's came to his Castle at Berry Pomeroy, and there received kind entertainment for certain days together, and at his departure was gratified with a liberal reward. In counter change thereof, he then and no sooner revealed his long-concealed errand and flatly arrested his host, to make his immediate appearance before the King, to answer a capital crime, which unexpected and ill-carried message the gentleman took in such despite that with his dagger he stabbed the messenger to the heart. Then despairing of pardon in so superlative an offence, he abandoned his Castle, and got himself to his sister, abiding on the Island of Mount St. Michael in Cornwall. Here he bequeathed a large portion of his land to the religious people dwelling there, directing them to pray for the redeeming of his soul; and lastly that the remainder of his estate might descend to his heirs, he caused himself to be let blood unto death.

From Fuller's Worthies of England.

There is a tablet on the western wall of the nave of the Church of Dives* above the entrance, which contains a list of the Companions of William the Conqueror, and in the tablet is cut the name "Raoul de la Pomeraiie."

From Norman Foundations in American Civilization.

* We went to Dives in fear and trembling to see with our own eyes if the name of our ancestor (Sir Ralph de Pomeroy), was enrolled in the list of William the Conqueror's companions, which hangs in the old church—and there, to our joy, we found it, plainly to be seen . . . The old "Monsieur Paul" . . . when he knew that two Pomeroyes were guests in his hotel . . . insisted that we should have our dainty dinner served in the beautiful room which is decorated with . . . the coats of arms of William the Conqueror's companions, and our table was placed under our own dear dancing Lion, and I pinned a rose on a near-by curtain for him!

From Mrs. Benedict's Journal.

APPENDIX II.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

IN this practical century, with its railroad insulting the venerable majesty of Mount Washington, its suspension bridge spanning the tremendous chasm of foaming Niagara, and its telegraph penetrating the sacred mysteries of the deep sea, there were yet found three souls who dared to start on a pilgrimage to the Happy Valley that lies hidden away from the world among the mountains through which winds the Tuscarawas River in Ohio. These souls did not seek the end of the rainbow, as a gay-coloured steed to carry them through space, neither did they attire their bodies in the flowing robes and cockle-shells of wandering pilgrims, but early one summer morning, Father, B. and I took our seats in a light carriage, and drove through the sleeping town, leaving behind us the misty lake, with its spectral sails and turning our expectant faces toward the south, where quiet farm-houses and quiet lives are hidden away among the distant hills. For two long, bright days we drove toward the south, following the windings of a sparkling river, now crossing it on an old red-covered bridge, now fording it, as the shallow water spread itself gaily over a pebbly bottom, and now driving for miles on its curving bank, startling the solemn heron from his morning fishing, or hearing from the deep lush grass on the other side the persistent cry for "Bob White" from the hidden quail. On the third day we came into the region of the great barns—huge red treasure-houses where the spoils are garnered—the wealth of green fields stretching away on either side, so luxuriant, so wantonly, riotously rich, that the very air seemed filled with concentrated essence of life, and we expected to see shy dryads peeping from every tree, white-armed naiads sporting in every brook, and even old Pan himself dancing through the meadows to the music of his reed-pipe, as he did in the early days when the world was young, and the gods reigned gaily on Olympus.



View in Zoar.

[On the right is shown the hotel ; on the left, the store—beyond, up the street, is a building of considerable elegance, the residence of Mr. Bineler. Among the carefully cultivated shrubbery in the gardens adjoining, are cedar trees of some twenty feet in height, trimmed to almost perfect cylinders.]

In the afternoon we reached the hills, and, entering their shady defiles, wound up from height to height under the giant beech-trees, now catching glimpses of undulating seas of verdure, now plunging into narrow, dusky glades, where the road seemed lost amidst the wild under-brush, and squirrels gazed at us with their bushy tails uplifted in astonishment. We had been for some time slowly toiling up a steep hill when the sinking sun sought us out, and sent his golden beams under the dense foliage in long rays across the road; suddenly we emerged on the breezy summit, and, as if by magic, the forest disappeared, and velvet wheatfields stretched away on both sides over the rounded hills and down to the valley beneath, where a broad river gleamed under the willows, and white houses, half hidden in green orchards, greeted our eyes with peaceful beauty in the still evening air. We reined in the horses, and noted the circle of hills guarding the plain on all sides, save where the river flowed on toward the south through a narrow defile, and the dense forest closed over the water as it disappeared in the dusky recesses. The green fields stretched up the hill-sides from the plain, and at the summit were met by a wall of unbroken forest and underbrush, impenetrable and pathless, the only clue to the labyrinth being the narrow road we had followed by the side of the river leading from the outside world into the Happy Valley. Below us lay the village, each house in its little orchard, and in the centre stood the antique church, the distant bell even then ringing out the evening song, that labour was over, and that men must now return to their homes, and give God thanks as the sun went down. From all sides we could see the labourers returning from the field, the long line of loitering cows slowly winding through the lanes, and the ploughmen with their patient horses moving toward the village, where a faint curling smoke from every chimney showed preparations for the evening meal. Moss-grown dykes, shaded by huge willows, protected the banks of the broad river, and here and there a shining little mill-race ran gaily through the meadows to some quaint red-tiled mill, then plunging foaming over the stones, hurried on to overtake the old river sweeping steadily on to the south. No road was visible in any direction, excepting the shady streets of the village, and everywhere else the tree-bordered fields stretched over the plain, and up to the forest-crowned hills, which stood like ramparts against the sky, a fortification from the outside world. We drove slowly down into the valley,

passing groups of labourers in their uncouth costumes, and following the full-uddered cows with fragrant breath and mild eyes, as they wound toward the white dairy buildings, where a girl stood on the steps, blowing an antique horn to hasten the loiterers. An old white-haired herdsman, with staff and scrip, followed behind, glancing at us with shrewd interest from under his patriarchal hat, while three genuine shepherd dogs ran hither and thither among the cows, keeping them in order, and chasing the stragglers, with wonderful sagacity. We alighted at the dairy, and followed the cows into the large yard, where each one walked on unhesitatingly into her own stall, and the milking commenced.

The barns formed three sides of a square, with a paved court between, and stalls for ten cows in each compartment. The floors, pails, and tubs were scrubbed daily by the dairy girls, who also washed the cows carefully with warm water before milking; and, seated on their little stools, sang together some merry song, as the milk fell foaming into the red tubs. Then these ruddy milkmaids formed a line and balancing the heavy tubs on their heads, marched steadily through the yard into the dairy beyond, where they poured the milk into a gigantic tin hogshead, with a white linen cloth tied over the top as a strainer. A venerable "milk-mother," in white cap and clogs, stood down in the lower story, and ladled out the strained milk into innumerable pails, each with its hieroglyphic sign on the cover, denoting to which household it belonged. As the rosy girls came marching in, they lifted the heavy tubs lightly down with their stalwart arms, and, as they poured the milk into the foaming strainer, glanced shyly at our distended skirts, kid gloves, and slender forms; while we, with equal interest, observed their blue homespun gowns, with waists under the arm-pits, leg-of-mutton sleeves, white neck-handkerchiefs, white caps and wooden shoes, while the heavy braids of golden hair stowed away under their prim little caps would have made many a belle envious. Still the milkmaids poured, still the milk-mother ladled, and yet there was more. We walked into the cellar, where hundreds of full tin pails were standing in a stream of running water, brought from a spring, and cold as ice; while ranged on shelves were rows of golden cheeses, and, just outside, the great horse-churn, and presses weighted with boulders. The dairy-man's cottage stood in the garden surrounded with rose-bushes and pinks; white curtains, in

stiff, starched folds, shaded the little windows, and, within, we could see the high bed, with steps to climb into it—a pulpy mass of feathers on top, covered with a gay counterpane. The houses were all furnished alike—the antique bed being the venerated article of furniture—and snowy linen was in universal use, both for sheeting and underwear, as the old women were wise in weaving, and the “linen-mothers” vied with each other in long night-watches over the bleaching rolls. The architecture was quaint, and reminded one of Old World pictures. The red-tiled roofs projected over the street, and great cross beams, filled in with mortar, formed the walls; little dormer-windows were perched here and there, with no attempt at regularity; and a wooden sun-dial invariably crowned the little piazzas, where round-eyed babies, clad just like their parents in miniature, stared solemnly at us, as we strolled by to the hotel,* a large white building, regarded by the entire community as a wonder of size and

* Here I am, perched up on the old red lounge in Gramp’s favourite corner room. We came down yesterday by rail, having made a start the day before with the horses and concluded the weather was too uncertain to risk such a long ride. Gramp did not feel at home in the nice buggy and harness; that was easy to see! He missed the antediluvian relic in which he had so long been accustomed to rampage through the country. I made him take the pretty white robe also, which was another grief. So we dined at Richfield and returned home the same day, discovering Gram and Sarah Hayden carousing over oyster soup and evidently discomfited at our arrival. Indeed the domestic horizon looked so threatening that we concluded, if we were going to Zoar at all, we had better start the next morning. So we did and passed over the Pittsburg road and the famous Tuscarawas Branch with the usual enjoyment, especially of the tunnel, where, of course, we stopped and breathed coal smoke for ten minutes. We sent our bags up to the Hotel by the old white horse, and Father and I walked. The afternoon was perfectly delightful, warm, hazy, and the trees were gloriously coloured. The light yellow and orange tints had blown away but the oaks were gorgeous and I think I like them the best. We found the Hotel perfectly quiet and cleaner than I ever saw it. Everything has evidently just been washed and scrubbed. Everybody seems very glad to see us, and this morning the chickens were unexceptionable and the bretzels delicious. The town is just the same. Everything is as usual, even the toothache! If you were only here I could enjoy myself very much, as the weather is warm and the flat in good condition. I would challenge you to a row to the Island this very minute. I presume you would not go, as I fancy we are more particular about our hands than we used to be! If you would not row, you might sit in the stern of my boat—see how good-natured I am.

† “Horse at the door.” I must go and be murdered! Farewell.

Miss Woolson to Miss Belle Carter.

† Miss Woolson, like her mother, was very much afraid of horses.

beauty. The smiling landlord appeared, rubbed his hands and, in answer to our inquiries, replied: "Gut fare für mann und beast; one feed victuals, twelve cents.; we keeps folks for forty-five cents a day, but we allows kein smoke and kein swear; break fast at six, dinner at twelve, supper at half past five; walk in." So saying he ushered us into a grim parlour, with wooden chairs drawn up in martial array around a large table, and four strange little pictures on the walls, which came from Würtemberg fifty years before. Meanwhile the landlord at the back-door, was shouting for "Yacob! Yacob!" in the direction of the long barn; and presently appeared an ancient ostler, who spoke a mixture of German, French, English, and gibberish, and was reputed to be a gipsy, and the owner of untold wealth, stored away in the dark recesses of the barn. As he led away our horses, a rosy youth appeared, to show us to our rooms—a series of little cells, each with its lofty bed and steps, one window with snowy, prim-folded curtains, one chair, and a large square hole in the side of the wall as a ventilator, where the chattering martins amused themselves by flying in at early dawn, and waking me with their shrill cries. The gaily coloured counterpane was woven with figures of strange birds; the snowy linen was marked in red with the two letters "W.H."—Wirths-haus; and the yellow-painted floor, blue-cased windows, and scarlet door made the little cell quite a gay abode. The rosy Johann brought up our bags; and when we presented him with a small fragment of Uncle Sam's scrip, he fingered it doubtfully, and finally returned it to us, saying: "Nein; es ist gut für nichts." Surely we had reached the Happy Valley indeed, when money was "gut für nichts!" All the males in the village were dressed exactly alike, in tight, short, blue pantaloons, long-flapped calico vests, scanty, short-waisted, blue dress-coats, with two brass buttons behind; scow-like shoes, and broad-brimmed white fur hats—which, being a sign of masculine superiority, were never removed on any occasion. We sometimes doubted whether they did not sleep in them, as, wherever we went, at any hour of the day or night, the great fur hats crowned the men, extinguished the boys, and stifled the babies with their awful dignity.

A bright girl* of sixteen came to tell us that "Abendessen" was "fertig," and we went outdoors into another building where, in a long dining-room with rows of windows on each

* *Vide* p. 273.



A ZOAR MAIDEN.

side, a spotless table-cloth and shining blue crockery invited us to try the hot coffee, rich cream, little rolls of fresh butter without salt, Dutch cheese, apple butter, bretzels, and cold meat. Rosy Salome stood behind us like a grenadier, armed with a waiter, and was indefatigable in offering some cucumber pickles about ten inches long, swimming in a doubtful grey liquid, and garnished with pepper-corns. Her shining braids were tightly coiled away under her white cap, and her apron tied with especial care under her arms, in honour of the strangers. She understood no English, but smiled abundantly; and, finding we spoke German, asked us how old we were, and if we were married, with a calm audacity that belongs to the Happy Valley. The bill of fare at the hotel was not extensive—for breakfast we had delicious coffee and rich cream, hot bretzels—the queen of cakes—fresh butter, and stewed young doves. For dinner we had a nondescript kind of meat; we could not decide whether it was boiled roast beef, or baked corned beef; but whatever it was, the essence had been carefully removed by long and patient cooking, so that it was innocent of taste, and spongy in texture.

Then came stewed noodles, potatoes fried whole and served in cream, rice plentifully peppered, sauer-kraut fritters, and preserves of fruit and molasses. We soon learned to relish these dishes, although we did not succeed in acquiring the constant hunger of the natives, who, after partaking of a hearty breakfast at five o'clock, are ready for a luncheon of bread, cheese, and beer at nine; then they all come home to dinner at twelve, and the afternoon is broken by a lunch at four; when they work again until six, at which hour, the labours of the day being over, they assemble around the supper-table for a hearty meal; and, finally, before going to bed, they place some eatables by the bedside, lest they should be hungry in the night. Such hearty appetites have produced a stalwart race; for their constant labour keeps

* I am surprised and pleased to hear that any of the Zoarites had the charity to ask after me. Did you not hear how enraged they were over "Happy Valley"? I wrote to poor David and from his answer I could see how much dissatisfaction was felt at my description. I was truly sorry, not because I ever care to go there again, but because of the care-less times I have enjoyed there with you and the thousand associations with Father. . . I hope that you will continue to go down to Zoar occasionally and tell me how the valley looks. I am sincerely glad to hear that the people are not angry with me.

Miss Woolson to Miss Belle Carter, afterwards Mrs. Washburn.

down their flesh, and their early hours and quiet lives give them fresh complexions and perfect health, even to advanced age.

When we had finished supper we strolled out into the town and listened to the young men and girls singing together on the piazzas, while a rustic band of home-made instruments accompanied them in the simple melody. The following is one of their songs—

Friend, I am contented, happy, come what may,
In my lowly cottage glide the years away;
In the world beyond us some have wealth untold,
But I am contented, better far than gold.

At my evening meal no waxen tapers shine,
No rich goblets sparkle filled with foreign wine,
Out beyond the hills such things perhaps may be,
But my hard-earned bread seems sweeter far to me.

When death calls me home no marble stone shall rise,
God above in heaven knows where my body lies;
No monument shall point out where I lie at rest,
A little rose-tree only shall blossom o'er my breast.

In the last verse allusion is made to one of their customs; unlike most Germans they attach no importance to the last resting-place of their loved ones, but bury their dead in a field on the hill-side with neither stone nor mound to mark the place. The grass is kept smooth and green, and rose-bushes bloom by the fences: "Those who love me will remember where I lie, and when they are gone, let me be forgotten," they say.

There is a store in the village, where all accounts are kept and political meetings held before the annual election of trustees; all measures for improvement are steadily opposed by the women, who outvote the men, and cling to the obsolete customs of the last century with a dogged pertinacity worthy of a better cause?

Love does not seem to be a ruling passion in the Happy Valley. The pastor once observed that one of his trustees did not marry, so he called him into the inner office one afternoon and expostulated with him, showing forth the expediency of the married state, and asking him if he would not take a wife.

"If you think best, pastor."
 "What do you say to Paulina B—— ?"
 "Just as you say, pastor."
 "Will you be married this afternoon ?"
 "If you think best, pastor."

So the matter was settled, the trustee returning to his work and quite forgetting the important change before him until the pastor summoned him to the office at five o'clock, where stood the rosy Paulina, who had left her spinning for ten minutes, and the twain were soon made one flesh. After a short pause the trustee asked, "Have you any thing more for me to do, pastor?" and a negative answer being returned, he went back to his account-books without a word to his bride, who returned to her spinning as phlegmatically as she had come.

On Sunday we went to the little church and watched the long file of worshippers march gravely in, the men at one door, the women at another, and seat themselves in solid rows on the blue benches, when the service began with a hymn, followed by a long sermon, during which, every time the name of Jesus was mentioned, all heads reverently bowed.

The singers were accompanied by a band of ten musicians seated on a platform near the pulpit, who elicited very sweet music from a collection of quaint wooden pipes, flageolets, flutes, and violins, whose patterns came from the old country half a century before, and, like every thing else in the Happy Valley, remained unchanged. The whole congregation joined in singing the peculiar wild choruses, the women repeating the last line alone, and dying off into a whisper at the plaintive minor chord which always formed the unexpected close, while we felt transported back into the early ages of the world.

The inhabitants of Happy Valley, ignorant of the value of money and living in the simplest manner, are yet a rich community, owing to their industrious habits and systematic labour. Their domain consists of over ten thousand acres of highly cultivated land, a coal mine, and a bed of iron ore; they have several large mills and factories, as their invariable rule is to manufacture every thing they use; their cattle are models of beauty, and their horses, powerful and well groomed. One bakery supplies all the bread, one laundry attends to

the washing, and one nursery receives all the little ones, while their mothers take part in the active labours of the field or dairy. Their morality is without a flaw, for since the foundation of the community there has never been a case of law-breaking among them, and their lives flow on as peacefully as though the hills were permanent barriers between them and the noisy, busy, wicked world. Few among them have ever wandered three miles away from the village; they shun all contact with strangers, and when we asked one of the girls if she would not like to go with us to the city, she smiled, and replied, "Oh no! I'se better here." That answer embodies the spirit in which they live and die.

The little band* who left their Fatherland and toiled through the unbroken wilderness to the remote banks of the Tuscarawas River fifty years ago, with Bibles in their hands and faith in their hearts, have nearly all been called to rest, but the few white-haired men who still wander through the quiet streets, or gaze abroad upon the rich fields, seem pictures of perfect contentment, that rare blessing of old age.

Happy little Valley; our ways are not as thy ways, but who can say that thou hast not chosen the better part?

Harper's Magazine.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

* In the spring of 1817, about two hundred Germans from Wurtemberg embarked upon the ocean. Of lowly origin, of the sect called Separatists, they were about to seek a home in the New World to enjoy the religious freedom denied in their fatherland. On their voyage across the Atlantic, one young man gained their veneration and affections by his superior intelligence, simple manners and kindness to the sick. Originally a weaver, then a teacher in Germany, and now entrusting his fortunes with those of like faith, Joseph M. Bimeler found himself, on reaching our shores, the one whose judgment was to guide them through the trials and vicissitudes yet to come. Acting by general consent as agent, he purchased for them on credit 5,500 acres in the county of Tuscarawas, to which the colonists removed the December and January following. They fell to work in separate families, erecting bark huts and log shanties, and providing for their immediate wants, strangers in a strange land, girt around by a wilderness enshrouded in winter's stern and dreary forms.

For about eighteen months they toiled in separate families, but unable thus to sustain themselves in this then new country, the idea was suggested to combine and conquer by the mighty enginery of associated effort. A constitution was adopted, by it they hold all their property in common. Their principal officers are an agent and three trustees, upon whom devolve the management of the temporal affairs of the community.

Their village, named Zoar, is situated about half a mile east of the Tuscarawas.

Their costume and language are those of Germany. They are seen going to the field with implements of labour across their shoulders, their faces shaded by immense circular rimmed hats of straw—or with their hair combed straight back from their foreheads and tied under a coarse blue cap of cotton.

Systematic division of labour is a prominent feature in their domestic economy.

The selfishness so prominent in the competitive avocations of society, is here kept from its odious development by the interest each strikingly manifests in the general welfare, as only thus can their own be promoted.

With all the peculiarities of their religious faith and practice we are unacquainted; but, like most sects denominated Christian, there is sufficient in their creed, if followed, to make their lives here upright, and to justify the hope of a glorious future. Separatists is a term applied to them, because they separated from the Lutheran and other denominations. They have no prayers, baptisms or sacraments, and, like Jews, eschew pork. Their log church is often filled winter evenings, and twice on the Sabbath. The morning service consists of music, instrumental and vocal, in which a piano is used, together with the reading and explanation of the scriptures by one of their number.

They owe much of their prosperity to Bimeler, now an old man, and justly regarded as the patriarch of the community. He is their adviser in all temporal things, their physician to heal their bodily infirmities, and their spiritual guide to point to a purer world. Although but as one of them, his superior education and excellent moral qualities have given him a commanding influence, and gained their love and reverence. He returns the affection of the people, with whom he has toiled until near a generation has passed away, with his whole soul.

The community are strict utilitarians, and there is but little mental development among them. They are a very simple-minded, artless people, unacquainted with the outer world, and the great questions, moral and political, which agitate it. Thus they pass through their pilgrimage with but apparently few of the ills that fall to the common lot, presenting a reality delightful to behold, with contentment resting upon their countenances, and hearts in which is enthroned peace.

APPENDIX III.

FAIRY ISLAND.

TO any one living on Fairy Island, it seems as though the god of day had no other occupation than to make his shining transit across the Straits of Mackinac; and the simple Indians showed only a natural reverence when they gave to the beautiful island the name of Michili-Mackinac, or "The Home of the Giant Fairies."

Life is long on Fairy Island, and life is free and careless; a full century of years is given to every mortal, and sometimes one sees mummy-like old Indians, who from their appearance might well have witnessed the creation of the world. Strangers who come here gradually lose their identity, and become like a throng of gay children roaming through the woods, sailing over the deep waters, or basking in the sunshine on some bald-faced rock, breathing the golden air in long breaths of delight. . . .

Over the waters, in all directions, are seen the famous Mackinac boats, gliding gracefully enough with a fair wind, but only displaying their peculiar qualities when, with a gale behind them, and their great white sails tilting far to one side, they skim the white caps. In gay flotillas we visit Round Island, where lived and died the famous Indian spiritualist, Wachusa. His old lodge is still to be seen, where the strange lights appeared, and where the whistling wind swept over the circle of silent Indians sitting with bowed heads to receive the manifestations of the Spirit. We circle Fairy Island and leave our offerings of vine leaves at Magic Spring, where in primitive days, the dusky maidens offered up their choicest ornaments for the safety of their braves; we pass the British Landing, where the English soldiers marched up to surprise our little garrison at Fort Holmes; we sail in sight of the distant St. Martin's Islands and the mysterious region called the "Chenaux," or "Snows," as the island



UNITED STATES INDIAN AGENCY, MACKINAC.

(BURNED DECEMBER 31ST, 1871.)

dialect has it ; but in all our numerous pilgrimages to Fairy Island, we never succeeded in finding a person who had visited that hazy country or who could tell us where or what were the "Chenaux." Whether channels or mountains, land or water, no one knew ; but in answer to our inquiries, they would vaguely point to the northward, and say, "Oh, its just the Snows, that's all."

Many a time, also, have we set out for the distant gates of the sunrise and the sunset. We have manned our boats with enterprising souls, provisioned them with ample stores of meat and wine, and boldly steered towards the enchanted regions, but we could never reach them, though we sailed all day ; they fled before us hour by hour, until, impatient and discouraged, we turned our prows homeward ; but as soon as we reached Fairy Island again, there they were in the distance, one mysteriously dim, the other vividly clear, as the sun travelled over the Straits to his watery bed in the west.

One bright summer day we sailed to Point St. Ignace, where the little church with its spire cross keeps watch over the Indian village. Few points of this new continent of ours possess any historic interest, and but few of our busy people are aware that around the Point St. Ignace in the Straits of Mackinac, cluster ancient traditions and legends worthy to be crystallized into enduring fame by the poet's pen and the painter's brush. When the stern Puritans were enforcing their cold doctrines on the barren shores of New England, and protecting themselves carefully in little villages on the edge of the great wilderness, never dreaming of penetrating its depths, the French missionaries were following the courses of the western rivers, and planting the cross of Christ a thousand miles towards the setting sun.

In the year 1670, the celebrated Père Marquette entered the Straits of Mackinac . . and beached his canoe at the old Indian town . . Here he planted the cross and rested some days among the friendly Indians. . . Day after day the canoes assembled at Iroquois Point, and the young missionary saw his congregation grow, as standing by the rude cross, he preached to them the glad tidings of great joy. . . Encouraged by his success, Père Marquette erected here a log chapel, and named it in honour of Ignatius Loyola, and soon the sound of a little bell echoed through the forest, calling the new-made converts to their devotions. . . In 1672,

while Marquette was thus engrossed with his dusky converts, he was called upon to join an expedition through the Far West in company with Joliet, another member of that self-sacrificing band of Jesuit missionaries whose adventures outshine the wildest pages of romance. With that implicit obedience which rules the Order, Marquette prepared to leave his little resting-place and move onward through the pathless forest. On a bright May morning, the boats containing the missionaries were started down the Straits towards the western gateway accompanied by a numerous flotilla of canoes filled with sorrowing Indians.

It is recorded that Père Marquette sat shading his eyes with his hand, looking back earnestly at the little chapel of St. Ignatius, which he was never more to see. At the western gateway, Marquette rose, and, extending his arms over the water, gave a parting benediction to the silent Indians, who sat motionless until the last boat had disappeared into Lake Michigan, and then returned, sorrowing, to their island homes. . . .

In 1675, Marquette, worn out with his labours in exploring the Mississippi, returned eastward as far as the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at Green Bay. Feeling the approach of death, the dying man's thoughts turned to his little chapel in the Straits, and he expressed a wish to rest under its walls, where the shadow of the cross he had raised might fall upon him. Loving hands carried him to the canoe, and all speed was made towards the Straits; but death overtook them, and the patient eyes closed without again beholding the beloved cross of St. Ignatius. . . .

But when the Indians of the Straits heard of his last wishes, they assembled a vast fleet of canoes and paddled swiftly down the lake after the body of their good father.

They inclosed the simple coffin in robes of choice furs and beadwork, and then, in solemn procession, they turned back towards the Straits. . . . As the flotilla entered the sunset gate, it was met by all the Island Indians, and as they neared Point Ignatius, the missionaries in charge came down to the beach, clad in their vestments, and singing the funeral chant, while the coffin was silently borne ashore on the very spot which the good father's foot had first pressed five years before.

During the wars that followed—between the English and the French, the colonists and the Indians, etc.,—the locality of the grave was lost; but somewhere on Point St. Ignace peacefully he lies at rest, and at the last day he will rise in state, surrounded by the host of dusky warriors who sleep around him, saved by his zeal and devotion, the noble Père Marquette.

This romantic history was related to us by the white-haired priest, who welcomed us politely at Point St. Ignace, and invited us into his log-cabin, where, arranged on pine shelves, our wondering eyes beheld the choicest works of the master-minds of the world, clad in Russia leather and sparkling with gilt. In this little village of Indians and Canadian half-breeds, dwelt this courtly old gentleman, with the face of a nobleman and the manners of an aristocrat; evidently he belonged to the *ancien régime*, and to our eyes he seemed only fitted for some stately old *salon* in old-fashioned Paris. Charmed and astonished at his conversation, we lingered as long as possible in his cabin, and the little vesper bell found us still listening to his graceful sentences. Entering the chapel we stood awhile watching the small congregation at their devotions, and then hastened to the beach and set sail for Fairy Island, full of curiosity at this *rara avis* of the wilderness. As much of his history as we afterwards learned, can be told in a few words. About twenty years before, Father Pierret arrived at Mackinac, bringing with him stores of superb books, pictures, costly clothing, jewels, and a mysterious box which was never opened. He had been sent from Paris as missionary to the Indians of the Straits, and, instead of taking up his abode at the mission-house on Fairy Island, he chose for his habitation the ancient site of Père Marquette's log chapel at Point St. Ignace, only coming over to Mackinac at stated seasons to hold service, and hastening back to his solitary home as soon as it closed. There he lived, shunning all intercourse with white men, but much beloved by the Indians, who gradually built up a little village around his cabin and kept him supplied with game and fish. Twice a year a box of costly books came to him from Paris; and if by chance visitors sought him out in his retirement, he received them politely, and showed them his choice library with quiet pride. How the Roman Catholic Church, that knows so well how to select the labourer for the field, could have sent this accomplished, elegant man to

vegetate in the wilderness, has always been a mystery. Some political crime, some dark persecution, or, perhaps some youthful rebellion against the severe laws of the priesthood, may have occasioned this banishment, which lasted so many long years. But whatever the mystery may have been, it will never be solved; for one morning some years since, Father Pierret received a heavy letter from Paris, and set out on his homeward journey the same day, bearing with him his costly library, his pictures, and the mysterious iron-banded box, unopened for twenty years. . . .

The village of Mackinac is a relic of the past. The houses on the beach are venerable and moss-grown, while behind them stand the deserted warehouses of the fur-traders, once so filled with life and activity. The island was long the principal depot of the North Western Fur Company; and here the trappers received their outfits for their perilous journeys . . . here came the merry voyageurs, singing their gay French songs as they paddled the loaded canoe; and here at evening, they danced on the beach to the sound of the violin, with the copper-coloured belles whose features we may even now detect under the French names of many of the old families of Fairy Island. These were gay days for Mackinac; but with the death of John Jacob Astor, the master-spirit of the North-Western Company, the fur-trade languished, and finally retreated before advancing civilization into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. . . .

We wandered through the dingy warehouses, and tried to imagine the dusty shelves filled with furs and supplies, and the grave Indians mingling in silence with the noisy French voyageurs, while stolid Dutch clerks from New York, kept the balance straight. We visited the old Indian Agency, with its heavy stockade fence pierced with loop-holes, from which to shoot unruly red-skins; we inspected the mysterious carved door in the kitchen, said to have been brought from France for Père Marquette's chapel; and then we strolled up to the deserted Mission Church looking over the beautiful Straits, and we felt that the early fathers must indeed have loved their little home on Fairy Island. We were quartered in the Mission House itself, and through those narrow halls, where once the grave priests paced slowly, now resounded the song and laugh of the gay pilgrims from the burning, dusty cities. Yet still we all felt that the place was hallowed

and even the most careless could not but recall the early days, two centuries before, when the devoted missionaries had built these self-same walls with hymns of praise and heart-felt prayer.

A strange, quaint race are the inhabitants of Fairy Island. A full-blooded Indian grandmother clad in blanket and moccasins, a funny little French grandfather full of gay songs and jokes, a dusky, half-breed mother, and a sturdy Dutch father, must necessarily produce peculiar children—many-featured, many hued, and many characterized. A pretty young girl, her face sparkling with the vivacious intelligence peculiar to the French, is accompanied by a silent brother, whose features and form are Indian *pur et simple*. Playing on the beach are confused groups of mongrel children, and so bewildered are we by the unexpected admixtures of features and complexions, that we almost expect to discover that some of them are half-squirrel or half-loon, descendants of the original inhabitants of Fairy Island. . . .

The summer guests at Fairy Island begin to take their departure as soon as the harvest-moon has waned; they fear the treacherous waves, and sail away home over a summer sea before the first Fall wind comes blowing from the west. One autumn, in the face of direful prognostications of evil, we dared to remain long enough to witness the September gales and the glowing Indian summer, so brilliant in the clear air and sharp frosts of the lake country.

We climbed to old Fort Holmes, and saw the whole of Fairy Island clad in maple, orange and scarlet, green pine and russet oak; we noted Round Island and Bois Blanc, like gay bouquets in the still water; we breathed the hazy air, all filled with gold-dust. Descending from the heights, we wandered through the painted woods and brought home glowing branches to deck our cottage walls. But day by day we piled the logs higher and higher upon our hearth-stone, until at last, we could no longer deny that

“ The seasons come and go
Scarce apprehended;
Though bright have been its flowers,
Summer is ended.”

LONGING.

I.

In the wide valley open to the sun,
 Where the slow river flows on toward the south
 Between the grain-fields, whose low fences run
 As far as eye can reach, ne'er ending, ne'er begun,
 The longing people pause amid the burning drouth,
 And, gazing over the hot fields with dreaming eyes,
 They seem to see a distant rocky island rise
 From out the furrows; and a cry bursts forth,—
 A cry of weary longing for the North.

“ Oh, for the cedars that grow on the northern island
 Oh, for the larches that toss in the northern breeze,
 Oh, for the path beneath the dark aisles of the spruces,
 The dancing foam-crested waves of the fresh-water seas!
 Oh, for a sight of the clambering mountain blue-bell,
 The wash of the sounding surf on the pebbly shore,
 The spicy smell of the blue-green juniper-berry,
 The storm-beaten peaks of the gray cliffs towering o'er
 Cool-shaded nooks, afar from this heat and glare—
 Would I were there, would I were there!”

II.

On the far island at the great lake's head
 Where the short summer scarcely warms the air,
 Or turns the early cherry to its red,
 Before quick-coming autumn nips the forest dead,
 The silent people in their stony furrows bare,
 Pause in their task, as though their weary, care-worn eyes,
 Saw, from the waves, a distant sunny valley rise,
 And, dreaming, gaze, until from hard-set mouth,
 Bursts forth a cry of longing for the south:
 “ Oh, for the deep lush grass of the green mill-race meadow,
 Oh, for the broad fields golden with fast growing grain,
 Oh, for the pulse of the earth in ripening weather,
 The glowing heat of the sun on the dead level plain!
 Oh, for a sight of the full-bosomed water-lily
 Basking at ease as the slow river onward flows,
 The sound of the myriad-gilded summer insects,
 The scent of the heliotrope and the sweet tube rose!
 Oh, land of the South, fruitful, blossoming, fair—
 Would I were there, would I were there!”

Appleton's Journal.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

MACKINAC—REVISITED.

A FRAGMENT.

The sunset gate in shadow lies
 Before the morning radiance,
 And shineth still down Michigan
 The far-off flash of Waugoschance ;
 But nearer looms a cloudy shape
 Up from the waves, its outlines draw
 The tears ;—thy every line I know
 O purple-hued, beautiful Mackinac !

Isle of the north, thy shadowed tints
 Again I see,—the aisles of pines
 That sweep around like outer court,
 The spicy cedars' sharpened lines
 Of lighter hue, the blue-green spruce
 In Gothic spires ; and, thick between
 The banners of the maple leaves
 That brighten the pines with their summer green.

* * * *

O when the time doth come for me
 To yield obedience to the law
 Of mortal life, I fain would rest
 Under thy sod, O Mackinac !
 I should lie quiet there, and know
 Thy pine-crowned cliffs were e'er the same,
 Thy foam-capped waves, St. Ignace point,
 The western pass in the sunset flame—
 And ships all gold-tinged sailing down
 To some fair land beyond the gates.
 The echo of the evening gun,
 The twilight falling o'er the Straits,
 The stars slow rising ; my sealed eyes
 Lying calm in Death's long trance
 Would still dream on of Bois Blanc light
 And the far-away flash of Waugoschance.

O purple isle, through long, long years
A wide, wide world I've wandered o'er,
From mountains of the western skies
To silver sands of southern shore,
And—ever sad!—no more I strive,
I come again where love doth draw
My lonely heart,—O take me back
And comfort me, beautiful Mackinac!

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

APPENDIX IV.

WOOLSON NOTES.

Compiled by CHARLES JARVIS and HANNAH
COOPER POMEROY WOOLSON.

The Wollastons were seated at Wollaston, Stafford Co., before Edward III; flourished at same place in reign of Henry VII.

WOLLASTON PEDIGREE.

WOLLASTON of Perton Hall, County of Stafford.

|
THOMAS Wollaston of Perton.

|
WILLIAM Wollaston of Trescote Grange, Co. Stafford.

|
WILLIAM Wollaston of Perton.

|
HENRY Wollaston of London, died in 1677.

|
WILLIAM Wollaston of Omott, Co. Stafford, and Shenton,
County of Leicester, Esq., High Sheriff of Leicester 1629,
and of Staffordshire, 1630.

* * * * *

Margery de Wollaston was Abbess of the Abbey de la Pré, for Clunic Nuns in Northamptonshire in 1282.

John Balliol, Founder of Balliol College, Oxford, was a patron of the Abbey [probably Margery had been an "old flame" of John's].

From "Buckinghamshire Pedigrees."

* * * * *

Capt. Wollaston came to Mass. in 1625 and com. settlement at Mount Wollaston now Quincy. Dissatisfied and went to Virginia. Had large number of servants, prob. Slaves. In 1635, a Mary Wollaston came over in ship "Planter," in search of her husband. Whether it was the Capt. she was in search of or another person named Wollaston who lived in Boston in 1626, is not known. There was a man of the name in Lynn in 1637—moved to Sandwich—may have been the same.

* * * *

The first Thomas Woolson, from his tombstone record, must have been born in 1626. His name does not appear in any of the lists of early passengers to New England, or in any of the lists of enrolled freemen. The first we hear of him is his marriage in 1660 (when a man of thirty-four) to Sarah Hyde, and after that, he is frequently spoken of in the histories of Newton, Sudbury, and Watertown. *Where* did he come from?

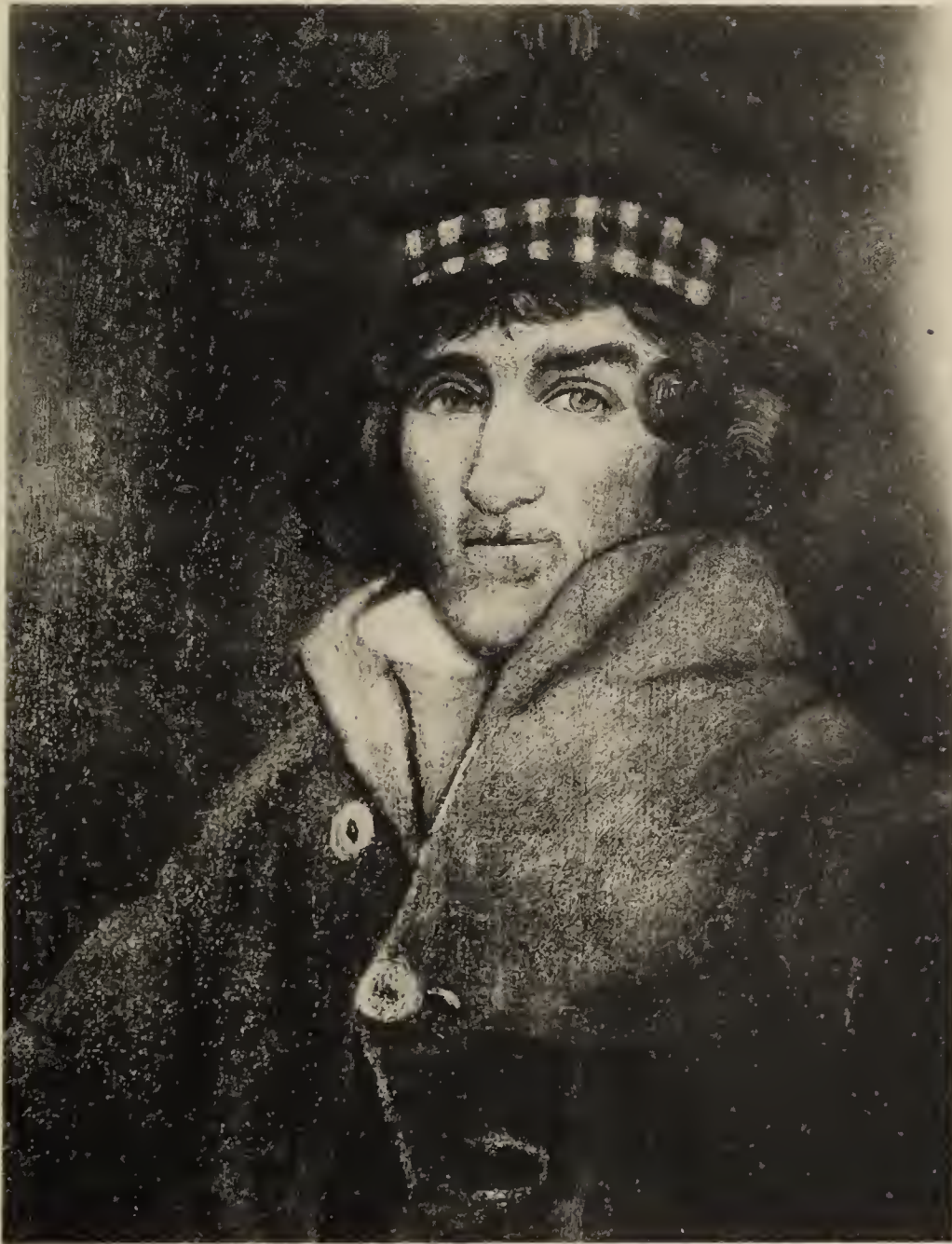
* * * *

C. J. Woolson's theory or conjecture was that Thomas Woolson was really a younger member of the Wollaston family, who, after the dispersion of the colony at Mount Wollaston, remained in New England, but owing to the Puritan hatred to his race, changed his name. This is possible.*

* * * *

Thomas Woolson of New Cambridge (Newtown) married Nov. 20th, 1660, Sarah, daughter of Deacon Samuel and Temperance Hyde of Cambridge (Samuel Hyde came from London to Boston in the "Jonathan" in 1639, aged 29 years). He removed to Watertown, Mass. and was enrolled

After long years of patient, though desultory research, in which he was loyally aided and supported by his wife, herself an enthusiastic genealogist, Mr. Woolson, on his return from a trip to Boston, announced with one of his whimsical turns of fancy, that he had at last solved the mystery of the "Original Thomas"; that he had been a pirate on the High Seas, who, having run away from his aristocratic English home, had purposely severed all connecting links in order to be quite free to pursue his life of adventurous crime! Producing an ancient and begrimed oil painting in an exceedingly weatherbeaten frame, Mr. Woolson proclaimed it to be the veritable likeness of his ancestor, now re-christened "The Woolson Pirate."



"THE WOOLSON PIRATE."

as Freeman, April 18th, 1690. He was Selectman of Watertown in 1699-1702-3. He was a man of distinction and of wealth for those times. He died April 5th, 1713. The widow, Sarah Hyde Woolson died Sept. 11th, 1721. Their graves are in the old burying ground at Weston.

From the WILL OF THOMAS WOOLSON, December 6th, 1708.

"I, Thomas Woolson of Watertown Farms in ye county of Middle in New England, being in a comfortable measure of helth and in sound and disposing memory, praise be given to God for the same, Do make this my Last will and Testament in main and form as followeth." He mentions "beloved wife Sarah," "eldest son Thomas," "Dutyful son Joseph," "Dutyful daughters, Sarah Bond, Elizabeth How and Mary Jones," and signs his name in good, clear hand.

Thomas Woollson.

Thomas Woolson, a grandson of the "original Thomas," born at Danvers, Mass. in 1777, was the father of Charles Jarvis Woolson. Thomas Woolson married in 1805, Hannah Peabody, daughter of Hannah and David Chandler, of Andover Mass. Mrs. Woolson's direct ancestor was that Lieut. Francis Peabody of St. Albans, Hertfordshire, who came to New England in the ship "Planter," in 1625.

Thomas Woolson removed to Claremont, New Hampshire about 1813. There is in existence an old paper showing that Thomas Woolson, Gentleman, took and subscribed the oath of allegiance to the state of New Hampshire and the oath of office as Ensign of the Ninth Company in the fifth Regiment of Militia, on the tenth day of June, Anno Domini 1802, and of the Independence of the United States of America the twenty-sixth. A year and a half later he was appointed Lieutenant of the same company of militia.

"To Thomas Woolson, Gentleman,
Greeting."

We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct, do by these presents constitute and appoint you, the said Thomas Woolson, Lieutenant of the Ninth Company in the Fifth Regiment of

Militia in the State of New Hampshire. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a Lieutenant in leading, ordering, and exercising said Company in Arms, both inferior Officers, and soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline, hereby commanding them to obey you as their Lieutenant," etc., etc.

Witness—

John Taylor Gilman, Governor of our State.

By His Excellency's Command,

Nath. Parker, Secretary.

Thomas Woolson was prominent in business and politics. He was well-educated, intelligent and an ingenious inventor. . He invented and had patented the first cooking stove that met with any success in the United States about 1818 . . . About the same time he made the first cast-iron plough ever used. He made cards for carding wool, the teeth being bent and set in the leather by hand, an operation in which half the families in town—men, women and children—employed time not otherwise occupied. . . Mr. Woolson also made several town clocks, that now in the tower of our town hall being one of them. . Mr. Woolson was representative in the New Hampshire legislature in 1825 and 1826, state senator in 1828. and the same year elector of president and vice-president for New Hampshire, he and his seven colleagues casting their votes for John Quincy Adams for president of the United States.

From The History of Claremont.

Woolson was in his way a wonder at invention.

From The Old Meeting House.

Constance Fenimore Woolson in the following early sketch gives a humorous description of an expedition to New England undertaken by the Woolson family in the effort to solve the mystery of the inscrutable Thomas. For Belleston, read Wollaston, for Bilson, Woolson, for Laketown, Cleveland and the story becomes quite clear.

THE BONES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

MY sister Mary Ann had just returned from boarding-school. The admiration I felt for her was unbounded, although not unmixed with awe, for a three years' absence had developed that mysterious charm called "style," and all Laketown felt itself wanting before this new shibboleth of nineteenth-century beauty. We were together in our own room after an evening of conversation with visitors, and Mary Ann was unlacing her dainty boots, and reviewing the evening with satirical scorn. "Such a dull town! such common-place people! such plebeian names! Think of receiving a Simpkins, a Jones, and a Stubbs!"

"Laugh at the others as much as you please, Mary Ann, but do not say anything against Joe."

"I am not saying anything against him, Nora—only against his name. Joel Stubbs! What a weight! He might as well have a millstone hung round his neck."

Now Joe was father's partner, a fine-looking, energetic young man, who had admired Mary Ann through childhood and girlhood, continued faithful during her long absence, and now stood ready to devote bouquets, concert tickets, French candy, and himself to the fair *débutante*. I liked him with a younger sister's liking, and it annoyed me to see the scorn on Mary Ann's face as she ridiculed his unfortunate name. "I do not see that Stubbs is any worse than Bilson," I said, with some asperity.

"You are right, Nora; it is not. Bilson and Stubbs! The very sight of the firm name is depressing. I have, however, a hope for the future. I did not intend to tell you so soon, but the conversation has led me on. Look, Nora, what do you think of that?" said my sister, rising majestically and pouring a stream of water from the pitcher down upon the floor.

"You will ruin the new carpet!" I exclaimed.

Mary Ann vouchsafed no answer, but taking off one stocking, she deliberately put her little bare foot before the miniature river, and watched its slow advance with eager attention.

"See, it runs under the instep. Come and look. It runs directly under the instep," exclaimed my sister, proudly. "This test is an infallible proof of aristocratic descent. Somewhere back in antiquity we have knightly blood. When I left home three years ago, I was shamefully ignorant of the importance of genealogy, and quite unconscious of the plebeian character of our family name. But Madame Hauton's school* is eminently aristocratic, and in a few days a deputation from the dormitory inquired for my ancestral tree. Fortunately I did not betray our want of any such document, and as my foot stood the test which is always applied to new-

*When my sister left her fashionable New York school, standing at the head of her class, and having met with great distinction also because of her beautiful contralto voice (oh! how it penetrated to the heart as she sang—"For men must work and women must weep, And the sooner it's over, the sooner they sleep!" Think what taste was shown in those days—to have Connie at 18 singing such a song!), Father gave her a supply of pretty clothes, and he took us all—my mother, Charlie, our little brother, Connie and myself—on a long trip to all the places he and mother had lived in when they were young and happy, and before their awful losses fell upon them. So Connie had a grand time. Father went to all the fashionable resorts around Boston, and Connie was a great belle. But the literary talent in her led her to do things that those *not* thus gifted, did not do. Mother often said to her: "Connie, do not carry an inkstand up and down stairs as you do—you will some day fall and injure yourself, and spoil one of your pretty new dresses!"

So one day the fall came, and I saw it! Connie was not injured; she had on a lovely grey costume, very becoming and beautifully made—she started to come down the steep hotel stairs, holding a portfolio (she was planning to write on the piazza) and on top of the limp portfolio stood her ink bottle with no cork in it! She stumbled and went down and the whole bottle of black ink poured over this lovely dress!

Mrs. Benedict to Miss May Harris.

comers, I was allowed to take my place on an equality with the rest, especially as I did not contradict the pronunciation which was given to my name—Marion Beelsohn, instead of the odious Mary Ann Bilson.

But during these three years I have given the subject careful study, and have made great discoveries. There is a possibility—yes, even a probability—that our name is not Bilson, but Belleston; that we are descended from a noble English family of that name in Staffordshire, whose ancestral residence is called Perton Hall, described in the guide-books as ‘venerably aristocratic.’ Now Nora, I have come back determined to pursue the quest. Father is rich, and we only need a noble name to be received into the highest circles of the land. I flatter myself there is nothing else to prevent our immediate entrance into the circles where we belong,” said my stately sister, with a glance at the mirror.

“I thought America had no aristocracy,” I answered, timidly.

“Not an acknowledged aristocracy, perhaps; but let me assure you, my little novice, that the invisible lines are as closely drawn here as in foreign countries. There is the old Dutch hierarchy and its descendants, the Plymouth Rock root and its branches, the Palmetto stock and its offspring. But as we can not claim any of the three grand divisions, we must try to make good our claim in some other way.

To-morrow I will show you the documents I have collected. You must help me to awaken the proper interest in papa’s mind. We must go East and visit the graves of our ancestors, and I confidently expect to return to Laketown an acknowledged Belleston.”

“I wonder what Joe will think of it,” I said after a pause.

“His opinion is a matter of perfect indifference to me,” replied Mary Ann, “Of course a Stubbs could have no adequate conception of the case.”

“Father depends upon Joe, Mary Ann.”

“In the business, do you mean? Ah, yes. But I hope soon to induce papa to give up all active employment, and take us East, to the old homestead in Massachusetts—he might build a country-seat there, and call it Perton Hall, after the residence of our English ancestors.”

I fell asleep with haunting visions of English country residences on Massachusetts Bay, howling east winds without, and within an assemblage of transcendental minds in highly aristocratic bodies, communing upon the mysteries of the soul.

The next morning at the breakfast-table a beautiful bouquet stood beside Mary Ann's plate. "What lovely flowers!" I exclaimed.

"The card spoils them," said Mary Ann, tossing away the offending pasteboard.

I read the little missive—"Joel Stubbs to Miss Mary Ann."

"What is the matter with the card, Mollie?" asked father, surveying his pretty daughter with affectionate pride.

"The name! It is so essentially plebeian. But I have something to tell you, papa, which cannot fail to interest you;" and forthwith my sister plunged into her subject, her colour rising, her eyes sparkling, and her face lighted up with so much animation that father and mother exchanged admiring glances, and even the boys paused to listen to her tale. "Now, papa, will you not help me to find the missing link?" concluded Mary Ann, earnestly.

"Well, my daughter, when I find time I will see about it. To-day, Stubbs tells me, some of the country customers are to be here, and—"

"Never mind Stubbs, papa. Look at your hand as it lies there—notice those shapely fingers! That hand never belonged to a Bilson pure and simple; it is the hand of an aristocrat," said Mary Ann, stroking father's hand affectionately.

"It's not so bad, that's a fact," replied father, surveying his fist with some pride.

The boys instantly spread their fingers, sticky with syrup, upon the table-cloth.

"There's a stumpy paw for you," cried Tom, pointing triumphantly to his brother's fat fingers. "You ain't an aristocrat, Johnny Bilson, anyway."

"I am, too," howled Johnny.

"Hush, boys!" said father sternly.

After breakfast, Mary Ann brought in her documents—extracts from early histories of the New England colony,

copies of genealogical papers, tombstone inscriptions, town records, letters from antiquarians, and a flourishing ancestral tree, going back from Thomas to Joseph, from Joseph to Thomas, generation before generation, until the date of 1660, when the original Thomas made his first appearance in the records on the occasion of his marriage to Sarah, daughter of Deacon Samuel Hyde. Where he came from, who were his parents, no one could tell; and yet at that early date the names of all persons arriving in New England and the record of all births were carefully kept.

"Who then, was the original Thomas?" demanded Mary Ann with impressive earnestness. To this question none of the family could reply. "Listen," said Mary Ann, surveying her audience majestically. "In 1625 Captain Belleston son of Sir Thomas Belleston, of Perton Hall, Staffordshire, England, sailed to this country and founded a settlement, which he named Mount Belleston: I believe it is now Quincy. He brought with him a number of retainers, a chaplain of the Church of England, and established daily service, a May-pole, and various other usages of the old country, which brought down upon him the ill-will of the Puritans even during his presence in the village. After remaining a year at the Mount, Captain Belleston sailed south, toward Virginia, for the purpose of finding a warmer climate, intending to return and move his colony southward, away from the inhospitable abode of the Puritans. Leaving his wife and an infant son behind, he sailed south, and the records are silent as to his fate; undoubtedly the vessel was wrecked, and all on board were lost. Soon after his departure, however, the Puritans assembled, marched out to Mount Belleston, and 'in a grave and righteous manner' sacked the town, 'overthrowing the idols thereof'—meaning I suppose, the altar in the little church—causing 'the priest of Beelzebub to flee for his life,' and 'compassing the inhabitants of the cursed town with brimstone and destruction.' I find nothing more concerning either the settlement or the name until 1660, when our original Thomas Bilson appears upon the scene, aged thirty-four years. Now as that would have been the exact age of the son left behind by Captain Belleston, and as there is no mention of the arrival of any one named Bilson in the carefully kept records of the day, is it not probable that the two were one and the same? For some reason, probably Puritan jealousy, the original Thomas was obliged to make a slight change in

his name, but in my mind there is not a doubt of his connection with Sir Thomas Belleston, of Perton Hall, whose coat of arms is three mullets pierced, a crown issuant, and a griffin rampant."

We all listened to this statement with breathless interest. "I'm glad I'm not a Puritan," said Tom. "After this I won't speak that old piece any more—the one about 'the breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast, and the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches toast,' I say, Mary Ann, what's a griffin?"

"A fabulous animal, with four wings, four legs, and a beak," replied his sister.

"Whew!—he must be a stunner! I wonder how he roars now! Something like this, I suppose;" and Tom gave a howl of ferocious power in a deep minor key.

"Go to school, boys, directly," interposed father. Then when the room was quiet, "Well, daughter, your theory is quite interesting, and we must try to find the missing link."

"Yes, papa. But before you go, just listen to what I have gathered from English sources as to the characteristics of the Belleston family: 'The men are above the common height, erect, valiant, and eagle-eyed; they are keen, thoughtful, and given to invention.' There papa! Your patent wrenches and screws prove you a true Belleston." Father smiled as he went away, but I noticed that he held himself more erect than usual.

From that time on we were devoted to genealogy. Catalogues were procured, volumes selected from their pages and sent for at random, letters written to the four quarters of the earth, books on heraldry obtained, histories of Staffordshire studied, townclerks paid for exploring old church-yards and transcribing MS. records, and the artists of Laketown set to work on the coat of arms. Mary Ann attended to the correspondence, and her pretty hands were in a chronic state of inkiness. She altered and enlarged the family tree from day to day, she pored over dusty tomes until she acquired a slight stoop, and she spent so much time in her researches into antiquity that her toilet, her music, and her flowers were sadly neglected. Father read the written abstracts of the day's work every evening, and paid the increasing bills without a murmur. The boys made chalk designs of griffins

and mullets (they persisted in drawing the latter heraldic device like a fish) all over the fence, and practised new ways of roaring in the back-yard. Joe Stubbs and I lived in the vortex, and swam round with the current as well as we could.

The spring found us far advanced on the road to greatness. We had Captain Belleston's ancestry by heart away back to Caractacus. We had learned the names of all the retainers at Mount Belleston before the Puritans righteously smote them under the fifth rib. It is true, we had not been able to trace the connection between "Old Tom," as the boys irreverently called him, and the noble captain; but, as Mary Ann remarked, that was the only missing link; and the winter's work had, on the whole, been of immense importance in elucidating the general history of our ancestors.

During these busy months, Joel Stubbs had continued faithful in his devotion to Mary Ann. Fresh bouquets filled the parlour with fragrance, new books lay on the table, fruit and confectionery were heaped in the Sevres dishes; but the blossoms withered untended, the book leaves remained uncut, and the boys gorged themselves with the dainties, as Mary Ann's ideas grew more and more lofty. She made us call her "Marion"; she insisted upon calling me "Eleanora;" she altered the dinner hour, so that we were obliged to have, practically, two dinners every day—one for father and the boys at noon, and another for the family at six o'clock. She deserted our pew in the Presbyterian church, and attended daily service at St. Mary's, and she tried visiting the poor, like the young ladies in English novels, and came home much displeased with the "dangerous spirit of insubordination among the lower classes."

When the June sun shone upon our Anglican household, it was at last decided that we should go East to visit the bones of our ancestors. Joel Stubbs was to accompany us, much to the delight of the boys. We were to go to Boston, Watertown, Weston, Quincy, and other places—wherever we could hear of an ancestral tombstone.

The principal portion of our baggage consisted of documents, as Mary Ann insisted upon taking all the winter's correspondence. In addition, father carried a tin case containing the latest family tree, carefully engrossed on parchment, and to me was entrusted the album containing sketches

of our ancestors, enlarged and coloured by Joel Stubbs from one or two rude drawings obtained from the early histories of the Massachusetts colony at great expense. It is true the Bellestons were all patterned after a grandson of the original Thomas; but then, as Joe observed, the physical characteristics of all great families are preserved through many generations, and where you have one Belleston nose, you undoubtedly have them all. So first came Captain Belleston on a prancing horse, with velvet, lace ruffles, white plumes, and a jewelled sword; then the original Thomas, supposed to be his son, likewise in rich attire; then a long line of Josephs and Thomases, interspersed with Hannahs, Thankfuls, and Wealthys, fair, prim maidens, growing more and more modern and fascinating, until the procession ended in a charming likeness of Mary Ann, surmounted by the coat of arms.

At the last moment, when we were ready to start, the boys were missing. Search was made, and anxious voices called in every direction. At last they appeared from the barn, carrying a box with leather handles, and holes in the lid.

"What have you there, boys?" said father, impatiently.

"Only our baggage," replied Tom, carelessly, hurrying on so fast that short-legged Johnny, unable to keep up with his end of the burden, stumbled and fell flat.

"You flat-footed Bilson!" cried Tom, in great wrath, as he snatched the baggage from his fallen brother; "the captain wouldn't have had you at no price, you clod-hopper!"

"Tom," said father, "what have you in that box? Open it directly."

Tom reluctantly put down his baggage and opened the side. There sat our old black hen in a marsh of bread-crumbs, worms, and corn meal, two extra gray wings carefully adjusted to her back, and two extra legs mysteriously protruding from her feathers.

"There she is!" cried Tom, triumphantly. "I've taken such pains to get her up—a regular griffin, you see—four legs, four wings, and a beak. Don't she look first-rate, Mary Ann? I'm going to feed her and take care of her all the way, and you'll see how those Yankee boys will stare!"

Needless to say, this heraldic bird was dispensed with, and old Blacky released. The boys began the journey in sorrow—Tom because of the failure of his ornithological design, and Johnny because of Tom's dark hint, "You'll pay for this before night, young man!"

We journeyed toward Boston. We already felt the Boston self-satisfaction, and discussed our plans in words of four syllables. Father, in his business-like way, arranged the programme—one day for the bones of Quincy, another for Weston and a third for a final search among the Boston records. . .

The ancient town of Quincy welcomed us with a host of antiquities; everything was old, and the very air was hazy with the dust of the past. We drove directly through the town to the old church-yard.

We could not find either a Belleston or a Bilson among the sculptured names in the church-yard; the town records gave us no information, and we were preparing to leave when a voice suggested "Old Squire Grimes." "Sure enough," said another voice, "he knows everything about the first settlers, and he'd admire to tell you all about it." Mary Ann led the way to the square white house with its funereally closed blinds, and, after some delay, we were ushered into a close, dark room, the best parlour, where the squire, a precise old gentleman of true Puritan aspect, received us ceremoniously. After hearing our story and exchanging the formalities of old fashioned politeness, the squire brought in a roll of MS., and carefully wiping his glasses, began to read at the rate of three words a minute, stopping every now and then to make a remark, and invariably losing his place, and re-reading a large portion of the page before he found it again. The document seemed to be a minute history of the Massachusetts colony, whose every detail was as familiar to us as the alphabet, and after half an hour, father gently suggested that we had studied the general history of the colony very carefully, and the object of our visit was to discover, if possible, some data respecting Captain Belleston and his settlement at Mount Belleston.

"I am coming to that, Sir, shortly," said the squire; and the reading began again. Another half hour, and father excused himself, saying he must see to the horses; mother accompanied him, murmuring something about a "headache."

Eight pages more, and Mary Ann took advantage of a pause to observe that it was growing late—if Mr. Grimes would oblige us with a short abstract concerning the Belleston colony.

“In due order,” miss,” replied the squire; and we were impaled for another half hour.

“Ah, yes—deeply interesting,” broke in Mary Ann at length; “but have you no information respecting the fate of Captain Belleston and his infant son?”

“I have never pursued that branch of the subject,” replied the squire, stiffly “my time has been more profitably employed with the history of the pious men who succeeded that profligate Englishman at Mount Belleston. I have the whole record down to the present day; if you care to hear it, I shall be most happy—”

“Thank you, thank you,” interrupted Mary Ann, rising hastily. “We really must tear ourselves away. And so you know nothing concerning the fate of Captain Belleston?”

“Nothing, miss. Nor do I care to know more concerning that depraved follower of Laud. No doubt he came to a bad end,” said Squire Grimes, severely.

“Narrow-minded old Puritan!” exclaimed Mary Ann, as we turned the corner.

“I maintain that King Charles was a hero,” she continued, with feminine irrelevancy.

This declaration woke up Joel Stubbs, who was always a firm champion of Oliver Cromwell, and a discussion began which lasted all the way back to Boston, nor was it over when they sat on the balcony in the moonlight. At least I heard something about “love and loyalty,” so I supposed they were still talking about it.

The next morning we went to Weston. Here, at least, there would be no disappointment—here, at least, one ancestor’s bones reposed! We drove through the town to the churchyard, and after some search we found the venerable tombstone of the original Tom:

THOMAS BILSON,

Died November 10, 1698, Aged 72 years.

We stood in a group around this baffling progenitor.

"If our graves were only like the ancient tombs, we might find the missing record inside," said Mary Ann, with a sigh.

"Let's dig him up," cried Tom, in great excitement; "me and Johnny could do it in no time. I say, Johnny, run for a spade;" and Tom began to take off his jacket.

Father put a veto upon these plans, and the boys were much disappointed; they disappeared, nor did they join us until, after an hour or two, we were all summoned to dinner. During this meal we were much annoyed by faces flattened against the window-panes. The sky had grown overcast, and, as the air was cool, the windows were closed, and these persistent children darkened the lower sash, and climbing the fence, glared in upon us through the upper panes. They lingered around the door, making raids into the room when it was open, and inspecting us through the key-hole when it was shut. We could not imagine the cause of this public curiosity.

"I wonder who they take us for?" said father, as a new spy was discovered under the sofa and hauled out by the waiter.

"They do not often have an opportunity of seeing people of our class," said Mary Ann. "I am sure their curiosity is quite excusable, poor little urchins!"

Here Joel Stubbs coughed so violently that we were quite alarmed, and after dinner, seeing him on the piazza with father, I went out to offer him some cough lozenges. They were both shouting with laughter. It seems that Joe, had overheard in the wood-shed, before dinner, a conversation, between Tom and a village boy upon the subject of our visit to Weston.

"We've come to dig up the bones of our ancestors, young man," said Tom, calmly. "We've been all over Massachusetts, and we've got bags of 'em in the carriage, besides the boxes that have gone on by express."

"What are you going to do with 'em?" asked the small Westomite with dilated eyes.

"Clean 'em, string 'em, and sell 'em to the doctors," said Tom gravely. "They bring lots of money out West, I can tell you. We've got ten thousand dollars' worth already,

and we expect to double it before another month. Father, he digs; Joe Stubbs picks up the bones, mother and the girls string 'em, and Johnny and me sells 'em."

"No wonder we had an audience at dinner," said father, as Joe finished this recital.

"We had better get away as fast as we can, or we shall be mobbed, Stubbs;" and again the two burst out laughing.

After a rainy drive back to Boston, and a hot supper, our party assembled in father's private parlour, but, to tell the truth, we were not in our usual spirits; mother was tired, father restless, Mary Ann unusually silent, and the boys disposed to be turbulent. Joel Stubbs did not appear at all.

"I wonder where Joe is," said Tom, in a discontented voice; "there's never any fun unless he's around."

"I don't think he would have gone out for the evening without speaking of it," said father, "Do you know where he is, Mary Ann?"

"I know nothing of Mr. Stubbs' movements," replied my sister, with a lofty air.

At length there was a knock at the door, and the waiter appeared with a card;

MR. AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAM BANGS.

Brindleton Club.

ROYAL HIGH LOWS.

"Ah," said father, "I forgot to tell you that I made this gentleman's acquaintance downstairs to-night, and he appeared so much interested in what I told him about our probable origin that I asked him to drop in this evening and see you all." Then to the waiter: "Show the gentleman this way."

In a few moments the stranger appeared—a short, puffy man, with luxuriant side whiskers, lavender gloves, and a flower in his coat.

"'Appy to know you, ladies," he murmured, bowing low, hat in hand. "Hi'm proud to make the hacquaintance hof a descendant hof the Bellestons hof Pertion 'All."

"You know the family, then?" asked Mary Ann, quickly.

"Hi may say that, miss; hi know them hall well; 'ave dined with them frequently."

This was enough. Mary Ann seated herself, with a beaming smile, and the conversation grew absorbing in its interest, as Captain Bangs described Perton Hall, the present Sir Thomas and his family—especially the son and heir, Algernon Chandos Belleston, a young man of twenty-five, "'andsome as Hapollo, and strong as 'Ercules." We listened to these details with secret pride; even father straightened himself with a lordly air, and Mary Ann's face fairly shone with patrician splendour. At length, when the papers were brought out, and Captain Bangs assured us that there could be no doubt of our connection with this noble—he might almost say royal—family, father's heart over-flowed, and in the warmth of his feelings he ordered some champagne to celebrate the discovery. We were all sipping our wine, the boys were carousing in their corner, and Captain Bangs was talking gaily with Mary Ann, when the door opened and Joe Stubbs came in.

He looked surprised, and acknowledging the introduction of the Englishman somewhat curtly, sat down near the door. But Mary Ann grew more and more gay; with sparkling eyes and many smiles, she entertained the captain without one glance toward Joe. Even an officer in the Royal High Lows, however, cannot talk for ever, and at eleven o'clock Captain Bangs rose to take leave, accepting Mary Ann's invitation for the next evening "with hall my 'eart."

"I shall have my letter ready to send by you to my cousins at Perton Hall," said Mary Ann, with a last bewitching smile.

"Hah, miss, Halgernon will be so 'appy to hanswer hit," said the gallant captain, with a final profound salaam.

He was gone. We were alone. The wine was exhausted, and the boys asleep. A silence seemed to have fallen upon the party.

"We missed you, Stubbs," said father, after a pause.

"I have been over to the rooms of the Genealogical Society," replied Joe; "I thought I might find something among their books of reference."

"Well, how did you succeed?" asked father, yawning.

In reply Joe produced a pamphlet from his pocket, and approached the table where Mary Ann sat, busy with pencil and paper.

“To-morrow will do,” she said coldly. “At present I am occupied with my letter to Perton Hall. Do you think I had better write to Algernon, or to Sir Thomas himself, papa?”

But father did not answer; he had taken up Joe’s pamphlet, and stood transfixed by the table. “Good Heavens,” he cried; “what’s this?” We all rushed to his side; he held the fatal book in his hand, and read aloud as follows: “In 1650, October the 10th, was that notorious pirate and evil-liver, Capain Belleston, formerly of Mount Belleston, caught and hung on the Long Island coast by the worthy Zebedee Pettingill, master of the good ship Tribulation. This Captain Belleston sailed away from his noxious and pestilential colony in the year 1626 with the avowed intention of seeking the Virginia Land, but instead thereof, he did hoist the bloody flag on the high seas, and hath ever since been a terror along our coasts. His infant son, left behind at Mount Belleston, seeming in our eyes a goodly youth, we have changed his ill-savoured name to the honest title of ‘Bilson,’ and he now liveth among us soberly, a tavern-keeper on the Watertown Road.”

So ended our search for the bones of our ancestors.

Captain Bangs turned out an ex-hairdresser. The boys learned Captain Kidd, and sang it all the way home.

As for Mary Ann, she cried for a whole day. Then she sulked two. Then she—well—ask Joe.

Harper’s Magazine.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

APPENDIX V.

FROM THE OLD STONE HOUSE*

By Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THE DOGS.

THROUGH the hall came a galloping procession. First "Turk," the Newfoundland dog, harnessed to a rattling waggon in which sat "Grip," the mongrel, muffled in a shawl, his melancholy countenance encircled with a white ruffled cap. Then came Tom, as driver, and behind him "Pete," the terrier, fastened by a long string, and dragging Miss Estella Camilla Wales in her little Go-Cart, very much against his will. Miss Estella Camilla Wales was Grace's favourite doll, and no sooner did she behold the danger of her pet than she sprang from the sitting-room sofa and gave chase. But Tom flourished his whip, old Turk galloped down the gravel-walk with the whole train at his heels, and Miss Wales was whirled across the street before Grace could reach the gate.

"Tom, Tom Morris! Stop this minute, you wicked boy! You'll break Estella's nose!" she cried as she pursued the cavalcade toward the grove opposite the house. Here Pete, excited by the uproar, began barking furiously, and running around in a circle with a speed which soon brought Estella to the ground, besides tying up Tom's legs in a complicated manner with the cord which served as a connecting link between the team before and the team behind. Old Turk after taking a survey of the scene, quietly laid himself down, harness and all, and wagged his ponderous tail; while poor Grip, in his efforts to free himself from the

* The "Old Stone House" is, I think, a spicy account of the boys' pranks.

Mrs. Woolson to her grandson, Samuel Mather, Esq.

shawl, managed to pull his cap over his eyes, and howled in blind dismay. In the midst of the confusion, Grace rescued Miss Wales from her perilous position, and finding her classic nose still unbroken, laid her carefully in the crotch of a tree, and prepared for revenge. In his desire to secure the obedience of his dog-team, Tom had fastened them securely by long cords to his belt. Pete had already managed to wind his tether tightly around Tom's legs, and Grace incited Turk to rebellion, so that he, too, began to gambol about in his elephantine way, and Tom was soon tangled in another net.

"I say, Grace, let the dogs alone will you"? he said angrily, as he vainly tried to disentangle himself. "Here, Turk, lie down, sir! Where in the world is my knife? Pete Trone, you are in for a switching, young man, as soon as these cords are cut." During this time Grip had been pulling at his night-cap with all the strength of his paws; but as he only succeeded in drawing it further over his nose, he finally gave up in despair, and, hearing Grace's voice, patiently sat up on his hind legs, with fore-paws in the air, begging to be released. He looked so ridiculous that both Tom and his sister burst into a fit of laughter. Good humour was restored, and the procession returned homeward, Grip released from his cap, but still wearing his trailing shawl.

When they reached the gate, Tom stopped, and calling the dogs in a line, he began an address: "Turk, Grip, and Pete Trone, Esquires, you have all behaved very badly, and deserve condign punishment!" At these words, uttered in a harsh voice, Pete Trone gave a short bark, and Grip instantly sat up on his hind legs, as if to beg for mercy.

"None of that, gentlemen, if you please!" continued Tom, "special pleading is not allowed before this jury. Turk, Grip, and Pete Trone Esquires, you are hereby sentenced to walk around the garden on the top of the fence. Up, all of you! Jump!" said Tom, picking up a switch.

Now, indeed all the culprits knew what was before them! That fence was a well-known penance—for when they did anything wrong, this was their punishment. Old Turk felt the touch of the switch first, and mounted bravely to his perch, his great legs curved inward to keep a footing on the narrow top; then came Pete, and last of all Grip,

who being a heavy-bodied cur, crouched himself down as low as he could, and crawled along with extreme caution. The fence was high, with a flat horizontal top about four inches wide. It ran around three sides of the garden, and the melancholy procession of dogs passed the window on this fence-top followed by Tom with his switch.

Old Turk—a giant in size among dogs—had been in the family for many years. Grip was rescued from the canal, where some cruel boys had thrown him, by Tom himself; and Pete Trone, Esquire, was bought with Tom's first five-dollar bill, and soon proved himself a terrier of manifold accomplishments—the brightest and most mischievous member of the trio. All the dogs had been carefully trained by Tom. They could fetch and carry, lie down when they were bid, sit up on their hind legs, and do many other tricks. In the meantime, the dogs had turned the corner of the fence, and were slowly advancing towards the house; "Halt," said Tom, and the three dogs stopped instantly, Turk not daring to turn his head to see what was the matter, for fear of losing his balance, blinked out of the corner of his eye, as much as to say, "I wouldn't turn round if I could."

"Pete Trone," said Tom gravely, "it is evident that this punishment is not severe enough for you; a dog that has time to wag his tail and yawn, cannot be in much anxiety to keep his position on the fence. Pete Trone, Esquire, for the rest of the way, you shall wear Grip's cap." So the terrier's black face was encircled with the white frill, and this accomplished, the march was resumed and the three dogs disappeared behind the house.

Soon after breakfast, Tom and Grace went out into the garden, and sat down under the shade of the great elm-tree. The three dogs were not long in discovering their place of retreat, and invited themselves to join the party with their usual assurance;—Turk stretching himself on the ground alongside, Grip under a currant bush, and Pete Trone occupying himself in tilling the soil.

"What are you going to do to-day, Tom?" said Grace, as she adorned Turk's shaggy back with flowers.

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied Tom, "The B.B.'s ("Band of Brothers," as they called themselves, a number of boys who lived in the vicinity) are coming, and we've thought a little of building a house up a tree."

"What for?" said Grace rather languidly, for when the thermometer stands in the eighties, the thought of building becomes oppressive.

"What for?" repeated Tom indignantly; "that's just like a girl! For fun, of course! What else do you suppose? But you needn't have anything to do with it. You can go right into the house this minute, if you like."

"I don't want to go into the house, you know that very well, Tom Morris! I always like to see the B.B.'s and I think a house in a tree will be splendid," said Grace quickly.

"Won't it though! We are going to take the big oak over there, and hoist up all the boards and nails and things. There's a place in the main branches where we can build a real room, big enough for all of us, if we squeeze tight. We're going to have a floor, and roof and sides, and a hole in the bottom to climb in a sort of sally-port, you know. It will be a regular fort, and I guess those South-end fellows will wink out of the wrong side of their eyes when they see it."

"Won't it be rather warm up there?" suggested Grace. "I never saw such a baby!" exclaimed Tom. "Warm? Of course it will be, and what then! The Monitors were warm, but you never caught our soldiers whining about it. The B.B.'s will stand up to their work like men, and they'll stay in that house when it's built, even if they melt down to their very backbones."

"I wonder what Pete is doing?" said Grace, after a pause, wisely making a diversion in the conversation.

"Oh, burying bones, I suppose," said Tom, "he's always at it. I believe he'd dig a hole in an iron floor if he was chained up on it. Hallo Pete! Stop that! You're making too much dust. Do you hear me, sir? Very well! You'd a-bet"—When Tom got as far as "bet," pronounced in an awful voice, Pete knew that a stick was forthcoming. He accordingly paused in his digging, his little black nose covered with yellow earth, and his eyes fixed mournfully on the half-finished hole.

"Let us go and dig up some of his bones and show them to him," said Tom; "it always makes him feel so ashamed! I know where they are; he has his favourite places, and I've often seen him toiling up and down from one to the other."

They carried out their bone-hunting project much to the discomfiture of Pete Trone, Esq. who followed behind as if fascinated, watched the disinterment of each relic with mortified interest, and when the last was brought into view drooped his head and tail, and sought refuge in the cornfield, where he relieved his feelings by burrowing wildly in twenty different directions.

"There come the B.B.'s;" exclaimed Grace, interrupting Tom in a search for artichokes," eight of them, as sure as you live!"

Soon the project of the tree-house engrossed the entire attention. Boards were brought from the little tool-house, saws were in demand, and Grace was deputed to confiscate all the hammers and nails in the house for the use of the builders; the work went bravely on, and by noon the walls of the fortification were up, and the roof well advanced towards completion. A ladder brought up from the barn took the workmen half-way up the trunk; but the old tree was lofty, and a long space intervened between the end of the ladder and the lowest branches, which must of necessity be ascended in that squirming manner peculiar to boys wherein they delight to bark their shins, tear their trousers and blister their hands in the pursuit of glory. Grace, of course, could not hope to emulate the B.B.'s in this mode of progression towards the fortification, but she brought nails and carried boards with great energy. When there was no call for her services, she watched with intense interest the B.B. who happened to be squirming up. If there was no B.B. squirming up, there was sure to be one squirming down, for a principal part of the time seemed to be devoted to journeys below and aloft, besides elaborate contrivances for slinging boards and tools to the climbers' backs, indeed to a looker-on, this seemed to be the chief interest of the fortification. At last it was done; all but the floor; Tom said it did not matter about that, as the boys could easily stand on the branches. Word was given to ascend, and one by one all the B.B.'s squirmed up the tree and took their places inside; nothing was to be seen but their feet, huddled together on the branches. It took ten minutes for all the band to assemble on high, but in less than two, down they squirmed again.

"What is the matter?" said Grace in astonishment; she had not expected to see the B.B.'s for hours, absorbed as

they would be in their leafy abode. "We're going to take up the dogs," said Tom, who came first, "we're going to sling 'em up in a basket. It will be such fun, and they'll like it first rate." "Oh, don't, Tom!" exclaimed Grace. "Turk is too big; Grip will be sure to fall out and it will make Pete Trone seasick."

But no attention was paid to her remonstrances, and the B.B.'s, inspired to new exertions, made numerous journeys up and down lugging a pulley and making various preparations for the aerial voyage. When all was ready, there was a discussion as to which dog should go. Turk was too big, no basket would hold him, and Grip, Tom said, had "no common sense," and would not appreciate the situation. Pete Trone was evidently the man for the place, and he jumped gaily into the basket at Tom's command, without any suspicion of danger; and when he found himself hanging in mid-air, he did not flinch but settled down resolutely on his haunches, looking over the side with one eye as much as to say; "Who's afraid?"

"Didn't I tell you?" said Tom enthusiastically. "I knew Pete would come out strong. It will take a good while to get him up there. I say, boys, let's sing 'Up in a Balloon.' It will be appropriate to the occasion."

So all the B.B.'s joined in the chorus with much power.

When the basket reached the air-shanty, the B.B.'s who were there to receive it, suddenly remembered that there was no floor, and Pete, though a dog of varied accomplishments could hardly be expected to keep his footing on the branches, so there was nothing to be done but to let him down again, which was accordingly effected with great care, Pete sitting composedly in the basket without moving a muscle, and jumping out when he reached the ground with conscious importance, wagging his tail. . .

"Pete Trone, Esq." was a little black and tan terrier whose deeds and qualities have often been chanted in unpublished prose and verse by his gifted mistress, Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Pete Trone, Esq. had many accomplishments and many cultivated tastes. He was fond of grapes and knew the proper time to eat them. After dinner he would trot slowly down the path that led by the trellis, selecting and biting off, as he passed, a particularly fine grape

He could carry a note tied to his collar to a distant place, take it to the person for whom it was intended, wait for the answer, and bring it safely back. He needed but little training in order to do anything within a dog's possibilities.

Pete Trone, Esq. could walk a long distance on his little hind legs. The Woolson children made him a pair of scarlet trousers, a little scarlet coat, and a scarlet cap and feather. It was a funny sight to see him walking on his hind legs arrayed in these garments. He was very proud of them.

The family had two other dogs, who were, of course, Pete's intimate friends, "Old Turk" and little "Grip." Turk was a magnificent old fellow.

He lived a long life, and when it was ended, the children held a funeral over him. All the dogs in the neighbourhood were formally invited by card. They began to arrive early in the morning, and were tied to different trees in the yard; and so most of the howling and mourning proper to the occasion was furnished before the services began.

At the appointed hour, the Woolson children and their cousins walked in procession to the grave, which was made in the garden. Old Turk was lowered into his last resting place, his yellow paws folded, his breast covered with flowers, and his requiem, composed by Miss Woolson, sung to the tune of "Old Dog Tray." All the dogs were then brought up to take a last look at the old patriarch. Pete Trone, Esq. was chief mourner.

St. Nicholas.

From Constance F. Woolson's Dogs.

APPENDIX VI.

A Few Notes on COOPER GENEALOGY by WILLIAM WAGER COOPER* addressed to Mrs. C. J. WOOLSON.

FROM boyhood it was my reliance to fall back upon such notes as might be left by James Fenimore Cooper—but to my regret it is made certain that he left no notes on his genealogy.† His grandfather was also mine, my father being the very last of 15 in the family of James Cooper, who was born in 1711, and who died in 1795.

By his first wife, James who lived at Byberry in Bucks, County Penn., had four sons and four daughters—he removed to Chester about the year 1775.

It would be of interest to know the name of his *first wife*, and the year in which each member of his first family was born—particularly the date of birth of his second son, *Judge William Cooper*, the father of Fenimore.

* Judge Cooper's father married twice. Judge Cooper was the eldest son by the first wife, Alpheus Cooper, William Wager Cooper's father was his youngest son by the second wife—therefore William Wager Cooper belonged to the same generation as Ann Cooper (Mrs. Pomeroy).

They had two sons, Jack and Nathan. Jack died at nineteen, Nathan, before his father. Jack was a splendid youth, physically and mentally.

* * * *

I was glad to hear about Cousin "W. W." But I fear his health must be much broken, poor bereaved father. I wrote to him last summer but have had no answer. He probably does not feel able to write.

Miss Woolson to G. Pomeroy Keese, Esq., 1881.

† Manuscript note in Proud's History (by J.F.C.)

"1679 1 William Cooper and——

2 James Cooper and Sarah Dunning.

3 William Cooper and Mary Groome.

4 James Cooper and Hannah Hibbs.

5 William Cooper and Elizabeth Fenimore.

6 James Fenimore Cooper and S. A. De Lancey.'

Both father and son held that we descend from William Cooper of Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, who, as your cousin* believes, came with William Penn in the ship "Welcome" in 1678, and settled opposite to Philadelphia.

By the assistance of his direct descendant, my friend W. D. Cooper, Esq., of Camden, N.J., it is made clear that our descent is not from that William who settled at Camden, between whom and Grandfather James of Byberry there is but a single link. That link I hope yet to identify.

Meanwhile my hope is, to gather from your memory of conversations with your mother† an approximation to the age of Judge William Cooper, who in 1806 mentions himself as "descending into the vale of life"—and the name of his mother. . . .

* * * *

The name "Hibbs" in your list, enabled me to determine at once that my grandfather (your great-grandfather) James lived in Buckingham township, and settles, I think, that Judge Cooper was born in *Solebury* and not Byberry, as remembered by your cousin Susan. Byberry was always in Philadelphia County.

If the William Cowper—Cooper who was first in Bucks (before 1690) married Mary Groome, he is the father of *James* of 1711. . . .

William of Bucks is distinctly mentioned in history, and it will turn out, I judge that *James* was the son of his old age. . . .

My researches (historical) have not yet settled the *name* of the wife of William of Bucks County, but . . . that William was certainly the father of James who married Hannah Hibbs. I hope to communicate the result to you in the course of a few weeks.

* Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper.

† Ann Cooper (Mrs. Pomeroy).

With the Camden branch we have no connection whatever though possibly our William who settled in Bucks, may have been a nephew of the William who settled at the Point opposite to Philadelphia.*

Though our William of Bucks *may* have been a nephew, I incline to doubt whether he was English at all! It is an unpleasant fact that William of Bucks, though a man of note at whose house the Quaker Meetings were held in 1700, could not write his name in settling for the 500 acres which were confirmed to him. . . on the 8th of March, 1702, but he *made his mark* as many Swedes of property did at that day. The Swedes Court at Chester, Penn, granted 300 acres to "*Jan Claason Paerde Cooper*" near Bristol in Bucks as early as 1677.

But after settling the identity of William of Bucks, as the father of James who was born in 1711, I hope to find also where William Cooper—Cowper came from. The *vitality* of the man is more than English!

Finding my uncle Naboth (Cooper) working in a keen, cold, cutting air on the 1st of March, I stood in wonder, almost in awe, before a man whose father was born 161 years ago! It will not surprise me to find that his grandfather was born 225 years ago, and those reaches in time by one, and only two descents are certainly remarkable. The Camden branch *inherits* gout. There is no such vitality in them. . . .

I am disappointed in not having, as yet, anything positive concerning our Bucks County ancestor, but the inquiries there are pending.

* * * * *

Feeling sure that you would find pleasure in arranging the branches, I enclose elements for the tree. We descend from *James Cooper of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire*, no doubt some relative, but certainly not a *son* of William Cooper of Pine Point (Camden N.J.) . . . Our ancestor was not baptised at Stratford, nor have I found any contemporary there of his name, except Mr. Cooper a "Preacher" for whom (in the way of stipend, apparently) "one quarte of sack"—when sack was only two pence the quart! . . . For

* Notes in Proud.

Wm. of Pine Pt. d. Hannah m. John Woolston in 1681.

W. of Byberry daugh. Ann—Hannah m. John Woolston many years after—if so, a wonderful coincidence

his age we have only the fact that he married Mary Burrows, (second wife) in 1722. . . We must reckon James as a young man in 1682. In my opinion he was then not more than 18.

The *mother* of James Cooper of Stratford was very probably the Sarah Dunning named in early notes.

Sarah, as *mother* of the merchant would be very old—perhaps 90 in July 1732!

The Quaker records for no County of either England or Wales mention the marriage of any James Cooper nor of any Cooper with a Dunning; though both names are frequent in all the counties of the Kingdom.

Sarah Dunning has not been identified as the first wife of James Cooper, Merchant, nor is the disparity in ages between William Cooper and Mary Groome relieved by supposing William to have first married a "Sarah Dunning"

We gain one generation if Sarah Dunning was ancestress, hence I am reluctant to close the list without her.

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APPENDIX VII.

Extracts from Letters written by Constance Fenimore Woolson to George A. Benedict, Esq. and published by him in the Cleveland Herald.

[New York in the Seventies.]

New York.

CHRISTMAS is near and the city is gay with preparations, rich and poor alike full of bustling activity, and it almost seems as if the latter were the happiest. We devoted two days to Christmas sightseeing, and found more care and discontent, more wrinkles and frowns among the carriages and magnificent stores of Broadway, than we saw in the windows of the swarming tenement houses and around the poor little shops of Eighth and Tenth Avenues. Crossing Seventh Avenue we came upon three children lost in admiration before a spindling Christmas tree hung with pop-corn and apples in a shop window; the oldest, a little girl of possibly seven years, carried in her hand an old bucket filled with cinders which she had collected from all the dust heaps and garbage in the vicinity, with her long-handled hook. The next child, a boy of about five, had both arms full of chips and sticks, and the youngest, a mere baby, had in her little ragged skirt, bits of woollen rags, all gathered from the same heap of refuse. Their dirty little paws were blue with cold, and still they laughed and admired the window with hearty enthusiasm. On Eighth Avenue we saw a group of wee newsboys in eager consultation before an open-air jewelry stand; one of them was about to invest, and tremendous was the discussion over the gaudy wares. "I ain't in no hurry," said the capitalist at length, "I'll see what the other stands has fust," and off he went with his friends at his heels, the whole company probably making the tour of the entire avenue, as happy as kings, and perhaps happier.

All the shops in this vicinity are gay with wreaths of evergreen—the forests of boots, arbours of coats and tents of second-hand clothing, are all decked for Christmas, and no cellar store so small but room is found for an evergreen branch. The inviting groceries are filled with people buying small packages of sugar, tea and spices, and everyone we meet, large or small, carries a basket heavily loaded down with eatables, sausages being the favourite. Everybody is smiling, everybody is in a hurry, and the shabby women joke each other good-naturedly as they crowd along, their door keys hanging on their forefingers, and their frowsy hair falling out of their tattered bonnets. . . .

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On Broadway, everything is built on a golden foundation, and, as in "Lothair," no character is introduced with less than a million, and such small matters as islands in the *Ægean* Sea and ropes of pearls thrown in, so here, the velvets and diamonds of the ladies, the magnificence of the equipages, and the endless variety of costly goods, would lead one to suppose that ten thousand princesses had just arrived to purchase their wedding trousseau on Broadway. Everybody looks rich, and even the one-armed soldiers grinding "Marching Through Georgia" on the corners, have their boxes half full of scrip. Tiffany's is like a fairy tale; Monte Cristo and Aladdin would feel quite at home here among the glittering diamonds, pure pearls, rich rubies, emeralds and sapphires gleaming from the cases. Carriages crowd together about the entrance, and inside, piles of greenbacks are continually passing over the counter in exchange for small packages of concentrated costliness, regal presents for some of the princesses, we suppose.

Farther down Broadway, the toys bewilder, the bon-bons tempt, the dry goods astonish, the books invite and the pictures fascinate the last dollar from the pockets of the passing crowd. . . . The only safe way is to leave your money at home.

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The anniversary of the New York Historical Society was recently celebrated in the Academy of Music by an assemblage of all the members and friends, and an address by Charles Francis Adams, late Minister to England. The

Academy was filled to the top with a crowd remarkable for the number of distinguished men, the number of representatives from old families and the number of homely women. The ladies belonged in general to the oldest and richest families in New York. and their appearance was only another proof of what has been often asserted, that the beauty of the city is not to be found among the carriage gentry.

The band played a slow march, and the members of the society, two and two, climbed up on the stage where chairs were placed in a half-moon for their accommodation. The old gentlemen being all seated, the audience proceeded to gaze at them while they were removing their many wraps, and they were well worth attention, as nearly every grey head was renowned; lawyers, clergymen, authors, politicians, soldiers, and inventors were put upon the platform in state, and recalling the old proverb of the Cat, we gazed at the Kings with impunity. Mr. Adams, a very short man with a rotund body, was attired in full evening dress, his round, florid face, framed in eminently respectable white whiskers, and his chin encased in an eminently respectable white cravat. His appearance and manners are decidedly English, his articulation precise, and his only gesture a queer little backward movement of the right hand.

The address was long and the night cold. The circle of old gentlemen, perched up on the raised platform, sat exposed to a strong draught from behind the scenes, and one by one, after several stifled sneezes, put on their overcoats, and even cast longing glances at the hats and mufflers at their feet. That elegant gentleman of the old school, the poet Bryant, stoically endured the blast, but the venerable Peter Cooper, boldly buttoned up his coat, turned the huge collar up above his ears, and folded a shawl over his legs, as if preparing for a sleigh ride. At length his hands got cold, and after a vain search for his gloves, he produced a large white handkerchief, deliberately wrapped up first one hand and then the other, and sat thus, mittened, during the remainder of the evening. After the address, Mr. Evarts spoke a few words, a tall slender man with an ideally intellectual head and face; his clear voice rang through the hall and every sentence carried weight. If appearance and eloquence are worth anything, Mr. Evarts has a career before him.

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New Year's Day in New York City is the great holiday of the year. The old Dutch blood, roused from its everyday lethargy, tingles with recollections of ancient customs and venerated festivities, and the descendants of Diedrich Knickerbocker, especially those who are happy in the possession of the genuine unadulterated Dutch names, send in their cards with the proud consciousness that the world holds no titles more unpronounceably aristocratic. Happy is the man who has "Van" before his name, an "en" or "cuy" in the middle of it, or a "heyden" or "hausen" after it, and if any uninitiated stranger should hesitate before the conglomeration of vowels, let him boldly select the most improbable pronunciation, and ten to one it will be correct.

In old times the refreshments offered to callers were confined to New Year's cookies and Dutch gin, and although the tables have been enlarged and the variety of wines increased, the Knickerbockers bear the additions bravely, and unflinchingly strive to do their duty from Sputen—Duyvil Creek to "Kill van Kull."

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The last days of the old year were celebrated by the numerous Sunday School festivals all over the city. Down among the business blocks, old St. Paul's stands in the midst of a venerable churchyard, as spacious as if situated in a country village, instead of the heart of a great city, where every foot of land is almost worth its weight in gold. Across the rear of the lot is a large brick building used as a Sunday and day school, and here, after appropriate services in the church, the happy children assembled round a glittering Christmas tree, hung from top to bottom with dolls in every variety of gorgeous raiment. It was amusing to see the critical examination given to each fold and trimming, and the comparisons instituted between Bridget Maloney's doll in pink, and Cristine Schwab's doll in blue; but the dolls stood the test bravely, as they are all carefully dressed by the ladies of the congregation. After the dolls were distributed, the boys and older scholars were presented with sleds, tool chests, books, etc., each article having been carefully examined and purchased by a lady who devotes her entire time to the schools, and year in, year out, is at her post, a voluntary labourer in the good work. Hundreds of

children are educated in these schools, depending upon the Trinity Church Corporation, and old Anneke Jans, whose lands produce the income which supports them, could hardly have devised a nobler charity if she had deliberately planned it. A portrait of the ancient lady is on exhibition in a Broadway window, representing her clad in a starched coif and large ruff, which necessarily imparts a martyr-like expression to her meek countenance. Her blue eyes, prim mouth and thin cheeks are faded with age, but still there is a quiet obstinacy about her which accounts for the pertinacity with which the "Anneke Jans Claim" is periodically presented in the courts by her descendants, in spite of frequent and inevitable defeats.

* * * * *

Old St. Paul's is a quaint structure, begun in 1763, and finished in 1766. At that time, its architecture was unequalled throughout the country, and even now, there is a charm about old St. Paul's, peculiar to itself. In 1763 a field of wheat waved on the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, the locality being so thinly settled that there was scarcely any discernible road so far out in the country. This wheat field was the site of St. Paul's Chapel, and at the time it was selected, there were many who laughed at the absurdity of erecting such a costly edifice so far out of town. At the open dedication, the Governor, Sir Henry Moore, added the military band of Fort George to the simple choir, and all the dignitaries of the town participated. In 1789, a new order of things began in the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, at the City Hall; after the civil ceremonies, the General and his friends went over on foot to St. Paul's and attended divine service, and here, for years the new President and his wife, Lady Washington, were invariably seen in their square pew on Sunday, and the General's diary for this time regularly contains this entry: "Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon." The pew where Washington sat is now designated by an old heraldic picture hanging on the wall above it. In St. Paul's Church also, a grand sacred concert was given in honour of poor General La Fayette when he revisited this country in 1824. We say "poor" with a pitying shudder over the satin sheets in which the gratitude of the country

wrapped him wherever he went, and the processions and speeches to which he was compelled to submit from one end of the land to the other. It is a wonder he lived through it!

One of the legends connected with St. Paul's is that one summer afternoon a horse strayed into the church from a meadow behind, and gravely walked up the broad aisle as far as the pulpit to say his prayers.

Standing on Broadway and looking down dingy Vesey Street, one can scarcely realize that under those stone blocks and pavements the meadow lands spangled with buttercups, stretched down to the river with only a few trees to break the view of the Jersey hills beyond. Land was not valuable then. Some-one offered to present to the Church six acres at the corner of Broadway and Canal streets, but the vestry refused to accept the gift, inasmuch as the field was not worth fencing in! Wandering among the old gravestones in the churchyard, we find many names associated with colonial times, with the revolution, and the early days of our republic. Here, in vaults sunk beneath the pavement, rest the "old merchants of New York," who if they should come forth and gaze through the iron railings into Broadway, would be as much astonished as poor old Rip van Winkle when he came back from the Catskills. And speaking of names, here is one of the most ancient on a memorial tablet in St. Paul's—"Rip van Dam"! Did anyone ever hear of a more astonishing title? It is of no use to tell us that he was a staid, dignified burgher of pious and portly presence. His name is against it, and we will not believe it. No one but a regular rip—and—tear sort of fellow—a very dare-devil, a roistering, rollicking chap, would ever have borne such a name as those three significant monosyllables, "Rip Van Dam!" . . .

* * * * *

Saturday in New York is a marked day—possessing such peculiar characteristics that any one could detect it by a glance at the streets, even though just awakened from weeks of illness, with no idea of time or place. Let no one suppose, however, that the peculiarity consists in an evident preparation for the day of rest, a careful review and closing up of the week's business, and a cessation of all bustle and gaiety as the sun goes down, according to the venerated rule of New England. On this demoralized island, Saturday is

one grand rush from dawn to midnight, a brilliant carnival into whose eighteen hours is crowded the whole concentrated essence of the week, when every man, woman and child, every car and stage horse, every ferry boat and steam engine is kept busy to the utmost capacity. There is more buying done on Saturday than at any other time. At the superb palace of Lord and Taylor's, the elegant clerks are obliged to hurry around in a manner but little suited to their aristocratic tastes to supply the demands of the throng of customers, and the impassive wax lady in the corner window stares placidly out upon twice the usual number of admirers, flattening their noses against the plate glass in humble homage.

Looking in the stores one naturally supposes that the ladies have devoted the day to shopping, but go over to the markets and another army marches to the field, laying in supplies apparently for the whole city; visit the libraries, every seat and recess is occupied, and the Librarian driven wild by that feminine thirst for knowledge which always prefers the farthest book on the topmost shelf and changes it once a minute. Take a walk for pleasure and, meeting the throngs of ladies, you will decide that you were mistaken and that the thing to do on Saturday is to walk up and down Broadway; but when you step into any of the matinées and behold the serried ranks of beauty and fashion, you will give it up and maintain that you have seen one million women since daylight!

The New York rule for Saturday is "go." It does not make much difference where, but keep going, as long as you can stand on your feet.

In the evening the gentlemen turn out and even the stay-at-homes must have a taste of amusement Saturday night; every place of amusement is crowded from the exquisite in the private box, to the newsboy in the upper gallery, who, catching the spirit of the scene, recklessly spends in peanuts the profits of the whole week, and casts the shells thereof downward with careless indifference.

On Saturday the "dailies" offer extras and the "weeklies" are black with thrilling pictures; on Saturday candy is indulged in to an unlimited extent; on Saturday, the crowd in the ferry boats going out is only equalled by the crowd on the ferry boats coming in! Everybody is going somewhere, and everybody wears his best clothes; *après nous le déluge!*

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Among all the bustle and gaiety of the last day of the week, however, there is one class that entirely abstains from participation; in this as in everything else showing itself a peculiar people. There are seventy-five thousand Jews in New York City, and forty synagogues; the Israelites of the metropolis would form a city by themselves. The political influence of so large a body would be important if they cared to use it, but so far, the Jews have kept aloof from political strife, busying themselves with their own affairs, rolling up wealth, and gradually assuming a position in the city which money, intellect, obstinacy and sometimes beauty have combined to render impregnable.

Since the earliest ages there have been types of wonderful beauty among this people, and now and then one sees a Hebrew face so perfect in its Oriental loveliness that the mind reverts to the ideal pictures of the women of the Bible—Rachel with her flock of sheep at the well of Haran, and Esther standing before the King.

Delighting in magnificence, the Jewesses of New York are clothed like queens in sweeping velvets and satins, glittering with gems, golden chains and bracelets, which, although they would overload an American woman, seem not inappropriate to the majestic forms and dark beauty of these daughters of Israel, that strange nation which through centuries of wandering among all the countries of the globe has so preserved its characteristic outline that you can tell it in an instant no matter where you find it.

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The most magnificent church in America is the new Jewish Temple Emanu-El. The architecture is Moorish, and the interior superbly ornate, there is no approach to gaudy splendour, but the rich hues charm the eye and carry the imagination far away to the halls of the Alhambra, or farther still, to the ancient Temple which King Solomon built of the cedars of Lebanon and overlaid it with pure gold.

The congregation of this temple is peculiarly interesting, as it belongs to the class called "Reformed Jews." Strange as the two words look together, they represent a new and important movement among the Israelites, so long stationary that their fixity has become a proverb. Some fervid enthusiasts see in this movement the first steps towards a universal

church and, even now, the Reformed Jews and the Unitarians are nearer together than they suspect. After centuries of immobility, the Jews have taken a step forward. The Temple Emanu-El, at the head of the reform movement, has adopted a ritual of its own, selected from the ancient forms, but relieved from the monotony of endless repetitions and antiquated rites unsuitable to the age. The use of the scarf or jaleth, the wearing of the hat during service and the old custom of placing the women apart in a closed gallery, have all been abolished, and a visitor, with the exception of the sound of the Hebrew scriptures, finds but little difference between the temple and many places where Christians worship, excepting, perhaps, the superior courtesy with which he is treated at the temple; a good seat being instantly offered and prayer books politely given by the nearest neighbours. The whole service, based upon the first commandment, is replete with adoration, and seems but one continual personal worship of Jehovah from beginning to end. In addition to this reformed ritual, the congregation of the Temple Emanu-El have ceased to pray for their restoration to Jerusalem, the rebuilding of the temple, or the personal advent of the Messiah, three remarkable changes in the prayer of centuries.

From the Jews to "Cardinal Richelieu" is apparently a tremendous step but under "Richelieu" is Edwin Booth who is said to have Hebrew blood in his veins; an assertion which his features go far to verify. Bulwer's play is now given in such superb style at Booth's Theatre that the critics, the general public and the school girls are in harmony, while the most fastidious malcontent is forced to admit that for perfection of scenery, costume and grouping the American stage has never seen its equal. Booth, as "Richelieu," is the central figure and so entirely does he identify himself with the part that he does not act—he lives it. The feeble old man, kept alive by his indomitable will, the power, the craft, and even the foibles of that mighty intellect are so vividly represented that one thrills with breathless interest, trembles at the danger hanging over that white head, as the moonlight reveals the armed assassins in the oratory, and triumphs at last in real emotion when the old cardinal, magnificent in scarlet robes, withers his opponents with his silent scorn. Mr. Booth is universally known to be a hero among the fair sex. These fair devotees do not like to see their idol in anything but "Hamlet," "Romeo"

and "Claude Melnotte," for then, they say, "Edwin is his own lovely self!" But "Edwin" seems to have a decided partiality for disguising himself as an old man, and the young ladies are obliged to sigh and submit. The whole Booth family are peculiar, the father, Junius Brutus Booth, the great actor, being full of singular fancies, such as regarding all animal life as sacred and consequently bringing up his family on exclusively vegetable diet; never allowing his trees to be cut by an axe, and always baring his head in reverence when passing any place of worship no matter how small. The sons brought up on the Maryland farm, have inherited, in various degrees, the father's strange peculiarities and brilliant genius; the first culminated in the notorious John Wilkes Booth, the madman, and the second shines conspicuously in Edwin Booth, the ideal "Hamlet" of the world.

At Booth's Theatre Mr. Joseph Jefferson has successfully reached the one hundred and fiftieth performance of "Rip Van Winkle," an unprecedented triumph in the history of legitimate drama on the American stage.*

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Last Sunday morning, after an early journey to Brooklyn, we were fortunate enough to obtain good seats in the crowded church where Henry Ward Beecher reigns†. Three thousand five hundred people, what an audience! And not for one Sunday alone, but year in and year out with no variation.

* I amuse myself all day long and enjoy every moment. But then I am countrified enough to be interested in what I see. . . . It is impossible in a letter for me to express how very much I enjoy New York I am so exceedingly (perhaps excessively) fond of music and *good* acting that I fairly *revel* in the superb orchestras, magnificent architecture, beautiful faces and delicious voices I find at Booth's Theatre, the Academy of Music, etc. The Philharmonics have begun, and next week the Academy of Design opens. New York is overflowing with attractions, as stars of every magnitude have come to shine in the New World; among others, four dancers so beautiful and graceful that for the first time I realise the meaning of that hackneyed phrase—"the poetry of motion." If this keen sense of enjoyment lasts all winter, I shall have a new pleasure every day. . . I am just like a prisoner let loose. I enjoy an opera as much as I did when I was here a school girl—*can* I say more? . . . Jefferson is playing "Rip Van Winkle," and the night we went, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Great men fairly sobbed and in the funny parts, the same persons would shout with laughter. I am as bad as any of the rest. *Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.*

† After a little ecclesiastical sight-seeing, I presume I shall settle down on Old Trinity. *Miss Woolson to Mrs. Washburn.*

Would it not seem natural that the one man who sways this vast throng at his pleasure to laughter or tears, should betray a consciousness of his power? But Mr. Beecher sits in his arm chair as quietly as if he were not thinking of himself at all. He looks like a Roman Catholic priest; his features are coarse, his eyes peculiar, and his grey hair is brushed straight back from his forehead, hanging upon his shoulders behind. His particular characteristic is earnestness, and his mighty voice rolls through the vast hall, as he walks up and down the platform, speaking now from one side, now from the other with rapid gesticulation. His theme was "Repentance," and as he traced the career of an erring youth, tearful eyes everywhere bore witness to the truth of the descriptions; he thundered retribution, and a shudder seemed to run through the church; he told a funny story, and every one laughed aloud. Looking over the vast throng, all listening eagerly to this one man, two questions come up in one's mind. What is this marvellous power he possesses, and is it to be counted among the good powers? Hundreds of young men go weekly to hear the great preacher, who perhaps would not go to hear any one else, and that others are waiting at home for his sermons, is attested by the scratching of the reporters' pencils hard on his tracks, not only at the large table provided for that purpose, but all over the church. One of our party asked a gentleman connected with the church the amount of Mr. Beecher's salary. "Oh," he replied, "we give him twelve thousand, but we would willingly give him more. You see it's Beecher that draws the crowd, Beecher's the whole thing!"

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Among the various amateur societies in New York, the "Church Musical Association," is considered the most fashionable. It numbers two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen who, being endowed with good voices and plenty of money, amuse themselves by giving private concerts at Steinway Hall in the style of the Philharmonics, four afternoon rehearsals and one evening concert every month. The orchestra, numbering one hundred, is hired by the association, the solo singers and conductor likewise, as well as Steinway Hall. But notwithstanding all these expenses, the tickets are entirely complimentary, sent to the friends of the members like invitations to a party, and upon the card for the evening

concert appears the polite command, "Full Dress." With the brilliant chorus spread out tier above tier on the stage, a gorgeous crescent of coloured silks and diamonds, relieved by the black coats of the basses and tenors behind, the fine orchestra in the front and the rustling, perfumed, elegant audience below, the scene is dazzling, and belies its name; for what idea would the words "Church Musical Association" naturally call up? Would it not be a church and an organ, with a committee of musical clergymen, directing the raw voices of Sunday School children, budding misses and awkward youths, into the modest measures of a new hymn-tune, or possibly a simple anthem? Here, however, we have all the accessories of an opera, and even an opera thrown in, for Regulation Number Seven reads that "the second part of each concert may consist of classical secular music," a latitude cheerfully complied with by the entire opera of "Preciosa," dance music and all. As the clergymen and their families form an appropriate part of the "Church Musical" audiences perhaps the "classical secular music" is smuggled in to give them a glimpse of those operatic glories from which their cloth debars them. Certain it is that an innocent pleasure beams above their white cravats as the gay music of "Preciosa" ripples through the Hall, and hard-hearted, indeed, would be the man who could deprive them of their little taste by showing up the discrepancy between the title and the performances of the association.

The four rehearsals preceding the concert were very amusing, from the persistent attempts of the conductor to drill his battalion of singers into shape. This gentleman, an importation from Albion, rejoicing in the title of "Mus. Doc. Oxon." had no respect for persons, but actually treated these representatives of the "first families" like anybody else; he made them repeat their parts over and over again, writhing on his music stand, beating the air with his hands and tapping frantically with his baton, until at last the rows of nonchalant ladies and languid gentlemen woke up and went to work in earnest, sending the harmony ringing through the hall in splendid style, while "Mus. Doc. Oxon." suffered a smile to steal over his waxy countenance, and gently wiped the perspiration from his classic brow.

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The winter exhibition at the Academy of Design is now open Among the fine pictures this winter is "Orestes Pursued by the Furies," by Bouguereau, representing Orestes stopping his ears and running forward over a dusky plain, while the three Furies with wreathing snakes in their hair, thrust the body of his murdered mother before his eyes and shriek their wild denunciations. The weird effect of the picture is heightened by the red, green and blue light thrown over the Furies, and the dark crimson drapery of the dead body with a dagger in its heart. There is also a spirited marine "Entrance to Ostend Harbour," by Herzog; and a large number of small pictures exquisitely finished in detail, attracting crowds of ladies by the perfection of the carpets, inlaid furniture and lace dresses of the figures, with the pattern accurately represented in marvellous delicacy. Among these a coquettish figure of a widow of the period is entitled, "Shall I marry again?" We should say, "Yes, by all means." A charming ideal painting of "Venice" would do much toward keeping a room warm with its glowing colours and tropical sky, but we question whether, as a general thing, the Venetian ladies were in the habit of entering their gondolas in the style of Cleopatra, with that row of pre-Raphaelite harpers in the corner. In the corridor there is an athlete struggling with two utterly impossible horses standing on nothing, and hidden away in an opposite corner is a lovely little picture of the Christ-Child, according to a German legend, bearing a Christmas tree across a snowy field to a lighted cottage beyond. A number of fine portraits watch you curiously, their eyes always meeting yours, no matter in which direction you turn; one young man in particular with auburn hair, is perfectly ghostly, and would drive a nervous woman distracted with his persistent, mocking eyes. In the large room, occupying a prominent position, is the "Landing of the Pilgrims." What the reason is we cannot say, but this subject is extremely conducive to falsehood, and there have been more lies told both in print and on canvas about these worthies than upon any other subject of American history, not even excepting De Soto discovering the Mississippi in the strictly probable costume of white satin pantaloons, pink velvet coat and yellow gloves.

In this particular lie, the Pilgrims in their store clothes are all sitting for their picture, and trying hard to advance into the flowery interior and smile sweetly upon the audience

at the same time. One woman who, in addition to this, is obliged to recline upon the shoulder of her husband, is much to be pitied owing to the evident dislocation of her neck and the absence of any spinal column, but in spite of her sufferings, she smiles bravely on.

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Every city has its characteristics. Walking through the fashionable avenues of New York an observer notices its peculiarities, some amusing and others sad, some pleasant and others the reverse. The numerous florists' shops with their lovely flowers charm a stranger's eye. Baskets and bouquets of exotics, graceful sprays of green, clusters of roses and bunches of violets seem to turn January into June, making the old young again with their fresh beauty. In the windows, in glass cases outside, set up in wooden trays on the corner, and offered by little girls on the street, the exquisite blossoms meet you everywhere with a profusion unattainable in the country. As you can always find the best fruit and vegetables in the cities, so it is with flowers; you may scour the country far and wide, even in June and you cannot find such perfect flowers as are offered to you in January in the streets of New York.

Walking up Fifth Avenue one meets the bonnes with their white caps carrying richly dressed babies and talking French to the little girls trotting alongside. On every block one encounters a persistent boy with pins for sale. The peculiarity of these boys—their name is legion—is a wonderful tone of voice, beginning in a whisper and rising to a chanting monotone. You hear the low muttering behind and you hurry on, but it is useless; you say you do not want the pins, but the boy still thrusts them in your face, nor will he leave you until he sees another victim. You give a sigh of relief, but soon another of the band darts upon you and the well-known mournful chant commences. Why would it not be a good idea to engage these boys for the Choral service. They excel in just that unexpected minor fall which characterizes the most dismal of the Gregorian Chants.

On the fence posts and area steps of the city houses, chalk marks and signs are often seen. These are the hieroglyphics of the beggars, intelligible only to their mates, giving information of the luck they have had thus far, and hints

as to the character of the house, whether generous or the reverse. If one could read this sign-writing, the comments might be amusing enough, but it is as mysterious as the dialect of the gypsies.

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New York is snowed in. After almost three months of mild, open weather since the last leaf dropped from the trees, the winter has come upon us and with double rigour, as if to atone for its long delay. For forty-eight hours it snowed incessantly in such small dry particles that although several days have passed since the storm, the streets are still covered with the snow, which neither melts nor packs down, but lies in heaps like fine white sand, so deep as seriously to interfere with the movements and bustle of the busy city. The first day it was bitterly cold, and everybody grew desperate, half the omnibus lines stopped running, the horses gave out and the street cars went wildly along and refused to stop for anybody. The drivers were jumping up and down on their platforms like madmen, swinging their arms, and muffled so closely that they could scarcely see; they made no pretence of holding the reins, and as there were scarcely any vehicles to be seen on the streets, they let the horses take their own way while the unfortunate passengers were obliged to get on and off as best they could, landing in the streets, sometimes upon their feet, but oftener on their heads, picking themselves up dolefully, and beginning their slippery walk homeward, clinging to the fences and lamp posts, as the icy wind whirling around the corner threatened to take them off their sliding feet. After this bitter night came the heavy snow storm, with the streets blockaded, the railroads impeded, and all the trains into the city eight and ten hours behind time; the ferry boats were hardly able to cross the rivers on account of the floating ice. . . . A man who started in a row-boat early in the morning from Staten Island to the Jersey shore at the narrowest part of the river, was picked up at night almost frozen to death, having been wedged in the ice all day. . . In the city the scrapers on the horse rail-road tracks threw the snow to the right and left in heaps so large that no other vehicles could pass along. The cars ran at irregular intervals with four and six horses to each, and in Broadway an army of men worked day and night, shovelling the snow into carts, carrying it bodily away and

dumping it into the river ; and still, after three days of work, crossing Broadway is like wading through a hasty pudding half a yard deep. In the country the snow is a welcome visitor and brings gaiety and merry faces in its train, but it is not an exaggeration to say that in New York City flakes are greeted with a groan of regret, and the inhabitants would be glad to see the last poetical crystal melted up. A small class must, however, be excepted from the ranks of the discontented ; the few who have fine horses, sleighs and fur robes are only too happy to show them, and Fifth Avenue for the last week has presented a brilliant display of wealth on runners. The Central Park is the rendezvous, and from three to five the carnival is at its height, and the sleighs glide along, four or five abreast, in a continuous stream until a stranger wonders where all the horses come from, and realizes that New York is one of the grand cities of the world with equipages worthy of imperial state and royal wealth, in spite of her democratic population. The horses are so fine that the eye becomes wearied in comparing them ; the display may be better expressed by saying that you never see a poor one. You think this pair of blacks superb, when along comes a single white horse so fleet and graceful that you give him the palm, until your attention is attracted by two red bays curvetting and prancing with high, arched necks and almost no harness on their shining bodies ; you decide for the bays, when up comes a knowing-looking yellow horse, loping along and passing everything on the road with his long, low stride, and seeing him you close your bewildered eyes, give it up and go home, and horses black, white, brown and grey, in pairs, in fours, in sixes and tandem, prance through your brain all night—a procession of nightmares, “keeping time, time, time,” to “the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.”

We saw one afternoon at the park no less than a dozen four-in-hands, all the horses matched and handled with skill, the beautiful sleighs covered with fur robes and liveried drivers and footmen ; tandems were frequent, and fine single horses, and spans innumerable. Three sleighs exceeded all others in magnificence. Mr. S. has a large sleigh with curious double runners, drawn by four fine black horses ; the fur robes are dark brown, covering the footman and driver's seats, and the servants wear capes of the same over their liveries. Dr. H. has a fanciful chariot-shaped sleigh, drawn by five horses,

two abreast nearest the driver and the other three in front tandem, a novel style which attracts much attention. The horses are harnessed with long silver chains for reins, which glisten brilliantly as the driver in his showy white livery, gathers them up in his hands; the distance to the end of the team seems great, as there is quite a space between the tandem horses and it must require some skill to guide them through the crowded avenue. The silver bells are set along in a row under the pole, and each horse wears a tuft of white fur on his silver-plated harness; the robes are all pure white and the whole establishment is conspicuous and costly. But like the fairy tale of the three caskets—copper, silver and gold, gradually increasing in splendour one by one, so the equipage of James F. Jr. outshines the others. Six superb horses matched grey and black, a light sleigh with two footmen up behind, and two drivers up in front and all the numerous robes, coats, hats and gloves made of the fashionable sealskin; Mr. F., himself, also clad in sealskin, alone on the back seat. The horses step in perfect time, and the precision with which they are guided is apparent even to an uninitiated observer, ignorant of the mysteries of horse-craft. The bells are of pure gold in the shape of pendant flowers mounted in a little arch over each horse, and their chiming is soft and peculiar, the harness is plain, excepting that the necessary metal is gold, and as the pageant passes, so costly, and yet so elegant, one feels like enquiring whether it belongs to Croesus or Monte Cristo.

